





50 Classic Tales

The Western Folk and Fairy Tale Tradition

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ALBUQUERQUE • AUSTIN • PHILADELPHIA

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The Tales of the West:

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF OUR MOST ENDURING STORIES

by Paul Marlais



The Tales of the West:

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PART I.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR PAST



REAT MYSTERIES ABOUND WITHIN the seemingly innocent tales that were read to us as children, and that we continue to read to our own today. But there is a dark side behind the veneer of fairies, mermaids, witches, and princesses. Few likely realize, for example, that Rumpelstiltskin is related to the Egyptian sun god Ra, “Rapunzel” is born out of the cannibal-demon Lamia, and “Cinderella” reaches us from the vestiges of nineteenth century B.C. Mesopotamia by way of the story of Dumuzi and Inanna-Ištar.¹ A true investigation into the folktale, for the purpose of better understanding our history and our collective identity, inevitably leads us through the catacombs of ancient mythology where many such tales originate, into Babelic webs of writing that serve as our sole gateways to the past, and down paths that open new doors into reality and stretch the limits of our imagination.

But that part is optional, and folktales can be entertaining and educational and nothing more. Although initially titled *50 Classic Tales for Western Children*, folk and fairy tales are not strictly for children, and many were not intended for them, either; they are historical artifacts that belong to a larger audience, and adults should find equal value in them, since it is ultimately our responsibility to interpret them, reinterpret them, and pass them on. That said, there can be no doubt that fairy tales in particular are uniquely tailored to the young, and hold a special connection among them. Exposing our children to a legacy of their own is also crucial for their development, and all things considered, where better to begin than with the tales of their Folk?

THE FOLK, THE LORE, THE FAIRY, AND THE TALE

UNCOVERING THE PAST FORCES us through a complex (and often dull) maze of language, but we will end up with a clearer picture if we can find our way through it. We can infer from the name that *the folktale* is an oral or literary record shared by a common people. But under the surface we find that: (a) “folk” derives from the Proto-Germanic **fulka* (“people, tribe”), **fulkaz* (“army, crowd”), **fullaz* (“full, whole”), and the Proto-Indo-European root **pleh₁* (“to fill”); (b) “tale” from the Old English *talū*, the West Frisian *taal* (“speech, language”), and the Proto-Indo-European root **del-* (“to count, calculate”); (c) “lore” from the Old English *lār*, the Proto-Germanic **laizō* (“teachings, doctrines”), and the Proto-Indo-European root **leys-* (“to track, trace”); and (d) “fairy” from the Old French *faerie*, the Latin *fātī* (“fate, destiny”) and *fārī* (“to speak, say”), the Ancient Greek *φημί* (*phēmī*) and *φάτις* (*phátis*) (“to speak, say”), and the Proto-Indo-European root **b^héh₂ti* (“to speak, say”). In Roman mythology the *Parcae*/*Fata*/*Fates* refer to the Greek goddesses of fate, the Moīpā (*Moīra*), giving fate and the suffix -erie/-ery, or “fairy,” a definition of “one who deals in the practice of fate.”²

The fairy tale is a subgenre of the folktale, and though folktales can be found in all cultures, those of the West are distinctly rich, owing in part to the fusion of art and story during the “golden age of illustration” in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The popularity of folktales coincided with a rising interest by scholars-*cum*-folklorists and others who integrated them into their work, psychologists in particular. Notable among the latter was C.G. Jung, who explored the “structural psychic relations” between folktales and the people from whom they descend.³ But Swiss scholar M.L. von Franz not only built upon Jung’s theories on folklore, but devoted much of her career to analyzing the psychological bonds, stating that:

Fairy tales are the purest and simplest expression of collective unconscious psychic processes . . . [whose] value for the scientific investigation of the unconscious exceeds that of all other material. . . . In this pure form, the archetypal images afford us the best clues to the understanding of the processes going on in the collective psyche.⁴

The modern concept of *the psyche* has been subject to abuse, connoting darkness or evil lurking inside, but the Greek term “psyche” (ψυχή) represents “the soul” or “the spirit,” a reflection of the mind’s consciousness of itself.⁵ Folktales may connect us with this collective soul and spiritual consciousness due to how far back they often go:

[W]e are Christianized in the higher levels of the psyche, but down below we are still completely pagan. While fairy tales are for the most part entirely pagan, some . . . especially those of a late date . . . contain symbols which one can understand only as being an attempt of the unconscious to unite again the sunken pagan tradition with the Christian field of consciousness.⁶

Some evidence suggests that certain folktales may date back to before the Bronze Age:



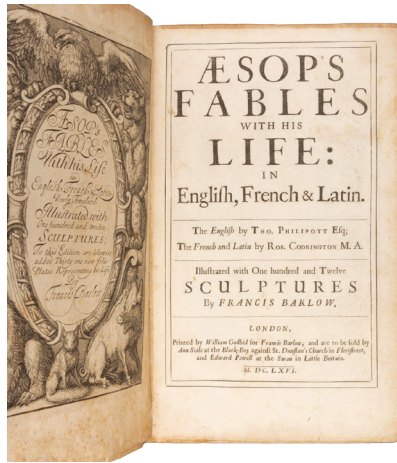
The Pied Piper by Maxfield Parrish, 1909.

[A] substantial number of magic tales . . . existed in Indo-European oral traditions long before they were first written down. . . . [T]wo of the best known fairy tales . . . “Beauty and the Beast” and . . . “The Name of the Supernatural Helper” (“Rumpelstiltskin”) were first written down in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. While some researchers claim that both storylines have antecedents in Greek and Roman mythology, our reconstructions suggest that they originated significantly earlier. Both tales can be securely traced back to the emergence of the major western Indo-European subfamilies as distinct lineages between 2500 and 6000 years ago, and may have even been present in the last common ancestor of Western Indo-European languages.⁷

The origins can be difficult to determine, but if folktales are indeed manifestations of shared cultural traditions rooted deep inside of us, this could explain why we have remained captivated by them through the ages, and even today participate in a collective unconscious experience when we engage with them. That may seem like a pleasant thought to a people prohibited from consciously embracing their collective identity, consciously exercising their collective interests, and consciously accepting their culture to be a product of their collective reality, but if the “collective *unconscious*” exists, it should symbolize a problem to be overcome by increasing collective consciousness.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WESTERN FOLKTALE

THIS COLLECTION BEGINS WITH the Fables of Aesop (c. 564–620 B.C.), a Greek writer from antiquity whose identity is more or less indeterminable. The Fables were popular, widely referenced, and attributed to an individual named “Aesop” by near-contemporaries like Socrates and Sophocles, and details about Aesop’s life have been handed down by Aristotle and Herodotus, among others. Most accounts maintain that Aesop was from either Trache or Phrygia (Western Turkey), and later enslaved on the island of Samos by two men named Iadmon and Xanthus.⁸



English edition of *Aesop's Fables* from 1666.

Aesop's much-eulogized fellow slave Rhodopis, likewise owned by Iadmon, was a young Greek girl who was kidnapped by Phoenician merchants and sold into child sex slavery, but Rhodopis also happens to be the central character in one of the oldest attested versions of "Cinderella" after being re-sold as a prostitute in Egypt. Kidnapping Greek children and selling them as slaves in North Africa does not appear to have been abnormal behavior among Phoenicians, who are portrayed doing precisely that in the *Odyssey* as well, in one of several unflattering portrayals of Phoenicians as callous merchant slavers.⁹

Aesop's Fables have undergone numerous transformations, and the earliest existing text is a third or fourth century A.D. Latin translation of Babrius. There are additional issues with Aesop's Fables that we will

explore in the proceeding sections, but the Fables' influence on the West is undeniable and demands their inclusion, so eight have been chosen for this work, with modernized English translations coupled with Latin prose based on the works of Babrius, Phaedrus, and John Ogilby.

ITALY, FRANCE, AND THE BEGINNINGS OF THE FAIRY TALE

FOLLOWING THE CLASSICAL ERA, more was lost than found in terms of the organic folkloric record, but with the Renaissance and the printing press came renewed interest in traditional folk narratives that would bring the fairy tale to the fore as a modern literary genre. The written fairy tale was once thought to have originated with the two-volume work by Giambattista Basile (1566–1632), *Il Pentamerone (The Tale of Tales)*, posthumously published in 1634 and 1636. A few of the popular stories still credited to Basile as the first written Western versions are "Hansel and Gretel," "Rapunzel," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Mother Holle." Most associate these with the Grimm Brothers, who acknowledged their debt to Basile, but this should not imply that the aforementioned stories originated in Italy; variations appear in nearly every region of Europe and, as we will see, found their way in through a variety of channels.

More recently, Basile has been downgraded as the reputed "inventor of the fairy tale" in favor of the earlier Italian writer Giovanni Francesco Straparola (c. 1480–1558), whose two-part collection *Le Piacevoli Notti (The Pleasant Nights)*, published in 1550 and 1553, is a mixture of folk and fairy tale. Straparola's *Pleasant Nights* is a literary treasure that may foreshadow in part the ethnographic undertakings the Grimm Brothers would later become famous for.

It contains the first written version of what some refer to as the most popular fairy tale ever (feasibly the case in France)—"Puss in Boots" ("Costantino Fortunato," or "Costantino's Cat" here), though the boots would be a later addition by Charles Perrault. Straparola's tales are presented as oral histories, were intended more for women than children, and may derive from various rungs of Italian society. Some appear to have no clear origin at all, but most, obviously so in content and structure, are borrowed from earlier works like Girolamo Morlini's *Novelle e Favole* (1520) and Giovanni Boccaccio's *The Decameron* (1353), which both Straparola and Basile drew liberally from.¹⁰ Neither Basile or Straparola viewed themselves as preservationists of the Western, Italian, or, in Basile's case, the Neapolitan, folk traditions, but neither did anyone else at the time. Choosing Basile's "Parsley" over the Grimms' "Rapunzel" isn't necessary or wanted, but Straparola's *Pleasant Nights* is an under appreciated and classic work, so included are modernized translations of "Costantino Fortunato," "The Three Brothers," "The Merchant's Monkey," and "Cesar's Judgments," based mainly on W.G. Waters' 1894 translation. Also among the Italian tales are Girolamo Benzoni's legendary 1565 story "The Egg of Columbus," and Sicilian folklorist Giuseppe Pitre's version of "Buttadeu," better known as "The Wandering Jew," a tale with endless variants but first attested in Italy in 1223.¹¹

From Renaissance Italy, influence spread to France, which would take up the mantle in

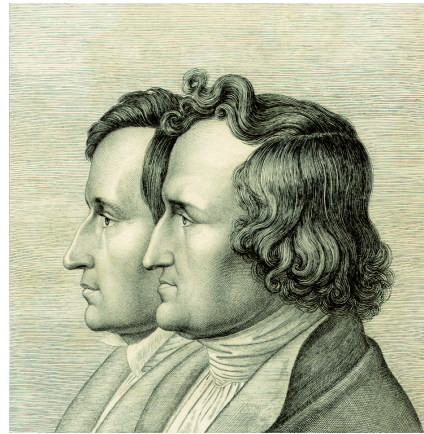


Bertuccio's Bride by Edward Robert Hughes, 1895.
From Giovanni Francesco Straparola's collection
The Pleasant Nights.

popularizing folk and fairy tales during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From here the term "fairy tale" emerges for the first time with Marie-Catherine d'Aulnoy's 1697 book *Les Contes des Fées* ("the tales of fairies"). The titans of the genre in France, however, would be Jean de La Fontaine, whose *Fables* (1668–1694) are largely adaptations of Aesop, and Charles Perrault, whose renditions of "Puss in Boots," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Sleeping Beauty," et al., from *Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé (Stories or Tales from Past Times)*, remain the best known.¹² We will return to Perrault, who played a key role in the fairy tale becoming the morally positive children's narrative it is today. But Perrault has been excluded due to length and constraints, and to make extra room for two men whose name is associated more than any other with the fairy tale, and who would become its most passionate cultivators and explicit defenders as an ethno-cultural history shared by European peoples.

THE MÄRCHEN

JACOB (1785–1863) AND WILHELM (1786–1859) GRIMM were born in Hanau in the German State of Hesse-Cassel, pursued their interests in philology and medieval German literature at the University of Marburg, and were collecting folktales by their late teens. This culminated in 1812 with *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (*Children's and Household Tales*), which contained eighty-six total tales and, despite the name, was not very suitable for children, though this was hardly any fault of their own as many of the tales had arrived through polluted channels. The Grimm Brothers collected primarily oral stories from a diverse selection of the population, but unlike their predecessors in Italy and France, they had no interest in entertaining rich women in urban salons or proving their wit in stately courts, but were, and would remain, devoted to extracting, conserving, and shaping the tales they discovered among the German people.

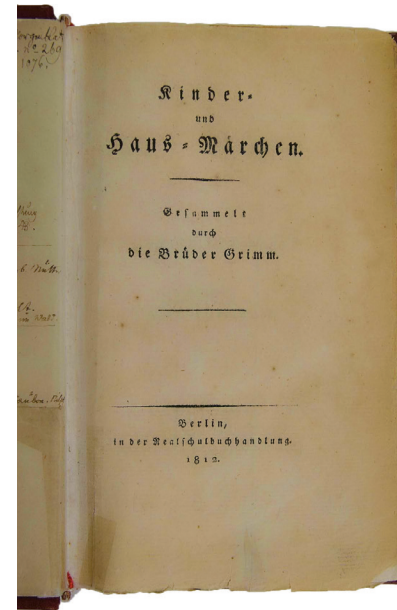


The Grimm Brothers in 1843.

The Grimms' two-volume *Deutsche Sagen* (*German Legends*), with 585 tales, followed the first edition of the *Märchen* in 1816 and 1818, but, tragically, would not be translated into English in full until 1980. The brothers would later channel their energies into developing a thirty-two volume German dictionary (*Deutsches Wörterbuch*), which would remain incomplete upon their deaths, and were versatile pioneers in almost every regard. Per E.H. Antonsen:

While there is no question that . . . the fame of the Grimm Brothers rests almost entirely . . . in the realm of fairy tales and folklore, it is no less certain that their pioneering work . . . in Germanic comparative and historical linguistics, lexicography, philology, and medieval studies places them squarely among the most important figures in the history of the language sciences.¹³

The work of Jacob Grimm is studied by Indo-European philologists today, and "Grimm's Law" is an accepted explanation for the linguistic shift from Proto-Indo-European to Proto-Germanic. The Grimm Brothers' unambiguous and noble aspirations to strengthen the character and national identity of the German people is categorically condemned in contemporary academia, and predictably so, but their views are often misrepresented as trite expressions of petty German nationalism, when in fact they believed folktales to be relics of an ancient cultural tradition shared by the greater Indo-European family that stretched back thousands of years. To quote Wilhelm Grimm: "It is my belief that the German stories do not belong to the northern and



First Edition of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*.

southern parts of our fatherland alone but that they are the absolute common property of the nearly related Dutch, English and Scandinavians."¹⁴

Furthermore, the Grimm Brothers openly recognized and readily supported the work of folklorists outside of Germany, in Russia, Norway, and elsewhere, while continuing their revisions and additions to the *Märchen* and making the tales more child-friendly by removing sexual references and toning down the violence, collecting 210 total by the seventh edition in 1857. It remains the most celebrated work of all, so included here are sixteen tales from the Grimm Brothers, newly translated from German editions and translations by Margaret Hunt (1884) and Lucy Crane (1886), while the last tale is from *Deutsche Sagen*. Among these are the most popular and well known, but others have been incorporated for posterity, since they are continually excluded from similar collections and have been for decades—even those marketed as "complete" editions—and are virtually

impossible to find usable illustrations for without digging through digitized German-language libraries. Overall, there is an outstanding history of illustration associated with practically every tale, refurbished to form here, and a wide array of artists have been chosen to illuminate them.

The Grimm Brothers had fundamentally altered the way we interpret traditional folklore, and as their methodologies became known outside of Germany, others would rush to the fringes of Europe and beyond to emulate it, inciting a true Folk Revolution.

ANDREW LANG AND THE TALES OF THE BRITISH ISLES

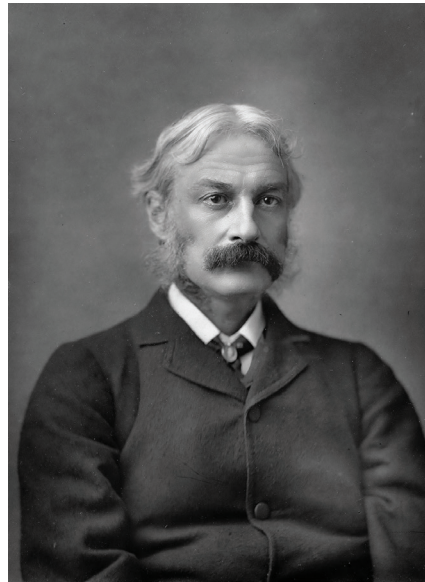
THE RISING INTEREST in folkloric studies initiated by the Grimm Brothers in the early-to-mid nineteenth century reverberated through Europe and led to nationalist fervor everywhere, triggering folk movements in Finland with the Fennomans and in Sweden with the Svecomans. In Russia, the rediscovery and new editions of the *Slovo* (*The Tale of Igor's Campaign*), an epic national poem from the thirteenth century comparable to the *Prose Edda* and *Beowulf*, galvanized the population and received a big thumbs up from the Grimm Brothers,¹⁵ while England experienced much of the same, leading William Thoms, the coiner of the term "*folklore*" in 1846, to encourage the study of "the olden time" and "the Lore of the People."¹⁶

The leading anthologist from the British Isles during this period was Scottish writer Andrew Lang (1844–1912), whose twenty-five-volume collection of “Color Fairy Books,” published between 1889 and 1913, remains the regional centerpiece. Beginning with *The Blue Fairy Book*, still the most lauded of the series, Lang compiled a total of 798 tales, though it must be stated that nearly all were English translations of existing works by individuals mentioned earlier. The Folk Revolution on the British Isles coincided with the British Empire at its peak, meaning, at a time when the region was in the grip of foreign interests and outsiders that wielded as much control internally as they were then wielding abroad. An unfortunate consequence of this left the regional folklore, as popularly documented and transmitted to a broader population, susceptible to subversion. And it would thereby be swiftly taken over and filtered through such outsiders, principally a man named Joseph Jacobs. Jacobs had no ancestral connection to the British Isles, was in no position to become a representative of its folkloric history, and should never have been allowed to obtain the influence he did. But he did, and it is through the direct actions of outsiders like Jacobs that we are able to observe how culturally catastrophic one man can be.

There is much in the lore of King Arthur, Robin Hood, Leprechauns, and the Loch Ness Monster that must be left for later, but this being a book of popular tales, those included should be familiar to most. All known authors and illustrators are native to the British Isles, and folktales from the greater English realm add an important flavor to this book, being on the whole far more comical than those of other European states. The spirit and character of various European peoples find their finest expressions through folklore, and Scandinavia, like Britain, is no exception. There, a man stands above the rest, and may be the ultimate maestro of the fairy tale.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ONE CAN BE RELATIVELY IMPARTIAL when reading the pithy fables of Aesop, or the at-times formulaic works of the Grimm Brothers, or the ups and downs of British folktales, but Denmark’s Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875) can pierce the heart. At his best, Andersen is unmatched as a storyteller, and for this reason he is one of the few individuals who exists in a realm



Andrew Lang, 1888



Painting of H.C. Andersen reading to children by German artist Elisabeth Jerichau Baumann, 1862.

of their own within the greater genre. Best known for works like “The Ugly Duckling,” “The Emperor’s New Clothes,” “The Little Mermaid,” and “The Snow Queen,” it is Andersen’s range that impresses most, as he is able to take the reader from a fun, magical story like “Thumbelina,” to an offbeat tale of harsh irony like “The Swineherd,” and then reach into their soul with a piece like “The Story of a Mother.” The eleven tales by Andersen included here move from the author’s lighter to darker sides and shift with the kaleidoscopic classic “The Tinderbox,” whose confident and mysterious strongman central character, “the Soldier,” and the establishment-toppling, revolutionary ending, seem indicative of why our present foreign fairy tale gatekeepers are apparently so threatened by this author.

There is nothing inherently threatening or even dark in Andersen’s stories, but he is resolutely



Axel Mathiesen, “The Tinderbox,” 1928.

moral in a way that conflicts with modern values, is not afraid to push that morality, and is highly effective at implanting it in rich narratives the reader will never forget. As any online comments section about “The Tinderbox” will confirm, the story leaves an impression that never goes away. Andersen’s morality is an unmistakably nineteenth century Christian morality, and while it can be a tad overbearing in stories like “On Judgment Day” (not included), it is never lewd or profane or designed to leave a negative impression. He was a children’s author, and he was aware of it, and stories that are labeled “dark” are still deliberately intended to ingrain morally positive values and behavior in the reader. The final story by Andersen, “The Shadow,” one of the lengthiest, is about as “dark” and complex as Andersen gets, but it is at most a story for middle schoolers, and is perhaps one of his best from an adult perspective.

Both “The Tinderbox” and “The Shadow” feature art by fellow Dane Hans Tegner (1853–1932), and

three others are accompanied by the art of Kay Nielsen (1886–1957), also Danish, whose work appears most prominently in this book. Like those of the Grimms, the tales of Hans Christian Andersen have been illustrated by an untold number of talented artists, so there was a rich selection to choose from. The new translations are sourced primarily from H.P. Paull’s 1872 collection, with comparative analysis of others and original texts. The most comprehensive and complete modern translation was done by Danish actor Jean Hersholt in 1949, but for this small selection our own will exceed it in readability. Unfortunately, longer works like “The Little Mermaid” and “The Snow Queen” have been kept out due to length, being short books in themselves, but longer classics like “Thumbelina” and “The Ugly Duckling” are included.

THE NORWEGIAN FOLKTALES OF ASBJØRNSEN AND MOE

NORSKE FOLKEEVENTYR (NORWEGIAN FOLK-TALES) is a collection by Peter Asbjørnsen (1812–1885) and Jørgen Moe (1813–1882) of Norway that was published between 1841 and 1852. Asbjørnsen and Moe met at the age of fourteen, and a decade later, inspired by the Grimms like so many others, took off to the Norwegian countryside in search of tales from their own native land. Both men would be celebrated across the West for the resulting major work, help foster the burgeoning national identity of Norway, and contribute to the rise of nineteenth century European nationalism.¹⁷ *Norwegian Folktales* would also receive acclaim from the Grimms,¹⁸ whose methodology served as the basis for the work. A selection from *Norwegian Folktales*, illustrated by Kay Nielsen in 1914 and known as *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, is one of the most aesthetic of all due to Nielsen’s imagery, and three stories from that serve to close out this book.

Norske Folkeeventyr was first translated into English in 1859 by Sir George Webbe Dasent as *Popular Tales from the Norse*, and that would remain the only complete English translation for 160 years. Dasent’s translation



Norske Folkeeventyr, 1874.

contains an important introduction, but the language is from another time. And while the 2019 translation by Tiina Nunnally may be easier on the ear, it is an outstanding embarrassment on the whole. Beginning with an awkward, pint-sized foreword by the distinctly non-Nordic writer Neil Gaiman, who spends two pages talking about himself, and ending with a redacted version of Jørgen Moe’s Introduction from the complete 1852 edition, the work succeeds exclusively in underscoring the importance of this book. The decision by Nunnally’s editors to snip the first half of Moe’s Introduction and cram it at the back may seem like an odd one at first; however, as Neil Gaiman’s mere presence in a book titled *Norwegian Folktales* should automatically indicate, what we have here is a carefully managed and packaged product. Authenticity never factored in.

But one may argue: *why should it?* Don’t *fairy tales* exist to take us out of a world in which reality is constantly pressing down and every fantasy is subject to critique? Shouldn’t we aspire to nourish the imaginations of our children, independent of that world, and be able to escape into our own now and then? We all need that space, and why would we ever care about what Jørgen Moe said? For adults, living in a perpetual fairy tale is certain to produce unpleasant outcomes in time, and space, be it physical or imaginative, does not preserve itself. It is not incumbent upon all of us to ask hard questions and seek hard answers, but if none of us are willing to do it, who will? The hard questions are: what happens when Tiina Nunnally’s editors determine what our space looks like, Neil Gaiman stands up and pretends to represent us, and no one asks after reading the following passage . . . “*This translated excerpt covers the second half of Moe’s Introduction, starting on page xxxix of the second Norwegian edition*”¹⁸ . . . but what did Moe say in the first half? Below is the opening statement and a snippet from the second paragraph of Moe’s Introduction to the 1852 edition of *Norske Folkeeventyr*:

The certainty of the domestic origins of our folktales, which is formed in our imaginations by the impressions that reach us through oral transmission, or by reading them, leads to many doubts upon further study, and after comparing them with foreign traditions of a similar nature. When we discover whole fables, or at least aspects of them, which, by their character, appear to be bound to our nation and our folk, on foreign soil, often with very distant tribes, we may doubt whether all of these traditions were introduced long ago or more recently. . . . For evidence of how an entire folktale, or aspects of its motifs, are widespread throughout many European countries, and ultimately originate in the East, we need only investigate a single, or at most a couple, of our tales.¹⁹

The hard answers are: generation after generation will continue to search for the roots of their culture, they will continue to find an alien culture already embedded deep inside of it, and they will continue to realize they are caught in an even thicker web of deceit than those who came before. If we wish to peel it back and make it easier for the next generation to potentially get out, we have to go way back.

PART II.

THE ALIEN ORIGINS OF SNOW WHITE AND CINDERELLA

CO SAY THAT EARLY versions of Western folk and fairy tales are dark and otherworldly is a gross understatement. In the earliest versions of “Little Red Riding Hood” the wolf tells the girl to take her clothes off before getting into her grandmother’s bed, or even surrender her virginity. The prince in “Sleeping Beauty” does not wake Rosamund up so that they can look into each other’s eyes, fall in love, and live happily ever after; he rapes her in her sleep. The notorious tale “Donkeyskin” revolves around father-daughter incest and self-mutilation. And hundreds of variations of these and other tales with similar themes suddenly began popping up throughout Europe when people began looking for them in the nineteenth century.²⁰ If they do not sound like the versions you are familiar with, there is a reason for that.

Ovid’s “Chione” (Χιόνη being Ancient Greek for “snow girl”) is about a girl whose beauty is the subject of immense scorn and desire from humans and the gods. At fourteen, Chione is escorted to the heavens by Hermes, where she is put to sleep so that he and Apollo can rape her. She then gives birth to (half-) divine twins, but her beauty, as well as her vanity, angers the Roman goddess Diana (Inanna-Ištar), who kills her.²¹ A lexical connection and basic plot elements of Snow Whites are present, but themes can be traced back further through the West Semitic mythological text *Inanna and the Netherworld*. As classicist Graham Anderson summarizes:

Inanna wanders down to the underworld, where she is strung up as a naked corpse by her sister Ereshkigal. Only by courtesy of the Annunaki, seven inhuman, sexless creatures, who act as judges of the dead, is she allowed back to life (in the Akkadian version). Here we have the jealousy of a close female relative and murder attempt that form the basis of Snow Whites; in the Annunaki we may well be looking at yet another perspective on the Seven Dwarfs—as underground personnel out of the normal sphere of human activity. It may be worth recalling that the Grimm dwarfs spend their day in a mine.²²

These texts also contain the recurrent motif emphasizing the importance of maintaining power through tribal succession. As to deities behaving, well, rather ungodly:

Chione’s sufferings and fate are scarcely exceptional in classical myth, where the gods may not be consistently immoral but are certainly not accountable to humans; and where, as implied in Ovid’s version, the attention of gods has been construed as a privilege rather than a degradation by the victim.²³

But whose “classical myth” are we speaking of if West Semitic mythology is encased in “Snow White”? Perhaps we can find additional clues in the most famous and studied fairy tale of all.

Hundreds of Cinderella variants have been collected, and many revolve around rape and

father-daughter incest. The Rhodopis-Cinderella noted in Part I—about the Greek girl kidnapped by Phoenicians and sold into bondage in Egypt, whose slipper is stolen by an eagle that drops it on the Pharaoh, thereafter determined to locate its owner—is not the first. The lineage can be similarly traced to West Semitic mythology, namely the story of Dumuzi (Cupid) and his mother-lover Inanna-Ištar (Venus) (c. 1800 B.C.), which is full of motifs repeated in European Cinderellas, Basile’s especially: (a) feuding sisters; (b) the father returning from a trip with a tree for the girl; (c) the tree being magic; (d) the girl dancing with the prince then vanishing; and (e) the marriage to the prince.²⁴ Further motifs pop up in the eighth century B.C. story *Joseph and Asenath*, which adds: (f) the bird-helper; (g) the ash-covered girl; (h) the wicked stepmother; and (i) and the foot/slipper motif.²⁵ In one version, Asenath is Joseph’s niece; in another, she is a non-Semite who must convert to Judaism and perform degrading tasks to prove her worthiness to a domineering matriarch. Joseph, as many know, was the Pharaoh’s right-hand man,²⁶ and the main focus of these versions is, again, maintaining power through tribal succession.²⁷

From Rome c. 220 A.D. comes a Cinderella by Aelianus, almost assuredly Phoenician, involving Aphrodite, the Greek counterpart of Inanna-Ištar and Venus.²⁸ Aelianus adds: (j) the death of Cinderella’s mother when she is young; (k) the court-banquet competition; and (l) the spontaneous transformation of beauty.²⁹ Soon after, Cinderella motifs turn up c. 170 A.D. in *Cupid and Psyche* by Punic-speaker Apuleius, wherein Psyche is forced to perform the same tasks as the Grimms’ Cinderella as a form of psychological torture by Venus before being permitted to marry her son-lover Cupid.³⁰ In the end, Psyche too bears a (half-) divine child and is (half-) accepted into the Greco-Roman pantheon, whose members not only seem to share West Semitic cultural practices, but are beginning to look almost like superimposed versions of Near East deities. We will come back to *Cupid and Psyche*, arguably the first fairy tale and surpassed in scholarship only by the story of Oedipus, who fathers four children with his mother to ensure that power over Thebes, once more, is maintained through tribal succession.³¹

Cinderella’s arrival in Northwestern Europe comes by way of the twelfth century *lai* “Le Fresne” (“The Ash Tree Girl”), which “purports to be a Breton tale” by Marie de France.³² “Le Fresne” is more typical of a Medieval Romance than a folktale, but one aspect has stuck out as being unusual in the comparative literature: the “elevat[ion of] feudal inheritance laws above the courtly love union.”³³ So what exactly are we looking at here? Why is succession through tribal inheritance such a dominant theme in West Semitic narratives, how did discernible aspects from those



Cinderella-like “slipper” from Egypt.

narratives get woven into Western folklore and mythology, and if the pattern is consistent, what are we to conclude? To answer these questions, we must view the folktale within the greater contexts of writing, mythology, and cultural diffusion through empire.

UNTANGLING THE PAST

THE OLDEST CURRENTLY KNOWN fables exist in the form of Sumerian wisdom literature from the mid-third millennium B.C., examples of which include the *Instructions of Šuruppak* and the Liturgy to Nintud. The Liturgy is a creation myth that had been “fixed in the Sumerian literary tradition for centuries,”³⁴ and the *Instructions* is concerned with upholding communal morality. A passage from the latter shows Šuruppak warning his son against urban culture:

After you have consorted with the great men of the city,
My son, you should be quick to disengage yourself.³⁵

And, appropriately, as soon as the cuneiform writing system appears on the historical record in ancient Mesopotamia, so too does a highly urbanized and mercantile tribe unequivocally tracking the Sumerians from the northwest in Ebla, operating schools dedicated to copying the script, and fitting their own language into its container.³⁶ The West Semitic scribal language known as Akkadian would form as a result, and through it we find extensive documentation on the inner workings of the temple economy and the widespread practice of issuing interest-bearing loans, along with a chronicle of the first empire in history.³⁷

A few centuries later, with the Sumerians virtually extinct and Mesopotamia in ruins, there is a migration of West Semitic speakers of Eblaite extraction to Canaan and Egypt (recall Abraham’s own journey to Egypt from Ur, estimated to have been the largest city in the world at the turn of the second millennium B.C.³⁸), where they swiftly gained control:

The names of the royal house and of the treasurers of the Fourteenth Dynasty [1800–1650 B.C.] are mainly of foreign origin. . . . Cognates have only been suggested for little more than half of the foreign names. . . . Notably, most of the cognates are West Semitic.³⁹

While Old Kingdom Egypt could be reasonably described as a mostly harmonious and closed-off non-urban society with a grain-based economy, New Kingdom Egypt would suddenly transform into an urban and materialist market-based empire with an aggressive foreign policy whose primary objectives were protecting and enriching Canaan, expanding and safeguarding trade routes, and importing astounding quantities of slaves.⁴⁰ Apart from a minor setback in the mid-fourteenth century B.C., when Akhenaten shut down the temple economy and granted Canaan permission to defend itself, all but assuring the erasure of his legacy, this would remain the agenda prior to the Bronze Age Collapse.⁴¹

Egypt’s imperial framework enabled further expansions West, and influxes of seafaring

PHOENICIAN	GREEK	LATIN	RUNIC (FUTHARK/FUTHORC)
𐤀 / 𐤁𐤏𐤀 (“bull head”)	Αα / ἄλφα (“alpha, bull head”)	Aa / <i>alpha</i> (“bull head”)	ƿ / <i>feoh</i> (“money, wealth”)
𐤂 / 𐤃𐤏𐤀 (“house”)	Ββ / βῆτα (“beta, house”)	Bb / <i>bēta</i> (“house”)	ᚢ / <i>ūr</i> (“aurochs, bull”)
𐤄 / 𐤅𐤏𐤀 (“camel”)	Γγ / γᾰμμα (“gamma, camel”)	Cc / <i>gamma</i> (“camel”)	þ / <i>thorn</i> (“thorn”)
𐤆 / 𐤇𐤏𐤀 (“river, door”)	Δδ / δέλτα (“delta, river, door”)	Dd / <i>delta</i> (“river, door”)	ᚦ / ƿ / <i>ōs</i> (“god”)
𐤈 / 𐤉𐤏𐤀 (“window”)	Εε / ἐψιλον (“epsilon, window”)	Ee / <i>epsilon</i> (“window”)	ᚷ / <i>rād</i> (“voyage”)

merchants and wealthy urban invaders into Minoan Crete (c. 2000 B.C.) and then the northern mainland would give rise to the Mycenaean era of Ancient Greece (c. 1600–1050 B.C.).⁴² Here, an internal administrative language known as Linear B was in use, and as the decipherers of Linear B themselves acknowledged, the script is inextricably associated with earlier West Semitic scripts and Near East conventions.⁴³ But its use was limited and would cease abruptly, and it is near the end of the ensuing “Greek Dark Ages,” in the ninth century B.C., when the Greek alphabet evolves out of the Phoenician alphabet. The latter is itself based on Egyptian hieroglyphs, whose structural similarities to Akkadian cuneiform have been noted.⁴⁴ And since the Greek alphabet derives from the Phoenician alphabet, so does every other Western alphabet.

The economic influence of West Semitic peoples on Western antiquity is indisputable: [T]he financial customs of classical Greece and Rome were not indigenous to Indo-European societies. . . . Instead, during the Archaic period, largely through Phoenician maritime commerce, financial innovations were diffused to the Greeks and Etruscans, then . . . the Romans: maritime law, insurance contracts, joint financing of business ventures, banqueting (aristocratic symposium), deposit banking [*arrabon*], and interest-bearing debt.⁴⁵

But the cultural influence is equally ubiquitous. Herodotus wrote 2500 years ago that the Greek gods were not Greek,⁴⁶ but twentieth century scholarship ended all debate by showing that the entire Greek pantheon is more or less overlaid with Near East deities or of outright West Semitic origin. “Kadmos,” the founding figure of Greece and the Theban aristocracy that ruled during the Mycenaean era, comes from the West Semitic root **q-d-m* (𐤓𐤕𐤍), meaning “man of the east.” Formative “Western” texts like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are similarly so entwined with Near East symbolism that they are unlikely to have originated from a Greek source. And Ancient Greek culture, whether perpetuated by actual Greeks or not, would remain deeply nostalgic toward this period of mystery and material prosperity, dramatizing through art and literature the lives Kadmos’ heirs, and distant historical events like the Trojan War.⁴⁷

INTRODUCTION

In an ancient world where rural tribes were strewn across the land and piracy was common, merchantry carried a high degree of risk. The first empires were designed to minimize that risk by protecting trade routes, an extended army of foreign and literate managerial elites, and above all Canaan.⁴⁸ So it remains. But there would be no “Greek Empire” because the imperial hand off from Egypt was fumbled, leading to the loss of a centralized protective body, the plundering of Canaan’s immense wealth, and the “Bronze Age Collapse.” Assyria, Persia, and Macedonia would be called on to step in,⁴⁹ but we don’t think of Greece as an “empire” anyway; we think of it as the home of philosophy, literature, and, of course, mythology.

THE ROOTS OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY

KADMOS, THE PHOENICIAN PRINCE of Tyre, is the founder of Thebes, the political and military headquarters of Mycenaean Greece, and Kadmos' descendants would rule subsequently from start to finish. Members of this West Semitic aristocracy are deities in the Greek pantheon, though the mystique fades with Linear B records showing how they effectively drew it up.⁵⁰ The story of Kadmos' great-great grandson, Oedipus, is a "standard folktale" and appears in the ATU index as tale-type 931,⁵¹ associated with Rumpelstiltskin,⁵² *Cupid and Psyche*, and "Snow White."⁵³ Oedipus' incestuous relationship with his mother is the quintessential expression of the motif preoccupied with succession of tribal power, but Oedipus also symbolizes the downfall of the House of Kadmos. In the twelfth and eleventh centuries B.C. the Greeks destroyed Mycenaean palaces and ran the foreign elite out, but lacking writing, they had no recollection of doing so.⁵⁴ When dramatizations of the Oedipus story are fixed into the consciousness of Classical Greece centuries later by Sophocles, the interplay between Oedipus and Near Eastern deities in their Greek form reveals the outward effect of glorifying the foreign aristocracy of the Mycenaean era as Greek figures and portraying the Mycenaean era as the Greek Golden Age, while concealing the internal cultural mechanics of West Semitic folklore and mythology being told *through* the Greek people.⁵⁵

With the introduction of the alphabet c. 800 B.C., Homer and Hesiod become the two figures most responsible for mapping the mytho-genealogical history of Greece. The *Iliad* has been recognized as a “resetting” of the Akkadian epic the *Atrahasis* (𒀠𒄠𒂗𒍪𒂗𒍪, c. 1700 B.C.), “through which the foreign framework still shows,” and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* alike have further parallels in the Akkadian creation myth the *Enūma Eliš* (𒂗𒍪𒂗𒍪𒂗𒍪𒂗𒍪, c. 1800 B.C.) and the *Epic of Gilgamesh* (𒈾𒀠𒂗𒍪𒂗𒍪𒂗𒍪𒂗𒍪, c. 2100 B.C.).⁵⁶ Hesiod’s *Theogony* (c. 700 B.C.) is equally significant, and the discovery of a text known as the *Kumarbi* (c. 1300 B.C.) in the 1930s, with its “undeniable” similarities to the *Theogony*, “forced Hellenists to accept the reality of Near Eastern influence on early Greek literature.”⁵⁷ Hesiod is:

particularly influenced by the Near East, as similar motifs in Egyptian, Babylonian or

The Family of Gods

Roman	Greek	Egyptian	West Semitic	Roles & Relationships
Adonis (Adōnis)	Adonis (Ἀδωνίς)	Osiris (ʿsṛ)	Dumuzi (𒌶-𒌵𒍪𒍪) / Tammuzi (𒌶-𒌵𒍪𒍪, 𒌶-𒌵𒍪𒍪) / Adonis (𒌶-𒌵𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic god conceived through father-daughter incest of Cynos and Myrris; mother-son couple with Istar-Hathor-Aphrodite and brother-sister couple with Isis-Astarte; first attested c. 3000 s.c.
Apollo (Apollō)	Apollo (Ἀπόλλων) / Harpocrates (Ἄρποκράτης)	Horus the Child (ḥr.w) / Montu (mntw) / Set (swtḥ)	Horon (𐤇𐤍𐤏𐤍) / Reshep (𐤓𐤍𐤕𐤐)	Indo-European, Egyptian, and Northwest Semitic god of light, plague, and war; brother-sister couple with Isis-Osiris and brother-sister couple with Isis-Astarte-Venus; first attested c. 3200 s.c.
Bacchus (Bacchus)	Dionysus (Διόνυσος)	Osiris	Enlil (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic storm god and "sex offender" who is often banned from cities; husband of Ninlil; mother-son couple with Ki; first attested c. 3500 s.c.
Cupid (Cupidō) / Amor (Amor)	Eros (Ἔρως) / Aion (Αἰών) / Phanes (Φάνης)	Horus the Elder (ḥr.w wr, "Heru- Wer") / Min (mnw)	Dumuzi / Tammuzi	Northwest Semitic serpent-god and sex deity; prevalent inciter of lust and adultery in Greece and Rome, often cast as the son of Marduk-Osiris-Zeus; mother-son couple with Istar-Hathor-Aphrodite-Venus; first attested c. 3000 s.c.
Diana (Diāna)	Artemis (Ἄρτεμις)	Neith (nt)	Inanna (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Ištar (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Astarte (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Major Northwest Semitic goddess of sex and prostitution; mother-son couple with Dumuzi and others; responsible for causing "ritual" - gender-role changes among normal people; first attested c. 4000 s.c.
Demeter (Dēmētrēr) / Ceres (Cērēs) / Latona (Latona)	Isis (Ἴσις) / Demeter (Δημήτηρ) / Leto (ἑγυτο) (Λητώ)	Isis / Aset (st) / Anat (Anit) / Hathor (ḥwt-hr)	Inanna-Ištar-Astarte / Anat (𐤀𐤎𐤏𐤍) / Adamma	See above. As Inanna: daughter of Sin-Anu-Enlil-Enki; as Isis-Hathor: daughter of Anu and mother-wife of Horus; as Demeter: niece-wife of Hades; as Demeter-Leto: sister-wife of Zeus.
Dis Pater (Dīs) / Orcus (Orcus) / Hercules (Herculēs)	Hades (Ἅιδης) / Pluto (Πλούτων) / Heracles (Ἡρακλῆς)	Reshep (ršwp) / Apep (ʿppw) / Anubis (inpw)	Nergal (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Ninurta (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic god of the underworld; sometimes cast as son of Enlil-Set/Osiris/Ra-Kronos-Saturn-Jupiter and Ninlil/Hathor-Rhea-Demeter; husband to Enki/Igigi-Aqut-Persephone-Proserpina; brother-sister couple with Ishtar first attested c. 2500 a.c.
Favonius (Favōnius) / Casius (Casius)	Zephyrus (Ζέφυρος) / Zeus-Kasios (Κάσιος)	Set / Amun (ja 'ma-nw)	Baal-Zephon (𐤁𐤏𐤏𐤍) / Hadad (𐤇𐤃𐤁𐤃)	Northwest Semitic storm god Ba'al at the lake as lord of Mount Zaphon; Isis, Tefnut, Shu, Neghty were all consorts of their brother Set; first attested c. 1700 s.c.
Gello (Gellones)	Gello (Γέλλως)	Alabandria (EIEINNOC)	Gallō (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Lamaštu (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Lilith (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic demon goddess, child-kidnapper and assassin; daughter of Anu; consorts to her brother Jewish goddess: Lilith, from whose name we derive the modern term "ghoul." First attested c. 1700 s.c.
Juno (Iūnō)	Hera (Ἥρα) / Aglaea (Ἀγλαΐα)	Isis	Inanna-Ištar-Astarte / Ninhursaga (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	See Above. As Hera: daughter of brother-sister couple Kronos and Rhea, wife to Zeus, torturer of Zeus' extramarital lovers; as Juno: brother-sister couple with Jupiter.
Jupiter (Iūpiter) / Caelus (Caelus) / Divs Fidius (Divs Fidius)	Zeus (Ζεύς) / Uranus (Οὐρανός)	Amun (ja 'ma-nw) / Ra (r) / Aten (jtn)	Anu (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Enlil / Marduk (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Dagan (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Major Indo-European, Egyptian, and Northwest Semitic sky god; father of Enlil, Enki, Nergal, Inanna, Ishtar, Lamaštu, Hathor, Sekhmet, and Anhur; Aphrodite, Apollo, Ares, Artemis, Athena, Dionysus, Helen, Heracles, Hermes, Minos, Persephone, Perseus, et al.; and Mars, Minerva, Vulcan, and Hercules; concubine includes mother Nannu and multiple daughters.
Lemures (Iemures)	Lamia (Λάμια)	Ba (b)	Lamaštu (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Lilith (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	See Above. Lamia is a Libyan queen whose affair with Zeus led his wife Hera to force Lamia to eat her offspring; lemures are the same Northwest Semitic demon and the source of the modern term "fairy."
Mars (Mārs)	Ares (Ἄρης)	Anhur	Erra / Nintinugga / Bau-Babu (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic god of (political) chaos and often responsible for causing war when nations are weak; father-daughter couple with Anu first attested c. 2500 s.c.
Mercury (Mercurius)	Hermes (Ερμῆς) / Hermanubis (Ερμανούβης)	Thoth (dḥwtj) / Anpu (inpw)	Nabu (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Ninurta (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic god of wisdom and literacy; father-daughter couple with Marduk; first attested c. 2000 s.c.
Minerva (Minerva)	Athena (Ἀθηνᾶ)	Neith (nt)	Anath (𐤀𐤎𐤏𐤍) / Ninhursaga	Major Northwest Semitic goddess of sex and war; daughter of El and Asherah; brother-sister couple with Ba'al; first attested c. 4000 s.c.
Neptune (Neptūmus)	Poseidon (Ποσειδών)	Sobek (sbk)	Enki (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic sea god; father-daughter couple with Ninurta; first attested c. 2500 s.c.
Opis (Opis)	Rhea (Ρέα)	Nut (nwt)	Ninlil (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Asherah (𐤀𐤗𐤏𐤕𐤏𐤕)	Major Northwest Semitic goddess of the harvest; daughter of Anu and wife of Enlil-Gab-Kronos-Zeus-Caelus; mother-son couple with Ninurta first attested c. 3000 a.c.
Proserpina (Proserpina) / Libera (Libera)	Persephone (Περσεφόνη) / Ariadne (Ἀριάδνη)	Nephtys (nbt-ḥwt) / Anput (inpwt)	Ereshkigal (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Adamma	Northwest Semitic goddesses of the underworld and wife to Nergal-Anubis-Hades-Dis Pater after being dropped down from earth; first attested c. 4000 s.c.
Saturn (Sāturnus)	Kronos (Κρόνος)	Geb (gḥ) / Enki-Ptah	Ea-Enki / Nintuna (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Anath (𐤀𐤎𐤏𐤍, 𐤀𐤎𐤏𐤍)	Major Northwest Semitic creation-god dedicated to forcing the earth to speak one language; father-daughter couple with Utu; first attested c. 2300 s.c.
Serapis (Serāpis)	Serapis (Σάρᾱπις)	Osiris-Apis	Hadad (𐤇𐤃𐤁𐤃, 𐤇𐤃𐤁𐤃) / Ba'al (𐤁𐤏𐤏𐤍) / 'Eil (𐤀𐤂𐤋)	Major Northwest Semitic storm god known variously as (Bel, Beelzebub, Yahweh, etc.); brother-husband of Astarte, maintains a harem of daughter-wives such as Pidney, Tolly, and Anay; first attested c. 4000 s.c.
Sol (Sol) / Mithras (Mithras)	Helios (Ἥλιος)	Apep (ʿpḥ)	Utu (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Shamash (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic god of justice and twin brother-sister couple with Inanna; also brother-sister couple with elder sister Ereshkigal; first attested c. 3500 s.c.
Venus (Venus)	Aphrodite (Ἀφροδίτη) / Ourania (Οὐρανία)	Hathor / Anat ('Anat, Antu)	Inanna-Ištar-Astarte	See Above. As Hathor: brother-sister couple with Horus and father-daughter couple with Ra; as Aphrodite: mother-son couple with Enki; as Venus: mother-son couple with Cupid.
Vulcan (Volcānus)	Hephaestus (Ἡφαιστος)	Ptah (pṯḥ)	Kothar (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪) / Kishar (𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪, 𒂗𒅗𒍪𒍪)	Northwest Semitic craftsman-god and the brother-husband of Istar; mother-son couple as Min-Kammuti; brother-sister couple with Aphrodite; son of brother-sister couple Jupiter and Juno--by account from Servius, born "blissgiver."

Hebrew literature suggest. For the cosmic sections in Hesiod, parallels may be found . . . in Phoenician myths [and] similarities between the *Theogony* and older Near-Eastern myths recounting the succession of rulers, including the motif of the castration of the sky god and the swallowing of descendants, have been recognized as regards their narrative structure.⁵⁸

The Homeric (epic) and Hesiodic (cosmogonic) traditions are passed down through Orphic literature, whose development is ascribed to Pythagoras (c. 570–495 B.C.) while employed under Polycrates, a book collector and tyrannical ruler of Samos.⁵⁹ The Greek lyre god Orpheus is a superimposed version of the West Semitic lyre god and Cypriot king Kinyras (𐤊𐤍𐤏𐤍𐤏𐤍, כינור), attested in Ebla in the third millennium and long associated with the cults of Adonis and Aphrodite.⁶⁰ Near East influence on the religious culture of Greece is present from at least the thirteenth century B.C., and the temple, “in the sense of a grand house for a deity,” is established in the eighth century and from there spreads rapidly.⁶¹ It is through such cults to Hellenized West Semitic deities that classical mythology permeates the public consciousness and forms what could be called a “mass culture,” a development dependent on social factors previously absent, mainly urbanism, writing, administrative centralization, and market economies.⁶²

The fortified temple complexes in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Greece functioned as proto-banks or repositories for precious metals and luxury goods, institutions from which loans and bribes were distributed, market centers, and sanctuaries (often criminal asylums in the literal sense).⁶³ They did serve “religious” purposes, but the sacrificial practices in Greece are “perfectly matched” with those of the Near East, as are prayer conventions, liturgical songs, divination themes, and purification rituals.⁶⁴ One can imagine their utility in facilitating material culture and urban growth, safeguarding against potential backlash (this is a house of God, after all), fostering in-group cohesion *sub rosa* among a diasporic peoples, and acting as institutions in which priests and bureaucratic figureheads were vetted. But more malicious theories have been posited. “Rapunzel” comes from the tale of Protesilaus, who “incurs the wrath of the gods” for not making a sacrifice,⁶⁵ but so too might “Little Red Riding Hood” be rooted in such rituals:

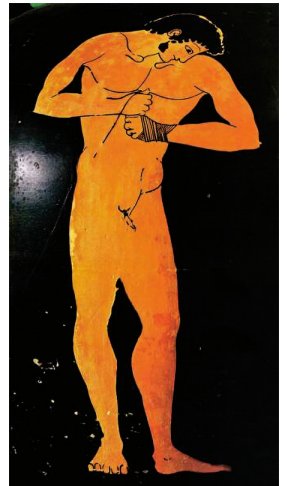
Perhaps the most completely satisfactory all-round analogue from antiquity is to be derived from . . . the famous boxer Euthymus of Locri in southern Italy. He was visiting nearby Temesa when he heard about a custom. . . . Every year they had to offer a virgin ‘bride’ to a local spirit—of one of Odysseus’ crew, long ago stoned to death as a rapist. The spirit—known by the neutral term of *Heros*—had a temple precinct in which the virgin had to be left (in Callimachus the spirit simply calls for a bed, and for those who brought her not to look back). Euthymus entered the shrine, took pity on the girl, accepted her offer of marriage in return for saving her, fought and defeated the spirit. . . . Pausanias had also seen a picture of Euthymus’ feat—in which the spirit was depicted as dark and terrifying *and wearing a wolfskin*.⁶⁶

The foreignness of it all is stark, as the acclaimed philologist M.L. West notes in a comparison of apocalyptic passages in Hesiod’s *Theogony* with texts from Bronze Age Mesopotamia:

[It] appears entirely alien to the general Greek view of the past as reflected in the whole corpus of epic and genealogical poetry. Its very formalism is un-Greek. That it comes from some oriental source seems certain. . . .

[a] *Nor will father be like (?= at one with) children nor children like father; nor guest to host, or comrade to comrade, nor will a brother be friendly. . . . They will lose all respect for their old parents, they will cease to fear the gods, they will sack each other’s towns, they will perjure themselves for pain, and those who do this will be more admired than the righteous. . . .*

[b] *A son will not [care for] a father’s health . . . a mother will cheerfully [plot e]vil for a daughter. I shall shorten their days; I shall cut off [the life] of the just man who intercedes for another; I shall set at the top the evil man who cuts off life. I shall change people’s hearts, and the father will not listen to the son, the daughter will speak words of hate to the mother. I shall make their words evil, and . . . they will plunder each other’s possessions. . . .*⁶⁷



Mosaic of a Greek boxer.

ROME AND CUPID AND PSYCHE

THE ETRUSCANS INHABITED ETRURIA in west-central Italy, and may have arrived from Anatolia around the time of the Trojan War (c. 1200 B.C.), as their apparent use of an alphabet based on a West Semitic script that evolved independently might suggest.⁶⁸ But the Phoenicians had reached Spain by at least the ninth century B.C. and were set up throughout the Mediterranean by the early eighth when a settlement appears on Ischia off the coast of Naples, established by “Chalcidians” seeking to be “as close as possible to the copper and iron mines and the lucrative market of Etruria.”⁶⁹ Chalcis (the capital of the second largest Greek island, Euboea), sharing its greatest affinities with a West Semitic term, and the city being long dominated by West Semitic speakers similarly drawn by the island’s rich mineral deposits, may put their Greekness in doubt.⁷⁰ All the more since the settlement immediately precedes rapid imperial expansions, drastic increases in urbanism and wealth, appearances by Near East deities like the sex-war goddess Astarte,⁷¹ the transposition of West Semitic mythology over local culture, and the advent of the Etruscan alphabet c. 700 B.C. from a West Semitic script. The Etruscan alphabet is the foundation of the Latin alphabet, which would serve as the *lingua franca* of a new imperial

administration and enable the spread of a literary culture.

As in Greece, the earlier mytho-folkloric traditions of Rome “either ceased to be told or were historicized by being converted into episodes of early Roman history,”⁷² but fables were similarly popular, and Aesopian proverbs were used to teach ethics to children. These were by and large conservative, tribal, and patriarchal, and warned against outsiders and political agitators.⁷³ The fairy tale still wasn’t a genre, but it is from Rome that we receive the first fairy tale of all: *Cupid and Psyche*. An internal narrative from the novel *Metamorphoses* by Apuleius (c. 124–170 A.D.), a West Semitic Punic speaker from North Africa, *Cupid and Psyche* has been addressed by the Grimms, Asbjørnsen and Moe, Andrew Lang, and others. In Lang’s words:

No one can read the Greek fable, Grimms’ story of the “Lady and the Lion,” the tale in the Norse collection called “East o’ the Sun and West o’ the Moon,” our own “Beauty and the Beast,” and the “Black Bull o’ Norrway,” without seeing striking and essential points of resemblance.⁷⁴

As it goes for many others. *Metamorphoses* follows a character named Lucius, whose interest in magic results in him being transformed into a donkey, enduring various trials, and ultimately finding salvation through the cult of Isis (Astarte). The motifs in *Cupid and Psyche* have been used so often since, and the allusions are so abundant, that:

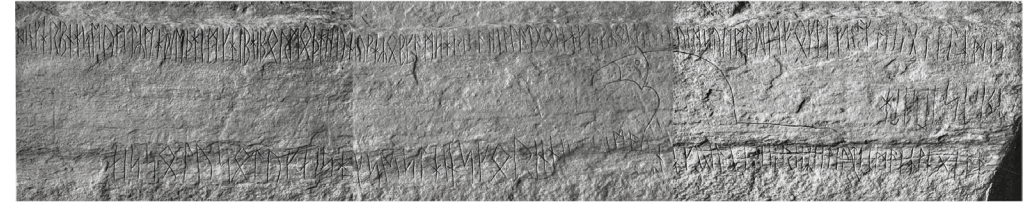
There seems to be no end to interrelationships. . . . We are almost spoiled for choice . . . because correspondences multiply along with the commentators. . . . For this reason the discovery of further connections . . . is as likely to confuse as to clarify the function of the fairy story within the fantasy.⁷⁵

Found again is a familiar “set of social values. . . . [T]he bride is expected to . . . submit to [a] monster of snakelike aspect [Cupid]” and her failure to do so “carries domestic responsibilities for the girl, and duty to a taskmistress mother-in-law-to-be.”⁷⁶

Cupid and Psyche is a remarkably subversive story that revolves around disobedience, lust, adultery, human sacrifice, individual liberation, and “the freeing of the psyche,”⁷⁷ all of which end up wreaking havoc on the world. It also contains practically the entire pantheon of West Semitic deities in their Greek or Roman forms and centers on a beautiful girl named “Psyche” (“soul, spirit”), who has no mythological counterpart,⁷⁸ and is continually manipulated, sexually exploited, and psychologically abused by those deities before being admitted into the tribe of the gods through her marriage to cupid, consistent with repeated motifs in West Semitic narratives, and reflective of their internal perpetuation under the guise of Roman culture.

FROM THE CLASSICAL TO THE MEDIEVAL

AS THE NEW IMPERIAL apparatus, Rome would assume responsibility for the protection and enrichment of Canaan, and it would have centuries of success. There the Romans built temples to



The Eggja Rune Stone, c. 600 A.D.

local gods believed to be their own, including Dionysus (Bacchus), Anu (Jupiter), and Inanna-Ištar (Artemis/Diana). The expansion and development of trade networks on behalf of *negotiators* also led to the opening of Europe and the rise of scripts like the Germanic Futhork (100s), Irish Ogham (200s), Anglo-Frisian Futhorc (400s), Merovingian (600s), Visigothic (600s), Carolingian (700s), and Slavic Glagolitsa (800s), based on Latin or Old Italic scripts, or the Phoenician alphabet directly in the case of paleohispanic scripts dating from the seventh century B.C.⁷⁹ The oldest runic alphabet, the “Futhork” (ᚠᚢᚦᚱᚷ), as well as the Anglo-Saxon “Futhorc,” are nominally arrived at by combining the initials of the first six nouns: ƿ (*feoh*: “money, wealth”); ᚱ (*ūr*: “aurochs, bull”); þ (*thorn*); ƿ (*ōs*: “god”); R (*rād*: “voyage”); and ȝ (*cēn*: “torch”). Just as children today learn the alphabet by associating letters with nouns (“A” is for “apple,” “B” is for “boy,” etc.), so was this mnemonic device deployed in other alphabets, including our own (“A” is for alpha” just doesn’t have the same ring it used to).⁸⁰

Between the fourth and twelfth centuries short moral narratives like the *Vitae Patrum* (*Lives of the Desert Fathers*) and the *exempla* typified the literary-clerical culture and “gave simple expression to the deepest aspirations of the age.” Through these, the “urgent need to illustrate Christian ethical precepts determined the form, subject-matter and *Gehalt* of . . . the early Middle Ages.”⁸¹ By the twelfth century the lines between *exempla* and secular fable were beginning to blur,⁸² and arising in the second half are literary forms like the *lai*, an Arthurian-style romance that popularized fairy-lore and is notable from works like *The Lais of Marie de France* (1170), *Erec and Enide* (1170), and *Culhwch and Olwen* (c. 1174). Amid moral doctrines and romances comes a folktale-like genre, though in a quite morbid form: the *fabliau*. The following definition is provided by literary critic M.H. Abrams: “The ‘medieval fabliau’ was a short comic or satiric tale in verse dealing realistically with middle-class or lower-class characters and delighting in the ribald; one of its favorite themes was the cuckolding of a stupid husband.”⁸³

Richeut (1159) is routinely cited as the earliest fabliau, and *Dame Sirip* (c. 1275) the first of the type from England, anticipating Chaucer’s *Canturbury Tales*. The “debauchery and question[ing of] gender roles” in *Richeut* and the conflict between “ecclesiastical moral norms and marketplace commodification” in *Dame Sirip* represent a fraction of the fabliau’s exotic motifs, which extend to castration, prostitution, excretion, the dismembering of priests, and

the mother-son and father-daughter incest common in West Semitic narratives.⁸⁴ And the fabliau did not develop on its own; it was preceded and strongly influenced by an earlier tale collection, perhaps the earliest in much of Europe: the *Disciplina Clericalis* by Petrus Alfonsi, known as Rabbi Moses Sephardi before his conversion to Christianity and appointment as court physician to Henry I of England.⁸⁵ Published in 1110, the *Disciplina Clericalis* is concerned mostly with merchant activities and adultery, and was “one of the most popular and widely distributed treatises in the literatures of the Middle Ages.”⁸⁶ Judeo-Arab-occupied Spain was a central transmission point for foreign tale collections circulating in Medieval Europe, a few being *The Fables of Bidpai* (c. 300), *The Thousand and One Nights* (c. 800), the *Kathāsaritsāgara* (c. 1070), and the *Tahkemoni* (תהכמוני, 1216–1225). Elements from these would seep into Western literary works out of which the fairy tale spawns during the Italian Renaissance, chief among them being Giovanni Boccaccio’s *The Decameron*.

The Decameron (1353) represents a combination of the continent’s transformation into an urban, commercial, and cosmopolitan theater and the literary brilliance of Europe that would soon be unleashed. Unlike Dante’s *Commedia* (1320), which is just as innovative and featured prominently in Boccaccio’s own life, *The Decameron* is more secular and levels above the foreign tale collections that influenced him. He would later denounce the work as juvenile, and was better known for most of history from the moral works of his later years.⁸⁷ Still, Straparola would appropriate its structure, Basile would infuse the magic of chivalric romance into its storylines, Perrault would standardize spin-offs of Straparola and Basile as moral narratives for new audiences of children, the Grimms would fine-tune them and make the study of it all into an ethnographic art, and from this written chain the fairy tale would become the enchanting literary genre it is today. But it would come broken, and it remains unfixed.

FROM THE MEDIEVAL TO THE MODERN

WE CAN IDENTIFY TRACE-ELEMENTS and associations in the Western folktale even if the ancestral root remains elusive due to foreign influence, the late addition of writing to Europe, the lack of surviving classical texts, and the sparse records of children’s literature generally.⁸⁸ The fables attributed to Aesop run the gamut and do not always descend from the most wholesome sources,⁸⁹ but these exist in a class of their own and have been sanitized through the ages. Tales



Illustration from the *Disciplina Clericalis*.

from the Italian Renaissance onward are thoroughly documented, and Israel Abrahams’ one-time assertion that *The Fables of Bidpai* have influenced Europe more than “any book except the Bible” after being passed to the “Mohammedans and Christians chiefly through the mediation of Jews”⁹⁰ is worth noting, but not entirely accurate.

The first tale in this collection, for instance, “Costantino Fortunato” (“Puss in Boots”), from Straparola’s *Pleasant Nights* (1550), is one such fable falsely attributed to Bidpai (few traces can be found anywhere outside of Straparola’s own imagination).⁹¹ The second tale, “The Three Brothers,” does appear in a work by Bidpai, but the men are not brothers and Bidpai is not the source. The source is the story “The King of Jerusalem” from *Le Nouvelle Antiche* (c. 1250), a text we have only fragments of today.⁹² The third tale also appears in *Le Nouvelle Antiche*, though the compiler likely got it from Jacques de Vitry’s *Sermones FERIALES ET COMMUNES*, which is linked to a multitude of earlier sources.⁹³ Around it goes, but to put *Le Nouvelle Antiche* in context, after the fall of the Western Roman Empire the protection of trade networks and Canaan were handed off to the Byzantine and then the Holy Roman empires, which were no less imperial ventures crafted for such purposes. Directed by the divine order of the Pope, the Crusades (1095–1291) explicitly mobilized Europeans in defense of Canaan, and for their part European leaders competed for the title of none other than “*The King of Jerusalem*.”

Marketing from this era is baked into the tales borrowed by Straparola as motifs of the Pope-as-Friend, Pope-as-Man-Down-the-Street, Pope-as-Funniest-Person-Alive, Pope-as-Magical-Healer, Pope-as-Knower-of-All-Languages, Pope-as-Channeler-of-the-Animal-Kingdom, Pope-as-Endless-Money-Dispenser, Pope-as-Occupation-Open-to-Any-Downtrodden-True-Believer, and Pope-as-Promoter-of-Incest if the hidden hand wasn’t hitting hard enough.⁹⁴ Additionally in this context are “Near Eastern settings as a retrospective on the rich, exotic, and marvelous cities of the Crusader era. ‘Costanza, the Girl-Knight’ involves a traveller who encounters the oriental city as a place of civilization, luxury, and leisure.”⁹⁵ With few underlying principles at work beyond maintaining and expanding authority, the tune is liable to change pursuant to perceived collective interests, and the failure of the Crusades in 1291 made the Latin Church no longer an effective vehicle for imperial control. The reissuing of *Le Nouvelle Antiche* in 1525 as *Il Novellino* would consequently have hard anti-clerical leanings, and both it and Straparola’s *Pleasant Nights* would be banned by the Papacy in the second half of the sixteenth century in reaction to the Protestant Reformation rising against it.

Charles Perrault (1628–1703) would be the first to smooth out the foreign perversions that found their way into the works of Straparola and Basile, and by making the tales “sexually modest, socially decent, and, in the end, highly moral,” Perrault found the formula the people of Europe wanted, and would go on to write “Europe’s best-known fairy tales.”⁹⁶ But he would get them from books, not the folk. And while the Grimms did collect tales from common folk like Dorothea Viehmann and Friederike Mannel, they also received quite a few from upper-class

women like the Wild and Hassenpflug sisters, the latter a banking family.⁹⁷ Growing up in a house where “frivolous literature” was forbidden also meant that the Grimms were initially unaware that many of the tales they had been collecting “had long existed in Germany in print.”⁹⁸

Like Jørgen Moe after and Herodotus 2300 years before, the Grimms’ quest to uncover the roots of their culture forced them to realize that a foreign people had somehow already embedded their own inside of it. And they wouldn’t forget this.

THE ANTI-FOLK AND THE ANTI-FOLKTALE

THE SECOND EDITION OF the Grimms’ *Märchen* (1819) stresses the importance of protecting and passing down one’s traditions, keeping folktales free from foreign influence, and selecting tales from households in small communities free from such influence.⁹⁹ The Semitic writer Heinrich Heine taunted these efforts in his 1824 novel *Die Harzreise* (*The Harz Journey*), saying: “[Die] Möbeln . . . [welche] heute dem Hans, morgen dem Isaak gehören”¹⁰⁰ (“The property in the household (and by insinuation the house itself) that belongs to Hans today, belongs to Isaac tomorrow”). And this hostility remains stronger than ever today. The two most cited, widely promoted, and critically acclaimed currently living Grimm scholars and Western folklorists generally are Jack Zipes (b. 1937) and Maria Tatar (b. 1945), neither of whom can get past the Roman numerals of a preface without foaming onto the page with animosity toward their subject matter and calling people “Nazis,” which is not even a real word.¹⁰¹ In three books by Zipes about “classic”—which is to say, /'klæ.sɪk/, adj., def.: *of or related to antiquity*—fairy tales, this non-word is used a total of 138 times.¹⁰²

Zipes and Tatar’s antipathy toward Hans Christian Andersen is particularly jarring, with Zipes being of the opinion that Andersen’s “schizophrenic existence” was “haunted by . . . insanity” and “psychic disturbances,” while Tatar posits that there were “demons haunting his imagination,” though the *Financial Times*’ Chief Art Critic Jackie Wullschlager believes it may have only been a “fear of madness.”¹⁰³ One begins to wonder who here is truly mad, as it is hard to imagine anything more sane than a children’s author “infus[ing] his tales with concepts about the Protestant Ethic and essentialist ideas of natural biological order,”¹⁰⁴ and even harder to imagine anything more deranged than writing books about your supernatural knowledge of a long-deceased author’s psychic demons. But Zipes and Tatar are no trailblazers. Decades before anyone knew the name Sigmund Freud, Georg Morris Cohen-Brandes was projecting strange, sexualized, proto-psychoanalytic ideas onto the aging children’s writer, then Denmark’s greatest living national hero: “I know of no [writer] whose mind is more devoid of sexual distinctions, whose talent is less of a nature to betray a defined sex, than Andersen’s. Therefore his strength lies in portraying children, in whom the conscious sense of sex is not yet prominent.”¹⁰⁵

Joseph Jacobs was the President of the Jewish Historical Society, editor of the *Jewish*

Encyclopedia, and a committee member of the Jewish Publication Society. Universally despised by his contemporaries in both the folkloric and literary communities, and accused by Lang and others of having “maimed, altered, and distorted” the tales of the British Isles, Jacobs was further characterized as “vulgar,” disinclined to “minimize sex or avoid taboos,” and prone to invert gender roles to such an extent that he is today a “staple in twentieth century feminist fairy-tale anthologies.”¹⁰⁶ The tales collected (or, in many cases, invented) by Jacobs have been the standards for over a century. Following *English Fairy Tales* (1890), Jacobs would continue unimpeded with *Celtic Fairy Tales* (1891), *More English Fairy Tales* (1893), *More Celtic Fairy Tales* (1894), and *European Folk and Fairy Tales* (1916). An example of one of Jacobs’ many offenses is his “Jack and the Beanstalk,” based on a memory told by a maid. Maria Tatar has praised Jacobs’ version as being “free of the moralizing,”¹⁰⁷ and Tartar is correct that Jacobs removed any semblance of morality. But if Jack isn’t “stealing” the hen, the money bags, and the harp because they belonged to his father, slaying the giant occupying his father’s kingdom atop the beanstalk after the giant killed his family, restoring his ancestral legacy, becoming a man, and leading his people back to glory, what is he doing? Put another way: does the tribe of Jacobs and Tatar benefit more if your son grows up admiring a boy who: (a) conquers his oppressors, restores his heritage, and becomes a leader and a man, or (b) is a petty thief?

From the Grimms’ Wild sisters comes a tale about father-daughter incest called

“Donkeyskin,”¹⁰⁸ one that was so widespread “by the end of the nineteenth century [that] researchers had recorded dozens if not hundreds of regional versions.”¹⁰⁹ The Donkeyskin incest-tale is of the “Belle Hélène” tale-type, named after *La Belle Hélène de Constantinople*, based on an old Eastern story.¹¹⁰ Jansen Enikel, from one of the most elite patrician families in Vienna, writes an early version of “Donkeyskin” titled “The Russian King’s Daughter” c. 1270. Francesco Molza, whose work was promoted by the nephew of Pope Paul III, publishes one just prior to Straparola in 1547 as “The King of Brittany’s Daughter.” And the eponymous composition from 1448, also preceding Straparola, we receive from Jehan Wauquelin, writing for Duke Philip of Burgundy. There are more—about the King of England, the King of France, the King of York, the King of Northumbria, the King of Castile, and so on. But what Enikel, Molza, and Wauquelin



Illustration from “Peau D’Âne,” or “Donkeyskin,” by Gustave Doré, 1882.

have in common is that they were powerful, and they were Semitic.¹¹¹

On this Alan Dundes (1934–2005), former University of California, Berkeley folklorist and “fierce” champion of the tradition, argued that:

the mutilation in the “Maiden without Hands” [a variation of “Donkeyskin”] tales points to “projected inversion.” If the daughter is punished by mutilation, she must have committed a crime; therefore it is she who desires her father, not the other way around as the tale states.¹¹²

The once-renowned Stanford and University of Chicago professor and child psychologist Bruno Bettelheim (1903–1990), posthumously found to have forged his credentials, plagiarized others’ work, and abused his own patients, was similarly sympathetic to incestuous Cinderellas:

The many stories in which innocent Cinderella is claimed by her father as his marital partner . . . could be interpreted as conforming to and expressing universal childish fantasies in which a girl wishes her father could marry her and then, out of guilt because of these fantasies, denies doing anything to arouse this parental desire. . . .¹¹³

Bettelheim did not advance this incestual-normalcy thesis in isolation, either, as he “tend[ed] to force interpretations of this kind time and time again.”¹¹⁴ Tatar, a defender of Bettelheim, cannot help but sound displeased when she says:

When it came to passages colored by sexual details or to plots based on Oedipal conflicts, Wilhelm Grimm exhibited extraordinary editorial zeal. Over the years, he systematically purged the collection of references to sexuality and masked depictions of incestuous desire.¹¹⁵

What Tatar does not understand is that “Oedipal conflicts” are features of *her* culture, not the culture she is pretending to represent. In the West, there is no “conflict” when it comes to incest and child sexual abuse, as A.H. Krappe notes with regard to the many Donkeyskin variations of the Belle Hélène type: “[I]ncest is so monstrous to Occidental feeling . . . so revolting, in such contradiction with West European thought, that all attempts to link the story to European folk-lore must appear hopeless.”¹¹⁶

Over the past two centuries we have unearthed, examined, and traced the origins of tales that entered the West through the West Semitic tradition, and from them a “picture begins to emerge of a shrinking and increasingly incestuous fairytale community where everyone knows or is related to everybody else.”¹¹⁷ And that is exactly what we are dealing with. Zipes, Tatar, Wulschlager, Dundes, Bettelheim, Enikel, Molza, Wauquelin, and others are perpetuating the culture of *their* folk, among whom incest and child sexual abuse have historically been normal and profuse. Thankfully, the distinctions have never been more transparent than today, and we should be proud that our culture has organically and systematically purged these foreign aspects from it. Most are completely unaware that they ever existed in these tales due to:

the degree of consistency with which modern well-loved fairytales have attempted to

remove the sexual element that is so uninhibited throughout most of their classical predecessors. The Grimms stand convicted of compromising their originally scholarly enterprise by constantly endeavouring to tone down references to pregnancy or incest. . . . We note that there is little trace in modern versions of . . . Cinderella [as] a highly paid courtesan; and only very little trace of the double rape of Snow White. There is little trace too of the value system which punishes the latter for boasting about its consequences; and there is no trace of the rape . . . in *Puss-in-Boots*, or . . . *The Frog Prince*.¹⁰⁸

THE VIEW AHEAD

PSYCHOANALYSIS IS NO LONGER taken seriously, but it is emblematic of a greater phenomenon. The term “psychoanalysis” is a compound of the Greek ψυχή (“psyche, soul, spirit”) and ἀνάλυσις (“analysis, investigation”); but ἀνάλυσις breaks down further to ἀνά- (“thoroughly, completely”), and λύω (“to cut off, sever, destroy”). This is a notable deviation from the assumed definition of “analysis,” but our updated definition of “psychoanalysis” as “to completely loosen, sever, or destroy the psyche, soul, or spirit” couldn’t be more precise. We may view writing as a tool for practical communication and artistic expression, but long before writing reached Europe, its bearers had been using it for very different purposes. When you have adapted to exist *within* other peoples, and to tell your stories *through* them, what good is practical communication anyway? The function of writing, like that of mythology and folklore, or even language itself, as a means to internally manage others is innate in those committed to deterring any positive expression of our collective identity. But their weapon and our weakness is fundamentally psychological.

We did not make the fairy tale into a moral-magic genre through a coordinated effort; we did not cleanse its improprieties after a “What’s Good for White People?” symposium; and we did not accomplish more through the written word in a few short centuries than those who introduced it had over the course of 5,000 years under the belief that we were in tribal competition. We did all of that instinctively and unconsciously, but we still did it *collectively*. What is most admirable about the Grimms is their conscious, life-long devotion to strengthening the collective identity of their people, and those people *hated* the first edition of the *Märchen* because it was alien and grotesque. But the Grimms went right back to work, deconstructing it, removing the foreign elements, and finding ingredients that were natural, recognizable, and agreeable. Their eventual success resulted in the entire Western world becoming conscious of their collective identities and discovering newfound value in their heritage. And the main criticism of the Grimms is actually their greatest achievement: understanding that the tale is not always something that can be extracted purely and admired innocently, but something that is always being written and rewritten—if not by one’s own folk, by that of another.



The Tales of **Aesop**



Aesop (c. 620–564 BC) was a Greek storyteller believed to have been the author of a collection of proverbial tales known as Aesop’s Fables. Whether Aesop actually existed or wrote the fables is unknown, but they were widely read and highly popular in classical times, being referenced by Socrates, Sophocles, Aristotle, Herodotus, and others. The most common account of Aesop’s life claim he came from what is now Western Turkey and was enslaved on the island of Samos by two men named Iadmon and Xanthus. According to the Delphian priest Plutarch, Aesop later traveled to Delphi on a diplomatic mission, where he was thrown off of a cliff to his death for theft and insulting the natives. How true this is, like much of his life, we will never know. Few records from Ancient Greece survive, and no original works by Aesop have ever been discovered. However, the fables attributed to him have been told, retold, transformed, and expanded on for ages, and have enjoyed so much success over such a long period of time that they exist in a category of their own. They found ready audiences during the Renaissance upon their rediscovery, and interest in “Aesopian” wisdom literature was renewed, with writers like La Fontaine carrying on the tradition with great success. The Fables from Aesop included here are “The North Wind and the Sun,” “The Hare and the Tortoise,” “The Fox and the Grapes,” “The Birds, the Beasts, and the Bat,” “The Ant and the Grasshopper,” “The Quack Frog,” and “Washing the Blackmoor White.” Accompanying illustrations are by Arthur Rackham, Felix Lorient, and Harry Rountree.



The North Wind and the Sun

Illustration by Arthur Rackham, 1912



HE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND had a contest to see who was the strongest. It was decided that their strength would be tested against a Traveler, and victory determined by who could knock the traveler's bag off. The North Wind hit the traveler with a strong gust, but he did not stop, and wrapped his coat more tightly around him. Then it was the Sun who, coming on little by little, put forth the might of his rays. The Traveler began to get hot, sweat, and pant. Finally, unable to continue, he threw his bag aside and sat down under a shady grove, in turn awarding victory to the Sun.



De Sole et Vento — Sol et Aquilo certabant uter sit fortior. Conventum est experiri vires in Viatorem, ut palmam ferat qui excusserit Viatoris Manticam. Boreas Borrisono turbine Viatorem aggreditur, at ille non desistit, amictum gradiendo duplicans. Assumit vires Sol qui, nimbo paulatim evicto, totos emolitur radios. Incipit Viator aestuare, sudare, anhelare. Tandem progredi nequiens, sub frondoso nemore, obiectâ manticâ, resedit et ita Soli victoria contingebat.

The Hare and the Tortoise

Illustration by Arthur Rackham, 1912



TORTOISE, AFTER A HARE made fun of him for his feet, smiled and said: "If we have a race, you will see who is faster." They chose the Fox to determine the course, location, and finish line of the race. The Tortoise, all of his laziness set aside, started on his way down the path and did not rest until he reached the finish line. The Hare, however, trusting his feet, decided to rest and take a short nap along the way. He later awoke and ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the finish line, where he saw the Tortoise resting and waiting, and was forced to confess that the Tortoise had beaten him.



De Lepore et Testudine — *Testudo, cum pedes eius Lepus deridebat, subridens dixit, "Si periculum in cursu feceris, quis sit velocior liquido cognosces."* Elegerunt igitur Vulpem, quæ ambobus et locum et terminum cursus constitueret. Testudo, omni segnitie remotâ, iter arripiens, haud quievit donec ad terminum pervenerat. Lepus vero pedibus fidens, postquam paululum quievit, somno excitatus, quantum pedes valuerunt, ad terminum cucurrit ubi, cum Testudinem quiescentem reperit, se fatetur à Testudine superatum.



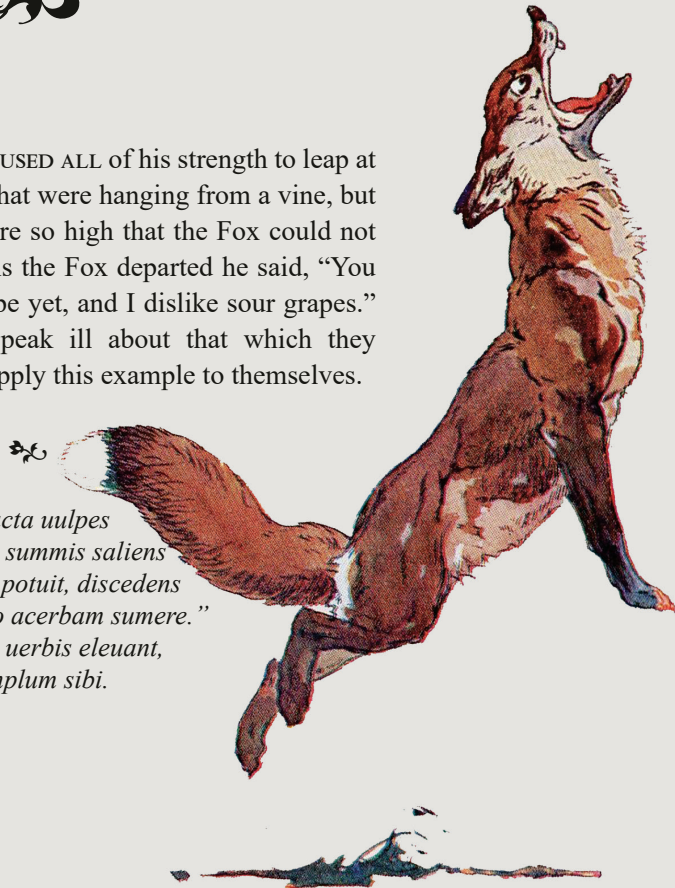
The Fox and the Grapes

Illustration by Harry Rountree, c. 1930



A STARVING FOX USED ALL of his strength to leap at some grapes that were hanging from a vine, but the grapes were so high that the Fox could not reach them. As the Fox departed he said, "You aren't even ripe yet, and I dislike sour grapes." Those who speak ill about that which they cannot obtain may want to apply this example to themselves.

De Vulpe et Uva — Fame coacta uulpes alta in uinea uuam adpetebat, summis saliens uiribus. Quam tangere ut non potuit, discedens ait: "Nondum matura es; nolo acerbam sumere." Qui, facere quae non possunt, uerbis eleuant, adscribere hoc debebunt exemplum sibi.



The Birds, the Beasts, and the Bat

Illustration by Harry Rountree, c. 1930



THE BIRDS WERE AT WAR with the Beasts, and both sides had their hopes and fears, but it was often difficult to tell which side was winning. When it appeared as though the Beasts would come out on top, the Bat abandoned the Birds and defected to the side of the enemy. But the Birds eventually won. With the Eagle as their leader, they condemned the Bat as a traitor and declared that it could never again be counted among the Birds or be seen in the daylight. This is the reason the Bat no longer flies except at night.

De Avibus et Quadrupedibus — Avibus, cum Bestiis asperrima pugna erat, utrimque spes, utrimque ingens metus, utrimque periculum, cum Vespertilio, relictis sociis, ad hostem defecit. Ad postremum vincunt Aves, duce et auspice Aquila. Transfugam vero Vespertilionem damnant, ut nunquam iterum inter Aves numeretur, nec amplius in luce videatur. Et hæc causa est, cur Vespertilio nunquam nisi nocte volat.



The Grasshopper and the Ant

Illustration by Félix Loricux, 1932



THE GRASSHOPPER SANG ALL THROUGH the summer, while the Ant harvested the land, dragged the grain into its shelter, and stored it away for the winter.

When the winter was cold and raging, the hungry Grasshopper came to the Ant and begged for food. The Ant, however, refused to offer any help, saying that it had been working while the grasshopper was singing.



De Cicada et Formica — Dum per aestatem Cicada cantat, Formica suam exercet messem, trahendo in antra grana, et in hiemem reponendo. Saeviente autem brumâ, famelica Cicada venit ad Formicam, et mendicat victum. Renuebat autem Formica, dictitans sese laborasse, dum illa cantabat.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Illustration by Félix Loricux, 1932



ACOUNTRY MOUSE SAW A CITY MOUSE in the countryside and invited him to supper, providing what little food he had so to impress his distinguished guest. The City Mouse was unsatisfied with the poverty and lack of abundance in the countryside, speaking highly of the city and inviting the Country Mouse to town with him. While they were feasting, however, the Country Mouse was frightened by strange shouts and interruptions that caused them to scurry back into the hole.

Realizing the constant danger and alarm one had to deal with, he told the City Mouse, "Your feasts are more bitter than sweet. I would rather live carefree in the poverty of the countryside than a life of luxury full of danger and worry."



De Mure Urbano et Mure Rustico — Mus Rusticus, videns Urbanum Murem rus deambulantem, invitat ad cenam depromitque omne penum, ut tanti hospitis expleat lautitiam. Urbanus Mus ruris damnat inopiam urbisque copiam laudat, secumque in urbem ducit Rusticum. Qui, inter epulandum attonitus insolitis clamoribus, cum intellexerat periculum quotidianum esse, dixit Urbano Muri, "Tuae dapes plus fellis quam mellis habent. Malo securus esse cum mea inopia quam dives esse cum tua anxietate."



The Quack Frog

Illustration by Arthur Rackham, 1908



FROG CAME UP FROM his home in the swamp and proclaimed to all of the animals that he was a

learned physician and the highest among living creatures, skilled in the art of curing disease. The Fox then asked him, "How can you pretend to prescribe for others when you are unable to fix your own crooked walk and heal your wrinkled skin?"

Rana et Vulpes — Emersus de sterquilino, vermis coepit profiteri apud animantes se esse medicum summum, neque cedere Paeoni, deorum medico, usu et experientia artis. Quem rugis deformem et nutantem intuita, vulpes "Medice," inquit, "teipsum curare prius atque ita profiteri artem debueras."

Washing the Blackmoor White

Illustration by Arthur Rackham, 1912



MAN WHO PURCHASED A black servant was persuaded that the color of his skin was a result of dirt that had collected due to neglect by his former masters. After bringing him home, the Man attempted to clean the servant in every possible way, subjecting him to endless scrubbings. The servant became sick, but his color never changed, as what's bred in the bone sticks to the flesh.

Servus Aethiops et Dominus Eius — Aethiopem emit aliquis, persuasus colorem ex negligentia eius qui prius habuerat contractum esse. Cum vero domum duxisset, omnia quidem ei adhibuit purgamenta omnimodisque lotionibus conatus est ad pristinum, ut putabat, nitorem reducere. Sed cum colorem transmutare non posset, morbum novo labore attulit.



The Tales of

Italy



The fairy tale, in its written form, was a product of the Italian Renaissance, where it made the transition from oral form to a popular literary genre. Giambattista Basile's the *Pentamerone* (1634–1636) and Giovanni Francesco Straparola's *The Pleasant Nights* (1551–1553) mark important evolutions in the history of the fairy tale, though Basile and Straparola owe a large debt to those who came before them, such as Girolamo Morlini and Giovanni Boccaccio. Straparola and Basile viewed themselves as entertainers more than scholarly folklorists, as the Grimm Brothers would later, but it was in fact Basile who wrote the first modern, recorded versions of famous tales like “Hansel and Gretel,” “Rapunzel,” “Sleeping Beauty,” and “Mother Holle.” The Grimm Brothers acknowledged their own debt to Basile in their classic collection *Household Tales* (*Hausmärchen*), and we will leave those tales for them. But the first of the following tales is Straparola's “Costantino's Cat,” the first written version of the popular tale “Puss in Boots” (warning: Straparola's cat doesn't wear boots, but we can pretend otherwise). Three additional tales by Straparola are included—“The Three Brothers,” “The Merchant's Monkey,” and “Cesare's Judgments,” all of which are greatly entertaining and contain good messaging for people of all ages—along with famous story “The Egg of Columbus” by Girolamo Benzoni and Sicilian folklorist Giuseppe Pitre's “Buttadeu,” one of the oldest versions of one of the oldest tales in Europe, with variations in nearly every region of Europe and beyond: “The Wandering Jew.”

Costantino's Cat

Story by Giovanni Francesco Straparola

Illustrator Unlisted, 1902



ONCE UPON A TIME, in Bohemia, there was a woman named Soriana who lived in great poverty with her three sons, Dusolino, Tesifone, and Costantino Fortunato. Soriana had little of value, with the exception of three things: a kneading trough used for making bread, a pastry board, and a cat. Soriana, after bearing a heavy burden for years, saw that death was approaching and made her last testament, leaving Dusolino, her eldest son, the kneading trough, Tesifone the pastry board, and Costantino the cat. When the mother was dead and duly buried, the neighbors would borrow the kneading trough and the pastry board now and then and give them a cake in return, as they knew the young men were very poor. But Dusolino and Tesitone ate by themselves, giving nothing to the youngest brother, Costantino. When Costantino asked them for some they would tell him to ask his cat, so both Costantino and his cat suffered from hunger. But it happened to be the case that Costantino's cat was in fact a fairy in disguise, and the cat, feeling compassion for his owner and anger toward his two brothers on account of their cruel treatment of him, turned to him one day and said, "Costantino, do not feel down. I will provide for your well-being and sustenance, and for my own as well."

The cat then left the house and went to the fields,



Costantino's cat was in fact a fairy in disguise, and the cat, feeling compassion for his owner . . . turned to him one day and said, "Costantino, do not feel down. I will provide for your well-being. . . ."



where he laid down and pretended to be asleep until an unsuspecting rabbit came along and was immediately seized and killed. The cat then carried the rabbit to the King's palace, where he was met with some of the courtiers who were standing about. The cat told them he wanted to speak to the King, and when the King heard that a cat wished to meet with him, he told them to bring it in. The King asked what the cat's business was, and the cat replied that his master, Costantino, had sent a rabbit as a gift. With these words the cat presented the rabbit to the King, who was pleased to accept it and ask more about this Costantino. The cat said

that he was a young man whose virtue and good looks were unmatched, so the King gave the cat a warm welcome and ordered the best meat and drink to be set out for it.

When the cat had had enough to eat and drink, and no one was looking, he swiftly filled the bag he'd brought the rabbit in with all sorts of good food, took leave of the king, and carried the spoils back to Costantino. When his two brothers saw Costantino eating, they

asked him to share, but he paid them back in their own coin and refused to give them a crumb, forcing the brothers to torment themselves by watching Costantino gnaw away at his food of good fortune. Costantino, while a good-looking young man, had suffered from poverty and distress, so much so that his face was rough and covered with blotches that caused him great discomfort. The cat thus decided to take him down to the river one day, washed him and licked him clean from head to foot, and tended to him so well that in a few days Costantino was cured of his ailment.

The cat continued to take gifts to the palace on behalf of Costantino, and return with goods as well. But after a while the cat began to find these journeys to and from the palace somewhat bothersome, and feared the King's courtiers might become impatient, so he said to Costantino, "Master—if you follow my orders and do what I tell you, you will soon find yourself a rich man."

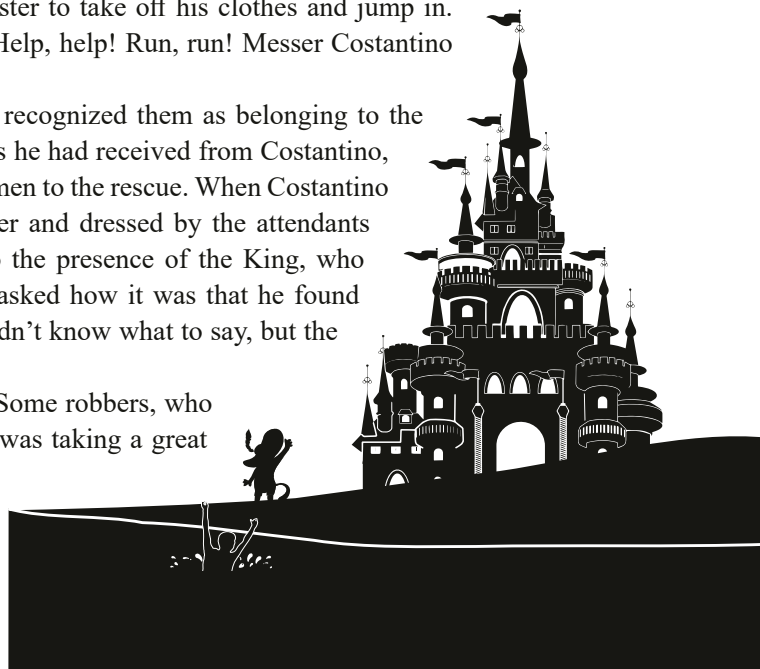
"And how will you manage to do that?" Costantino asked.

"Come with me and don't worry about a thing," the cat said, "for I have a plan that cannot fail."

The cat and Costantino took a spot on the bank of the river near the King's palace, then the cat asked his master to take off his clothes and jump in. When he did, the cat cried out, "Help, help! Run, run! Messer Costantino is drowning!"

The King heard the cries and recognized them as belonging to the cat, and considering the great gifts he had received from Costantino, immediately ordered some of his men to the rescue. When Costantino had been dragged out of the water and dressed by the attendants in fine garments, he was led into the presence of the King, who gave him a hearty welcome and asked how it was that he found himself in the river. Costantino didn't know what to say, but the cat, always at his elbow, cut in.

"Dear King, you must know! Some robbers, who heard from a spy that my master was taking a great store of jewels to you as a gift, waited for him and robbed him of his treasure, and then tried to kill him by throwing him into the river. Thankfully, with the aid of these gentlemen, he



escaped death."

The King, after hearing this, ordered that Costantino receive the best of treatment. Seeing that he was well-made and handsome, and believing him to be very rich, the King also made up his mind to offer his daughter, Elisetta, to Costantino in marriage, and provide a rich dowry of gold and jewels.

When the nuptials were complete and the festivities were over,

the King ordered ten mules to be packed with gold and five with the finest garments, then he sent the bride and groom, accompanied by a great throng of people, to her husband's house. Costantino, seeing himself so highly honored and loaded with riches, was perplexed as to where exactly he was supposed to take his new bride, and whispered his concern to the cat.

"Don't worry about that, master," the cat said, "I'll take care of everything."

As they were riding along merrily together, the cat ran off ahead and came upon a group of cavaliers, whom he approached and addressed while shaking his head.

"Oh, you poor gents, what are you doing here? Don't you know that an entire army of men is coming down this road? They will surely kill you if you don't get out of here as quickly as you can. They are quite near already, don't you hear the horses now?"

The cavaliers, overcome with fear, asked the cat, "What should we do?"

"If they question you about whose men you are," the cat said, "answer boldly that you

*"If they question you about whose men you are," the cat said,
"answer boldly that you serve Messer Costantino. . . ."*



serve Messer Costantino, and then no one will harm you."

The cat left and ran farther ahead until he came upon large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, advising the shepherds in charge to do the same. Running ahead farther still, the cat continued to repeat the message to everyone he met. As the cavalcade of the princess passed the cavaliers, the men accompanying it asked them the name of their lord, as of the herdsmen they asked the owner of the sheep and cattle—and the answer given by all was that they served "Messer Costantino."

The men of the escort asked to the groom, "So, Messer Costantino, it appears we are now entering your dominion. . . ."

Costantino nodded his head, and in such a manner answered all of their inquiries, leading those in the company, as they traveled on, to judge this Messer Costantino to be enormously wealthy. In the meantime, the cat had come upon a fair and stately castle guarded by a weak garrison.

"My good men, what is it you're doing here?" the cat asked as it strolled up. "Surely you must be aware of the ruin that is about to overwhelm you."

"What ruin do you speak of?" demanded the guards.

"In under an hour," replied the cat, "Your palace will be besieged by a great company of soldiers who will cut you into pieces. Do you not hear the horses and see the dust in the air? Unless you disappear fast you will perish. Take heed—since my words will relieve you of any danger: if anyone asks you whose this castle is, say that it belongs to Messer Costantino Fortunato."

When the bride's noble escort arrived at the stately castle, and the gentlemen asked the guards the name of the lord of the castle, they answered that it belonged to Messer Costantino Fortunato. The whole company then entered the castle, where they were honorably lodged.

Now, the *actual* lord of the castle was one Signor Valentino, a brave soldier who, just days prior, had left with plans to return with the wife he had recently wed. But, as ill

fortune would have it, shortly before he was to arrive

at the castle where he and his beloved wife were

to abide, there happened to be an unforeseen

accident on the road by which he met his

death, so Costantino Fortunato retained

lordship. Not long after this accident

Morando, the King of Bohemia, also

died, and by acclamation the people

chose Costantino Fortunato to be

their king, as he had wed Elisetta,

the late King's daughter, to whom

the right of succession over the

kingdom belonged.

And by these means

Costantino rose from poverty—

beggary even—to be a powerful

king, living a long and happy

life with his wife and leaving

children by her who would go

on to become the heirs of his

mighty kingdom. 🐱



The Three Brothers

Story by Giovanni Francesco Straparola



HERE ONCE LIVED A poor man with three sons he could find no means to feed. The three boys, seeing their father's poverty and decaying strength, spoke among themselves and decided to lighten his burden by going out into the world. They knelt humbly before their father and asked him to let them go, promising that they would return in ten years. Their father granted them permission, and with this they set off in search of a means to stay alive, traveling until they reached a city where they believed it would be best to part one from another.

The eldest brother found his way into a camp of soldiers en route to war and agreed to a term of service. He quickly became skilled in the art of war and rose up the ranks, being so nimble and agile that he could scale the wall of any fortress with daggers in hand. The second brother came upon a shipyard and found work under the master shipwright. A diligent understudy, he soon had no equal in his field, and his reputation spread widely. The youngest brother happened upon a nightingale that was singing so sweetly that he became enchanted, following traces of the bird's song through valleys and woods, over lakes and across deserts—so enraptured by the sound that he forgot the way back to civilization and dwelt in the woods for ten whole years as a wild man. Over time, he learned the language of the birds, and became known by them like the god Pan among the fauns.

When the day came for the brothers to return home, the first and the second met and waited for the third, who arrived naked and covered with hair. They ran to him and

embraced him before going about finding him some clothes. They then went to an inn to eat, and while there a bird flew to a nearby tree and sang:

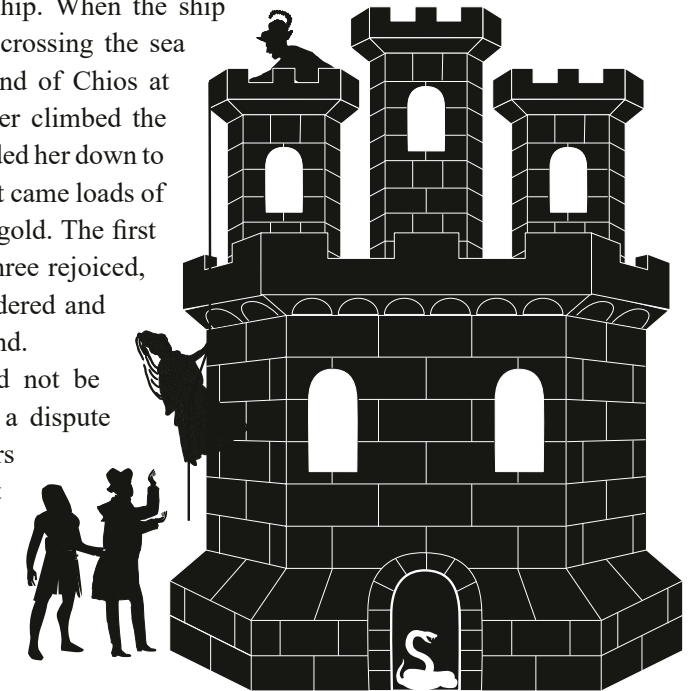
"Men who eat, under the cornerstone of this inn is a hidden treasure that has been reserved for you for many years. Go and take it!"

The bird flew away, and the third brother related what it said. They went and dug until uncovering the treasure the bird spoke of, thereupon becoming rich. Returning home, they embraced their father and feasted with him as they never had before. Later that evening, the youngest brother heard the song of another bird. It said:

"In the Aegean Sea, ten miles out, is an island named Chios where the daughter of Apollo built a castle. Guarding the entrance is a serpent that spits fire, and inside is a vast treasure and Aglea, the fairest lady in the world, who has been kept prisoner. Whoever can scale the wall will inherit the treasure and Aglea."

The bird flew away, and when the message was relayed, the three brothers committed to go, with the first promising to scale the tower and the second to build a ship. When the ship was built they sailed forth, crossing the sea safely and reaching the Island of Chios at daybreak. The second brother climbed the tower, seized Aglea, and handed her down to his brothers with a rope. Next came loads of rubies, precious stones, and gold. The first brother descended and the three rejoiced, leaving the island they plundered and returning home safe and sound.

However, the lady could not be divided into three parts, so a dispute arose between the brothers as to who had the strongest claim to her. Indeed, the matter was even taken to court, but the judge still has yet to rule on it, since he himself cannot decide, leaving it to us. . . . 🐉



The Merchant's Monkey

Story by Giovanni Francesco Straparola



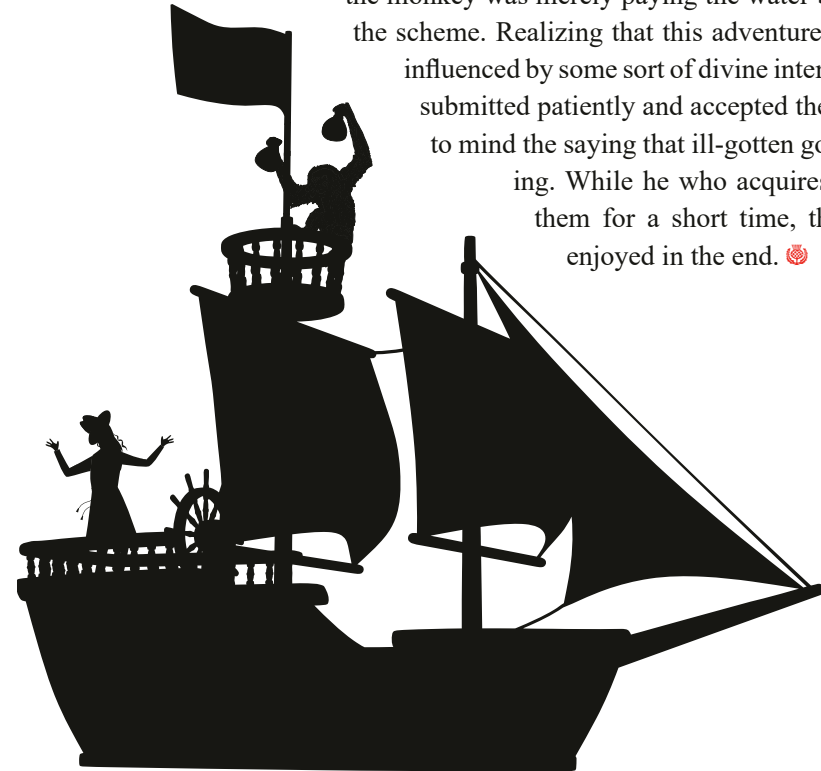
IN THE NOBLE CITY of Genoa, where there is great trafficking in merchandise, there lived a man named Bernardo of the Fulgosa family—avaricious and involved in unlawful dealings. This Bernardo decided to go to Flanders with a shipload of the finest wine in Monte Folisco, hoping to sell it at a high price, so he set sail one day from the port of Genoa. With good luck, his passage met with no misfortune and he arrived in Flanders, where he anchored his ship. He went on land and acquired some fresh water and magically doubled his supply of wine, then he pulled up the anchor, set sail again, and was carried by a fair breeze into the main port in Flanders. There being at that time a great scarcity of wine in the country, the people bought his supply up at a high price, enabling the merchant to fill two large sacks full of gold ducats. With these he departed Flanders overjoyed and made his way back home.

When Bernardo was a good distance from Flanders, out on the high seas, he took the money out, spread it on a table, and began to count it. When he was finished, he put it in two bags and tied them securely at the top. Hardly had Bernardo finished this task when, by chance, a monkey aboard ship broke from its chain, jumped on the table, grabbed the bags of money, and scrambled up the mast of the ship. The ape mounted the crow's nest and began taking the money out of the bags and pretending to count it. The merchant nearly died from anxiety, but didn't want to send anyone in pursuit of it or do anything that might irritate the monkey, out of fear that it might throw the ducats into the sea. Thinking a while, he decided he better keep quiet and await whatever might ensue at the whim of the beast.

[A] monkey aboard ship broke from its chain, jumped on the table, grabbed the bags of money, and scrambled up the mast of the ship.

After the monkey had taken the ducats out and handled them for a while, he put them back in the bags, tied them up securely, and threw one bag into the sea and the other down to the merchant who was standing on the deck. The bag lying at the feet of the thieving

Bernardo covered the initial cost of the wine, so it appeared as though the monkey was merely paying the water back for its role in the scheme. Realizing that this adventure had to have been influenced by some sort of divine intervention, Bernardo submitted patiently and accepted the result—recalling to mind the saying that ill-gotten goods are neverlasting. While he who acquires them may enjoy them for a short time, they will never be enjoyed in the end. 🍌



Cesare's Judgments

Story by Giovanni Francesco Straparola



LODOVICO MOTA, AS YOU may know, was a wise man and one of the foremost citizens of Naples. Being unmarried, he wed the daughter of Alessandro di Alessandri, who likewise dwelt in the city, and by her had one son, to whom he gave the name “Cesare.” When the child was old enough to receive instruction, his father put him under the charge of a teacher to learn the study of letters, and later sent him to Bologna to study law. There he resided for a long time, but profited little from the sojourn, despite his father, who was keen on making a scholar of his son, buying him every book on canon and civil law, along with the works of every scholar who had ever written on the subjects. He believed his son would one day be able to outmatch the other barristers of Naples and obtain the best clients and the most important cases in the courts, but Cesare, though a young man who had studied a lot, understood very little of what he read, and whatever facts he did know he would blurt out in a preposterous fashion, without etiquette or due order. As a result, one argument would contradict the next, exposing his ignorance in debates as he took truth for falsehood and falsehood for truth. Like an inflated windbag, he would enter school with his ears closed and build castles in the air. And since the ignorant never tire of repeating how unseemly and disgraceful it is for those possessed of great wealth to spend their time in study, so Cesare, who was in fact well-off, gained little or nothing from studying law.

However, ready and willing to match this ignorance against others who had not wasted their time as he had, Cesare decided presumptively to take the next step and earn a doctorate

in law. Presenting himself before the senate with this goal in his mind, he took up the proposed points of dispute, determined to showcase his qualifications publicly in the presence of a crowd. He argued that black was white and green was black, thinking all to be as blind as himself. But by good fortune, money, or favoritism, his claim was allowed, and he was approved and made a doctor of law. Accompanied by a crowd of esteemed individuals, Cesare proceeded through the city streets to the sound of trumpets playing in his mind then returned to his house wearing a silk purple robe that was more suitable for an ambassador than a lawyer.

Dressed in this gaudy robe, Cesare began to cut off strips of paper and order them in the fashion of a notary’s file before dumping them in a vase. In the process, his father happened by and asked what he was doing. Cesare replied:

“It is written in books of law that sentences and judgments are often matters of chance. Since I am now a doctor of law and have studied the innermost spirit of it, I have written my judgments on these strips of paper and will deliver them to my defendants when I sit as a judge on the high court. Now tell me, dear father—have I not solved the ultimate dilemma of the judge?”

Cesare’s father, upon hearing these words, was left half dead with grief, and, turning his back on his useless son, left him in his ignorance to do the best he might. 🌹



The Devil's Wives

Story by Thomas Frederick Crane



ONCE UPON A TIME, the Devil decided it was time for him to marry. He got his house in order, disguised himself as a fine gentleman, and went out and met a family with three beautiful daughters. After courting the oldest daughter, she agreed to marry him. When he took her home, he forbade her to open one of the doors, but as soon as he left, she couldn't help herself and opened it. The fires of hell came roaring out and burned the little flower she wore on her dress. She could not hide what she had done, and when the Devil returned and saw that she could not control her curiosity, he threw her into hell. Later, the Devil went back to the home of the family, courted the second daughter, and married her, but the second daughter met with the same fate as her sister. Then he went back a third time and courted and married the youngest daughter, Margerita.

Margerita was a clever one, and turned out to be a good match for the Devil, whom she suspected had murdered her two sisters. The Devil forbade Margerita from opening the door, but like her sisters she was overcome with curiosity, and opened the forbidden door when the Devil left. She opened it and discovered that hell lay beyond it, and realized her sisters were there and the man she had married was the Devil. Margerita got her two sisters out and hid them in the house. Thankfully, she had also placed the flower she wore on her dress in water before opening the door, so it remained unscathed by fire and her actions went undetected. The Devil was reassured when returned home and saw her flower still fresh on her dress, and after he came to love her unconditionally.

Margerita, however, had made plans to escape with her sisters. One day, she asked the Devil to carry a large chest to her parents' house, made him promise not to put it down along the way, and told him that she would be watching him. The Devil agreed to do it, and was tempted to put the chest down, but every time he stopped a voice would cry out, "Don't put it down, I'm watching you!" The Devil was amazed that his wife could see so far—even around corners—but the voice was really that of the first sister, who was inside of the chest. When the Devil came back exhausted, Margerita asked him to take another chest to her parents' home. This time, the second sister was inside, and was smuggled out in the same fashion as the first. The Devil dragged his feet back home only to find a third chest waiting. Inside this one was Margerita, who had placed a dummy on the balcony to make it look like she was watching him. Again the Devil delivered the chest and never set it down, believing his wife to be watching him.

Upon returning, the Devil called up to the balcony for Margerita to come down and greet him after all his hard work, but she didn't move or say a thing. Angry, he stormed upstairs and struck her behind the ear, only to discover that it wasn't his wife, but a dummy made of rags. He searched the house but found no trace of her, then he noticed her jewelry box had been robbed! He hurried back to his in-laws' house, burst through the door, and found his three wives not only alive, but laughing and pointing at him. He felt so embarrassed that he fled immediately.

Ever since, the Devil has been afraid to marry again. 🌹





The Egg of Columbus

Story by Girolamo Benzoni

Illustration by William Hogarth, 1753



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WAS AT a party once with a number of Spanish noblemen when the topic of conversation turned to the Indies. One of the noblemen took it upon himself to say, “Mr. Columbus—if you had not attempted what you did and never found the Indies, someone else would have attempted to do so and would have eventually found them all the same.

Someone from our own country of Spain even, I would wager, as it is full of great men who are knowledgeable of cosmography and literature.”

Columbus said nothing in response, but instead asked for some eggs to be brought out to the table. Upon receiving the eggs, he passed them around and said, “Now, gentlemen—a wager I am willing to make is that none of you will be able to make an egg stand upright.” All tried but none succeeded at the proposed task, declaring it to be impossible. Attention soon turned back to Columbus, who crushed one end of his egg down on the table and fixed the other end in an upright position on its shell. The others glared at him silently and confused. “See,” Columbus said, “a moment ago you were laughing and saying it was impossible to make an egg stand upright.”

“Yes, and?”

“Now all of you know how to do it, but only because I did it first.” 🍷



Buttadeu

Story by Giuseppe Pitrè
Illustration by Gustave Doré, 1856



IT WAS WINTERTIME, and my good father was in Scalini, in a warehouse warming himself by the fire, when he saw a man enter who was dressed differently than the people of the region, wearing pants with yellow, red, and black stripes, and a cap of the same style. My father was frightened!

“My goodness!” he said. “Who is this character!”

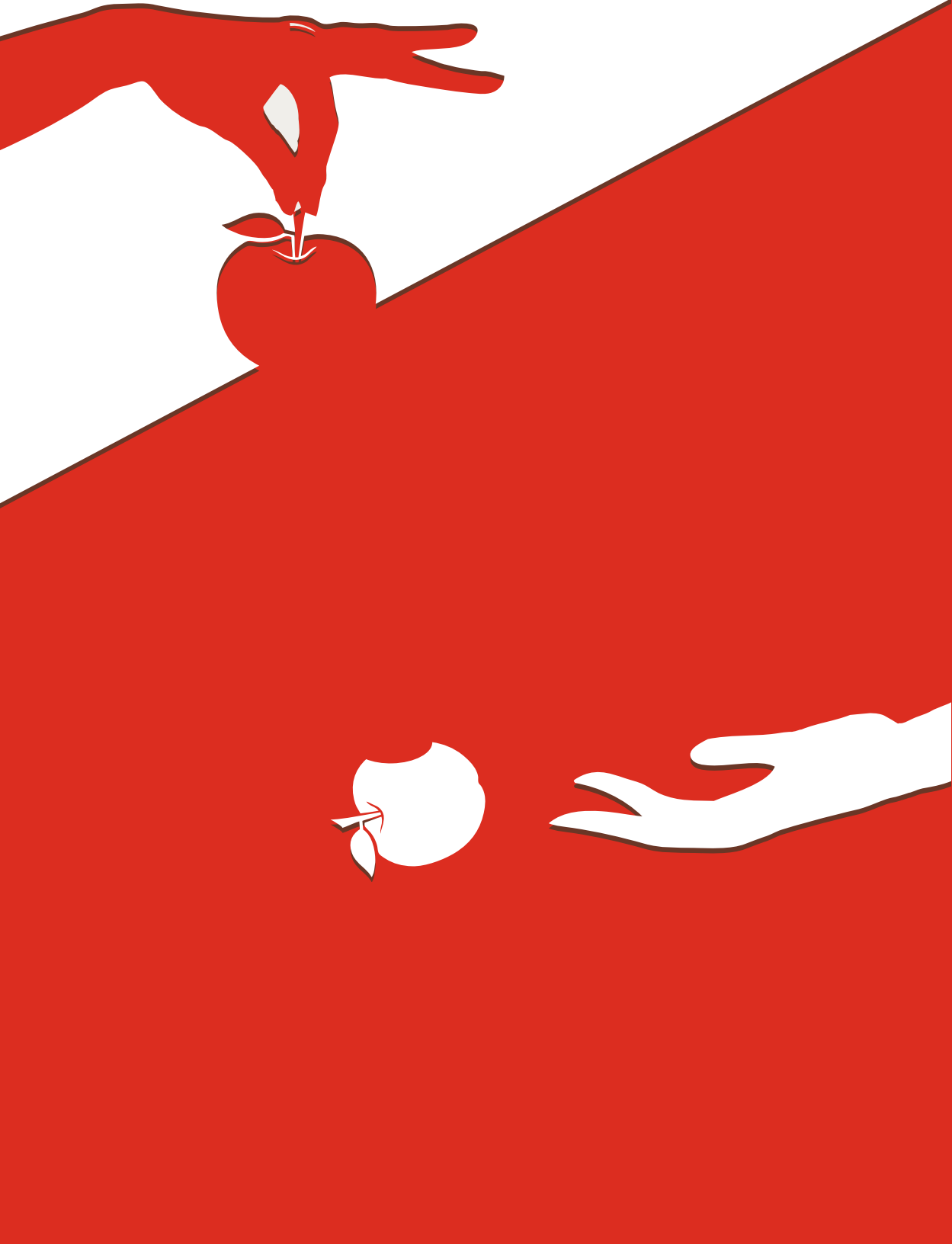
“Do not be frightened,” the man said. “My name is Buttadeu.”

“Ah,” my father said. “I have heard that name before. Have a seat and tell me something.”

“I cannot sit, as I have been condemned by my God always to walk,” the man said, continuing to move back and forth without rest as he spoke. He then said, “Listen, I must go. But I will leave for you this, in memory of me—remember to say one prayer at the right of our Lord, Jesus Christ, another five prayers at his left hand, and a *salve regina* for the Virgin Mary—for the grief I have suffered on behalf of her Son. ”

“Farewell.”

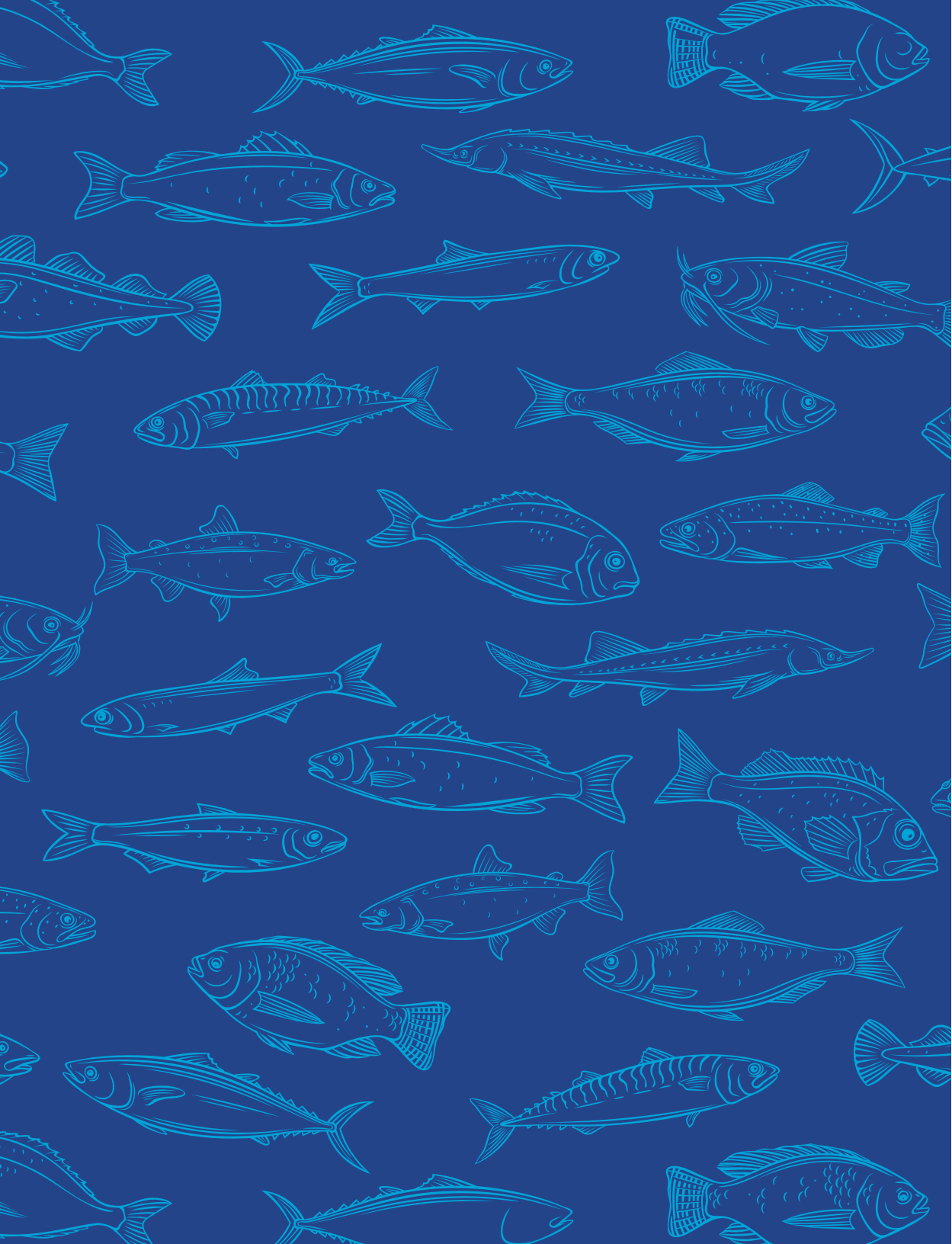
“Goodbye, be well, my name is Buttadeu!” 🌹



The Tales of **The Grimm Brothers**



None are associated with the fairy tale more than the two German brothers Jacob (1785–1863) and Wilhelm (1786–1859) Grimm. And for good reason, since folklore as the study of the collective history of a people begins largely with them. Their tireless work ethic, innovative methodology, and genuine passion for Europe’s narrative history inspired countless others and contributed to the rising nationalism of the nineteenth century. Their methods were essential for preserving the traditional stories of Europe just prior to the wave of urban modernity, mass consumer culture, and internationalism that washed over the West soon after and effectively erased it. The Grimm Brothers are central figures in our collective story as a people, and they praised their contemporaries in England, Scandinavia, Russia, and elsewhere for putting together collections of their own as a means to better articulate their respective national identities. The tales of Basile and Straparola were found in Germany and elsewhere, leading the Grimms to believe that they were symbolic of a greater story shared by Indo-European peoples that went back ages, and in many cases they are. Included here are some of the most popular tales, like “Sleeping Beauty,” “Rumpelstiltskin,” “Little Red Riding Hood,” “Snow White,” “Cinderella,” “Rapunzel,” “Mother Holle,” “The Frog Prince,” “The Golden Goose,” “Hansel and Gretel,” and “Iron Hans,” as well as tales whose inclusion is necessary, as they have been practically forgotten and are universally kept out of other collections. Belonging to the latter category are “The Good Bargain,” “The Jew Among Thorns,” and “Der Judenstein” (from *Deutsche Sagen*).



The Flounder



HE FISH HAD BEEN DISCONTENT for a long time because no order prevailed in their underwater kingdom. None of them turned aside for the others, but swam right or left as they so wished, darting between those who wanted to swim together or getting in their way. A strong one would give a weak one a blow with its tail and drive it away, or swallow it up without a thought or care in the world.

“How delightful it would be,” they said, “if we had a leader who could enforce order and justice among us!”

They decided to meet together and choose for their ruler the fish who could cleave through the water the fastest and help the weaker fish. After placing themselves in rank and file near the shoreline, the pike gave the signal with its tail and the race began. Like an arrow, the pike darted ahead, and with him the herring, the gudgeon, the perch, the carp, and all of the rest of them. Even the flounder swam with them and hoped to be the winner. In time, the call was heard—“The herring is first! The herring is first!”

“Who is first?” screamed the flat, envious flounder, who had been left far behind. “*Who is first?*”

“The herring!” The herring, was the answer.

“The naked herring?” cried the jealous flounder. “*The naked herring?*”

Ever since, the flounder’s mouth has been stuck on one side of his face as punishment. 🌹



Sleeping Beauty

Illustrations by Walter Crane, 1876



NCE UPON A TIME there lived a King and Queen who said each day “Oh, if only we had a child!” And yet none ever came. Then it happened one day that, while the Queen was bathing, a frog emerged from the water, squatted before her, and said:

“Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before a year has passed, you will bring a daughter into the world.”

And as the frog foretold, so it happened, and the Queen bore a daughter so beautiful that the King could not contain his joy and held a great feast. Not only did he invite his family, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, who would be kind and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but since he only had twelve golden plates, one of them had to be left out. The feast was successful and full of splendor, and as it drew to a close, the wise women stepped forward to present the child with their gifts: one bestowed virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on—whatever one could wish for. After eleven of the wise women had put in their say, the uninvited thirteenth, burning with revenge, without a greeting or respect, cried out:

“In her fifteenth year, the princess shall prick herself with a needle and fall down dead!”

Without another word she turned and left the hall. All were left terrified, but the twelfth came forth, as she had not yet bestowed her gift. Though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, she could soften it.

“The princess will not die,” she said, “but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years.”

SLEEPING BEAUCY

She fell back on the bed and entered a deep sleep, a sleep that then fell upon the whole castle. . . .

The King, desiring to spare his child even from this fate, commanded that every needle and spindle in his kingdom be burned.

The maiden grew up, adorned with the gifts of the wise women, and was so lovely, modest, sweet, kind, and clever that none could refrain from loving her. When she was fifteen years old, the King and Queen traveled abroad, leaving the maiden behind, alone in the castle. She wandered through the castle's chambers and parlors, wherever her fancy took her, until she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow, winding staircase, which led to a little door with a rusty key sticking out of the lock. She turned the key and opened the door, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning.

"Good day, mother," the princess said. "What are you doing up here?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.

"What is that thing twisting around so fast?" the maiden asked, taking the spindle into her hand and spinning it. But no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled when she pricked her finger. She fell back on the bed and entered a deep sleep, a sleep that then fell upon the whole castle. When the King and Queen returned and stepped into the great hall, they too fell fast asleep, along with the court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, even the fire flickering in the furnace, went out, and passed into sleep with the rest. The meat on the grill ceased roasting, and the cook, who at that instant was about to pull the servant's hair out for a mistake, let him go as both went to sleep, as well. The wind died, the seasons ended, and not a single leaf would fall from the trees outside

Each passing year, the hedge of thorns around the castle grew thicker and thicker until the castle was hidden completely apart from the weather vane on the roof. A rumor spread throughout the land of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, as the princess was called, and from time to time kings' sons would come and try to force their way through the hedge. But it was impossible since the thorns held like bricks on a wall, and many young men got caught in them, were unable to get free, and died a lamentable death.

Many years later the son of a king arrived in the country and heard an old man speak



about how there was a castle behind the hedge of thorns, and that a beautiful princess named Rosamond had been asleep inside for a hundred years, along with the King and the Queen and the rest of the court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had attempted their way through the thick hedge but got caught in the thorns and died miserable deaths.

"Perhaps, but I am not afraid to try. If anyone can make it through the thorns and find the lovely Rosamond you speak of, it is I."

The old man tried to dissuade him, but the young man would not listen. The hundred years had passed as well, and the day had come when Rosamond was to awake.

When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it transformed into a hedge of beautiful flowers that parted to let him pass then closed behind him. When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting dogs asleep.

On the roof, he noticed the pigeons sitting still with their heads in their wings. And when he entered the castle, he saw the flies asleep on the wall, the cook in the kitchen frozen with his hand up to strike the servant, and the maid sitting with a black fowl on her lap ready to pluck its feathers. Deeper in, he saw the court asleep in the hall, while above them, on their thrones, slept the King and the Queen. Even farther in, the quiet was such that he could hear himself breathing, but he eventually reached the tower, ascended the winding staircase, and opened the door of the





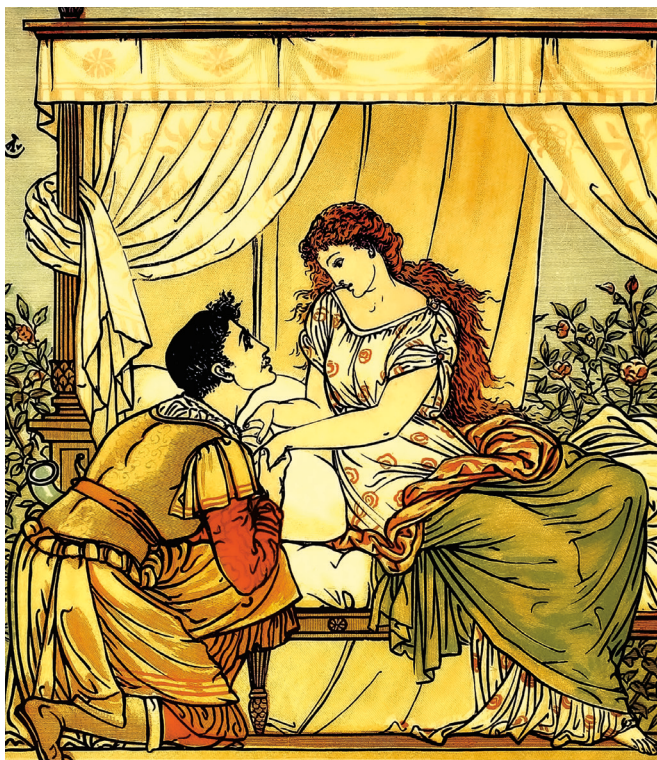
SLEEPING BEAUTY

When he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn his eyes away, then he stooped and kissed her.

little room where Rosamond lay.

When he saw her looking so lovely in her long dream, he could not turn his eyes away, then he stooped and kissed her. She awoke, opened her eyes, and looked kindly at him. She rose and they left the room together, entering the hall just as the King and the Queen and the court were waking up as well, gazing around and at each other with eyes of wonderment. The horses in the yard stood and shook themselves off, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from their wings, looked round, and flew off into the field, the flies on the wall began buzzing around, the kitchen fire rekindled with a blaze and went back to cooking the meat, the ham on the spit began to roast again, the cook followed through and hit the servant who howled out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Soon after, the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all in attendance, and they lived very happily together for the rest of their lives. 🌹





Rumpelstiltskin

Illustrations by George R. Halkett, 1882



HERE WAS ONCE A miller who was poor, but he had one beautiful daughter. It so happened that one day he came to speak with the King, and, in an attempt to impress him, claimed that his daughter could spin gold out of straw.

The King said to the miller, “Such a gift would please me greatly. If your daughter is as talented as you say, bring her to my castle tomorrow so that I may see proof of it.”

When the girl was brought to the King, he led her to a room that was full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, “Now get to work, and if by the early morning you haven’t spun this straw into gold, you shall be put to death.”

He shut the door and left the poor miller’s daughter there alone, wondering what she could possibly do to save her life. She had no earthly idea how to spin straw into gold, and in her distress began to weep, when all of a sudden the door opened and in came a dwarf.

“Good evening, miller’s daughter,” he said, “why are you crying?”

“I have to spin straw into gold,” she said, “but



I haven't the slightest idea about how to do such a thing."

"What will you give me if I spin it for you?" the dwarf replied.

"My necklace," the girl said.

The dwarf took the necklace, seated himself before the wheel, and then—*whirr, whirr, whirr!*—with three spins had filled the spool with gold. He took up another, and—*whirr, whirr, whirr!*—with three more spins, the spool was completely full. So he went on until the morning, when all of the straw had been spun, and every spool was full of gold. At sunrise, the King came in, and upon seeing the gold was astonished and rejoiced, for his greed was endless. He had the miller's daughter taken to another room filled with straw, much more straw than the last, and told her that if she valued her life she would spin it all into gold that night. The girl did not know what to do, and again began to cry, when the door opened and the dwarf appeared once more.

"What will you give me this time if I spin this straw into gold?" he asked.

"The ring on my finger," she said.

She took the ring off and gave it to the dwarf, who sat and sent the wheel whirring around until morning, when all of the straw had again been spun into glistening gold. The King was rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but since no amount of gold was ever enough, he had the miller's daughter taken into a different room with even more straw, and said, "This, too, must be spun into gold tonight, and if you accomplish it,



To the King, though the girl was a lowly miller's daughter, she might as well have been the richest person in the world. . . .



you shall become my wife," since to the King, though the girl was a lowly miller's daughter, she might as well have been the richest person in the world.

As soon as the girl was left alone, the dwarf appeared for the third time and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you this time?"

"I have nothing left to give," the girl answered.

"Then you must give me your first child after you have become queen," the dwarf said.

The girl didn't know whether that would even happen, but not having any other

option to save her life, she agreed to give the dwarf what he asked. He then sat down and began to spin, until all of the straw had been spun into gold. When the King arrived the next morning and saw the gold, he declared a wedding be held at once, and thereupon the poor miller's pretty daughter became a queen.

In a year's time, she brought a fine child into the world, and had thought little of the dwarf until he appeared in her room suddenly one day.

"Now, you must give me what you promised," he said.

The Queen was terrified, and offered the little man all the riches in the kingdom if he would only let her keep the child.

"If you cannot tell me my name in three days," he said, "then you must give the child to me."

But the dwarf said "No, I would rather have something living than all the treasures in the world." The Queen began to weep, and the dwarf took pity on her, so he made a compromise, stating that he would give her three days to guess his name. "But if you cannot tell me my name in three days," he said, "then you must give the child to me."

The Queen spent the whole night thinking about every name she had ever heard and sent a messenger through the land to make a list of all the names that could be found. When the dwarf came next day, she blurted out every name she knew, beginning with Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, and going through the whole list, but after each the dwarf said, "That is not my name."

The second day the Queen sent an inquiry to all of her neighbors, asking the names of their servants, and again went down the list of unusual names when the dwarf appeared later.

"Is your name Roastribs . . . or perhaps Sheepshanks . . . or maybe Spindleshanks?"

But again he only shook his head and said, "That is not my name."

On the third day the messenger returned with some news.

"I have not been able to find a single new name," he said, "but as I was passing through the woods I came to a high hill near a little house, and before the house burned a fire, and around the fire danced a dwarf, hopping around on one leg and singing:



RUMPELSTILTSKIN

*Today I bake, tomorrow I brew,
And the day after that the Queen's child comes through;
Not a soul in the world knows, isn't it a shame,
Who it is I am, and that Rumpelstiltskin's my name!"*

The Queen was beyond relieved to hear this.

When the dwarf appeared that evening and said, "Now tell me, dearest Queen, what is my name?"

At first she replied, "Is your name Jack?"

"No," he answered.

"Is your name Harry?" she asked next.

"No," he said again.

And then she said, "Is your name by any chance . . . Rumpelstiltskin!"

"Some witch told you that! No, the devil told you that!" cried the dwarf, who in his anger stomped his foot so hard that it went right through the floor and left him stuck. He tried to pull his foot out with both hands in such a fury that he split himself right in two and disappeared, and that was the last anyone ever saw of him. 🧚





Little Red Riding Hood

Illustrations by Otto Kubel, c. 1910



HERE WAS ONCE a sweet little girl, beloved by everyone who had the pleasure of meeting her. But the person who cherished her most of all was her dear old grandmother, who could never see enough of the little girl and would give her everything in the world if she could. When her grandmother her a cap made of red velvet, the little girl wore it everywhere she went, and it was so becoming on her that everyone soon referred to her affectionately as “Little Red Riding Hood.”

One day, the girl’s mother called her over and said, “Come, Little Red Riding Hood. Here is a cake and a bottle of wine that I want you to take to your grandmother. She is weak and ill, and they will do her good. You should set out now before it gets too hot, but walk properly and ladylike on your way, stay on the path, and be sure not to run or you might fall and break the bottle of wine. If you fall and break the bottle, then there will be none for your grandmother. Also, when you go into her room, don’t forget to say ‘Good morning’ to her and ask her how she is feeling instead of talking only about yourself.”

“I promise to take care,” Little Red Riding Hood said to her mother, ensuring her that she would follow the rules. The grandmother lived in the woods, around half-an-hour’s walk from town. When Little Red Riding Hood reached the woods, she met a wolf, but since she did not know what a wicked creature he was, she did not feel frightened.

“Good day, Little Red Riding Hood,” the Wolf said.

“Thank you, Wolf,” she replied.

"Where are you going so early, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"To my grandmother's house."

"What are you carrying in your basket?"

"A cake and a bottle of wine. We baked it yesterday, and my grandmother is very weak and ill, so they will make her feel better and help her regain her strength."

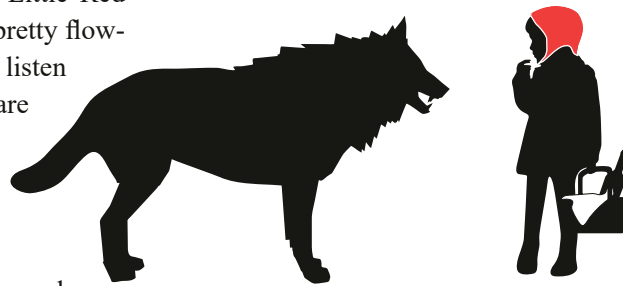
"Oh? Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"About a quarter-of-an-hour's walk from here," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Her house is beneath the three oak trees, and you may know it by the hazel bushes out front."

The Wolf thought to himself that this tender young girl would be a delicious meal, and would taste better than the old grandmother, but he really wanted to eat both of them, so he began thinking of a way to catch them.

After walking beside Little Red Riding Hood for while, the Wolf said, "Little Red Riding Hood—look at all of the pretty flowers that are growing around us, listen to the songs of the birds—you are missing all of it by going along as if you are walking to school. It is so delightful out here in the woods."

Little Red Riding Hood glanced



The wolf thought to himself that this tender young girl would be a delicious meal, and would taste better than the old grandmother, but he really wanted to eat both of them. . . .



around, and when she saw the sunbeams darting here and there through the trees, and the lovely flowers growing everywhere, she thought that bringing a fresh bouquet to her grandmother would please her even more. It was so early in the day that she had plenty of time to reach her grandmother's house, so she ran off into the woods to look for flowers. As she picked one, she saw an even prettier one a little farther off, and so she wandered deeper and deeper into the woods, while the Wolf went straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" said the grandmother.

"Little Red Riding Hood," the Wolf replied. "I have brought you some cake and wine, so please open the door."

"Lift the latch," cried the grandmother. "I'm too weak to get up."

The Wolf lifted the latch and the door swung open, then he jumped on the grandmother and ate her right up without saying another word. After that, he put on some of her clothes

and one of her bonnets, laid down in her bed, and drew the curtain.

Meanwhile, Little Red Riding Hood was running through the woods gathering flowers, and when she had as many as she could carry, she remembered her grandmother and her promises to her mother, so she went back to the path and set off the rest of the way. She was surprised to find the door to the house open, and when she entered, everything felt very strange. Little Red Riding Hood thought to herself, *Oh dear, how uncomfortable I feel*, even though she had been so excited earlier about getting to see her grandmother this morning.

She said "Good morning," as she said she would, but there was no response. She walked slowly up to the bed and drew back the curtain. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled over her eyes, which made her look very odd.

"Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have!" she said

"The better to hear with, my dear," was the reply.

"Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"The better to see with, my dear."

"Oh, grandmother, what big hands you have!"

"The better to hold you with, my dear."

"Oh, but grandmother, what a terribly big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!"

No sooner had the Wolf said this than he leapt from the bed and swallowed up poor



"Oh, but grandmother, what a terribly big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!"



Little Red Riding Hood whole. Then the Wolf, having satisfied his appetite, laid down in the bed again and went to sleep, snoring so loudly that it caught the ear of a hunter as he was passing by the house. The hunter stopped and thought about how unusual the old woman's snoring was, and felt he better check and see if anything was wrong.

The hunter entered the room, walked slowly up to the bed, and saw the Wolf lying there.

"At last I find you, you old sinner!" he said. "I've been looking for you for a long time." The hunter was about to fire on the Wolf when it occurred to him that the Wolf may have swallowed the grandmother whole, and that she might yet be saved. He took out a pair of shears and began to cut the Wolf open.

After a few snips, he was able to see a red cap inside, and then Little Red Riding Hood's head popped

out. After a few more snips she jumped out and cried, "Oh dear, how frightened I was! It was so dark inside of the Wolf."

Then out came the grandmother, still living and breathing. Little Red Riding Hood went and quickly fetched some large stones, with which she filled the Wolf's body, so that when he woke up and tried to escape, he would fall to the ground dead.

All three were relieved. The hunter skinned the Wolf and carried the hide home. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine and felt better. And Little Red Riding Hood promised herself to never again stray from the path when out in the woods alone, and to always mind what her mother told her.

It must also be said that a few days afterward, when Little Red Riding Hood was again taking a cake to her grandmother, another wolf appeared and spoke with her, and tempted her to leave the path. But she was on guard this time, went straight ahead on her way, and told her grandmother about how she had met another wolf, who appeared friendly but had such wicked eyes that she thought if she had not been on the high road, he would have surely devoured her right there on the spot.

“Come,” the grandmother said, “we will shut the door so he can’t get in.”

Soon after the wolf knocked and said, “Open the door, grandmother, it’s Little Red Riding Hood. I’ve brought you a cake.”

But they remained still, and did not open the door. The wolf slunk down by the house before deciding that he would hide on the roof and wait until Little Red Riding Hood left her grandmother’s house to return home that evening. Then he would pounce on her and eat her in the darkness. The grandmother, however, knew what he had in mind. In front of the house was a big stone trough, so the grandmother said to the girl, “Little Red Riding Hood, I was boiling sausages yesterday and need you to take the bucket I boiled them in and pour it into the trough.”

Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told and poured the water in until the trough was full. When the smell of the sausages reached the nose of the wolf, he sniffed it in, looked around, and stretched his neck out so far out that he lost his balance and began to slip, falling off the roof and right into the trough, where he drowned. Little Red Riding Hood was then able to walk safely and happily home. 🍷





Snow White

Illustrations by Franz Jüttner, 1905



ONCE UPON A TIME, in the middle of winter as snowflakes were falling like feathers from the sky, a queen sat sewing at her open window. The frame was ebony-colored, and as she worked and gazed out on the snow, she pricked her finger. Three drops of blood fell into the snow, and when she saw how bright and red it looked, she said to herself, “Oh, if only I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as dark as the wood of the window frame!”

Soon after, the Queen gave birth to a baby daughter with skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony, whom she named Snow White. But immediately after she was born, the Queen died.

A year had passed when the King took another wife. She was a beautiful woman, but arrogant and overbearing, and she could not accept that any woman might be as pretty as herself. She had a magic mirror, and would stand before it, look into it, and say:

*“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?”*

And the mirror would answer,

“Your majesty, the Queen, is the fairest of them all.”

This pleased her, for she knew the mirror spoke the truth.

But as Snow White grew, she became prettier and prettier, and by the age of seven she was as beautiful as the day, far more so than the Queen herself. Thus when the Queen went

to her mirror one day and said:

*“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?”*

The mirror answered,

*“Your majesty, the Queen, is fair; ‘tis true,
But Snow White is a thousand times fairer than you.”*

This shocked the Queen, whose face turned yellow and green with envy. From then on, her hatred of Snow White would grow only deeper. Jealousy and pride, like ill weeds, sprouted from her heart, climbing higher each passing day, until she could find no peace, be it day or night. Finally, she sent for a hunter, and to him said, “Take the child out into the woods so that I may never set eyes on her again. You must put her to death, and bring me her heart as a token.”

The hunter consented, and led Snow White away, but when he drew his blade to cut out her innocent heart, she began to weep, saying to him, “Oh, dear hunter, do not take my life. I will go away into the wild woods and never come home again.”



She was so lovely that the hunter took pity on her, saying, “Away with you then, poor child,” certain that the wild animals would devour her.

It felt as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders when he spared the girl, but just at that moment a wild boar came near, so he caught it and killed it and cut out its heart, which he brought to the Queen. The heart was salted and cooked, and then the wicked woman ate it, thinking that to be that of Snow White.

When the poor child found herself alone in the woods, she was terrified, frightened even by the leaves on the trees, and did not know what to do. She began to run over the sharp stones and through the thorn bushes to get away from the wild beasts, but they did her no harm. She ran for as long as her feet would carry her, and when the evening drew to a close, she came upon a little house, which she went inside to rest. Everything was very small, but as pretty and clean as one could imagine. There was a little table, ready-laid and

covered with a white cloth, and seven little plates, seven little knives and forks, and seven little drinking cups. By the wall stood seven little beds, side by side, covered by clean white quilts. Snow White, being hungry and thirsty, ate some bread and porridge from each plate, and drank a drop of wine out of each little cup so as not to finish one portion alone. Afterward, she became sleepy, so she laid down on one of the beds, but it did not seem to suit her. One was too long, another too short, but the seventh was a good fit, so there she laid down, committed herself to heaven, and fell asleep.

When it was dark, the masters of the house came home. They were the Seven Dwarfs, who worked in the mountains as gold miners. When they lit their seven candles, filling the little house with light, they quickly realized that someone had been there, since nothing was in the condition in which they had left it.

The first said, "Who sat in my little chair?"

The second said, "Who ate from my little plate?"

The third said, "Who nibbled on my little piece of bread?"

The fourth said, "Who tasted my porridge?"

The fifth said, "Who used my little fork?"

The sixth said, "Who cut food with my little knife?"

The seventh said, "Who drank from my little cup?"

Then the first looked around and saw a hollow in his bed, and cried, "Who has been lying in my bed?"

The others came running and screamed "Someone's been lying in our beds, too!"

When the seventh looked at his bed, he saw Snow White there asleep. He told the others, who came rushing up, shrieking in astonishment and holding up their seven little candles to throw light upon Snow White.

"Oh, goodness! Oh, gracious!" they said, "What beautiful child is this?" so full of joy to see her that they did not wish to wake her, but let her sleep on. The seventh dwarf slept in shifts with his comrades, an hour at a time with each, until the night had passed.

When morning came and Snow White awoke and saw the Seven Dwarfs, she was initially scared, but they seemed quite friendly. They asked her what her name was, so she told them. Then they asked how she had come upon their house, so she explained how her stepmother had ordered her to be put to death, how the hunter had spared her life, and how she had run all day through the woods until she found it.

The Seven Dwarfs said, "If you keep our house clean—if you cook, wash the dishes, make the beds, do our sewing and knitting, and keep everything tidy—you may stay with

The Seven Dwarfs said, "If you keep our house clean—if you cook, wash the dishes, make the beds, do our sewing and knitting, and keep everything tidy—you may stay with us, and we will provide you with everything you need."

"With all my heart," Snow White replied.

us, and we will provide you with everything you need."

"With all my heart," Snow White replied. And so she stayed with them and kept the house in order. In the morning, the Seven Dwarfs went to the mountain to dig for gold, and in the evening they came home and ate their supper. Snow White was left alone all day, so





the Seven Dwarfs warned her, “Beware of your stepmother, as she will soon know you are here. Never let anyone into the house.”

The Queen, having eaten Snow White’s heart, as she was led to believe, felt confident that she was now the fairest, so she went to her mirror and said:

*“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?”*

The mirror answered,

*“Your majesty, the Queen, art of beauty rare,
But Snow White, living over the mountains with the Seven Dwarfs,
Is a thousand times more fair.”*

The Queen became enraged, as the mirror always spoke the truth, and now she knew that the hunter had deceived her and that Snow White was still alive. She thought about

how to put an end to her, for as long as the Queen was not the fairest in the land, her jealous heart could have no rest. Finally, the Queen came up with a plan. She put on makeup and disguised herself as an old woman so that no one would recognize her. In this disguise, she traveled to the seven mountains and found the house of the Seven Dwarfs. Knocking at the door, she yelled out:

“Fine goods for sale! Fine goods for sale!”

Snow White peeped through the window and said, “Good day, ma’am, what have you to sell?”

“Fine Goods, the finest,” she replied. “Lace of all colors,” holding up a piece of woven silk.

Snow White felt no need to fear the old woman, so she unbarred the door and bought a piece of silk.

“What a figure you have, child!” said the old woman. “Come here and let me lace you up properly for once.”

Snow White, still suspecting nothing unusual, stood up before her, and let the woman lace her up with the silk, but the old woman laced so quick and tight that Snow White was soon unable to breathe. She fell to the floor unconscious.

“Now you are no longer the fairest,” the Queen said as she scurried away.

That evening, the Seven Dwarfs came home and were shocked to see their dear Snow White lying on the floor. They raised her up, and when they saw how tightly she was laced, they cut the piece. She began to breathe, and little by little returned to life. When the Seven Dwarfs heard what happened, they said, “The old woman was none other than the Wicked Queen. You must be careful, and never let anyone in when we are not here!”

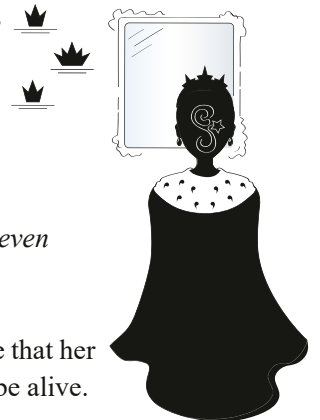
The Wicked Queen returned home, stood before her mirror, and said:

*“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?”*

The mirror answered, as before,

*“Your majesty, the Queen, art of beauty rare,
But Snow White, living over the mountains with the Seven
Dwarfs,
Is a thousand times more fair.”*

When the Queen heard this, she was so struck with surprise that her blood began to boil, for she knew that Snow White must still be alive.



“Now,” she said, “I will do something that will truly ruin her.”

Using witchcraft, the Queen made a poisoned comb, and then dressed herself up to look like a different old woman. She again traveled to the seven mountains and came to the house of the Seven Dwarfs, knocking on the door and saying, “Fine goods for sale! Fine goods for sale!”

Snow White came to the window and said, “Begone, I cannot let anyone in.”

“But you are not forbidden to look,” the old woman responded, taking out the poisoned comb and holding it up. It pleased Snow White so much that she was tempted to open the door.

When the deal was made, the old woman said, “Come—for once your hair shall be properly combed.”

Poor Snow White, thinking her harmless, let the old woman in, but no sooner had the comb been put to her hair than the poison began to kick in, causing the girl to fall lifelessly to the floor.

“Now, you paragon of beauty,” the Wicked Queen said before leaving the little house, “*this* is the end of you.” Fortunately, it was already near evening, so when the Seven Dwarfs came home and saw Snow White lying on the floor as though dead, they knew it was of the stepmother’s doing. They looked around and found the poisoned comb, and no sooner had they withdrawn it from her hair than Snow White returned to life and told them the story. They warned her once more to be on her guard, and to never again let anyone in.

The Queen arrived home, stood before the mirror, and said:

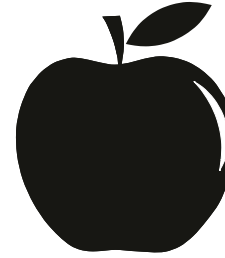
*“Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?”*

The mirror answered, as before,

*“Your majesty, the Queen, art of beauty rare,
But Snow White, living over the mountains with the Seven Dwarfs,
Is a thousand times more fair.”*



Trembling with rage, the Wicked Queen screamed, “Snow White must die! Even if it costs me my own life!”



Trembling with rage, the Wicked Queen screamed, “Snow White must die! Even if it costs me my own life!” She then went to a secret chamber inside the castle, where she made a poison apple. It looked so delicious, being white with red cheeks, that anyone who saw it would want to take a bite—but whoever did would die. When the apple was ready, she put on makeup and clothed herself like a peasant woman, traveled to the seven mountains where the Seven Dwarfs lived, and knocked on the door.

Snow White stuck her head out of the window and said, “I cannot let anyone in. The Seven Dwarfs told me not to.”

“All right,” answered the woman, “I can easily get rid of my apples elsewhere, but I will give you one.”

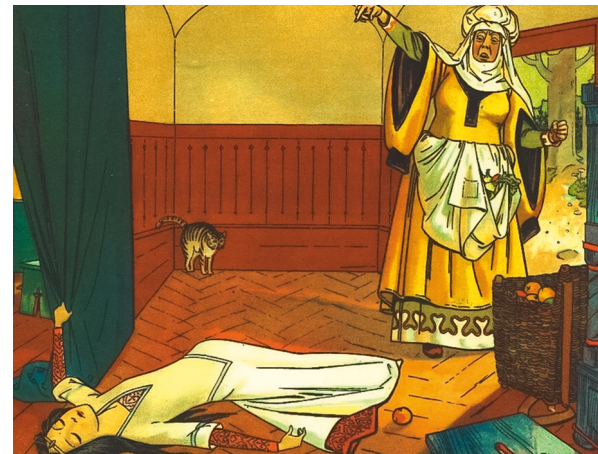
“No,” answered Snow White, “I dare not take anything.”

“Are you afraid of poison?” asked the woman. “Look here, I will cut the apple in two pieces. You can have the red side, and I will have the white side.”

The apple was so cunningly made, that all of the poison was in the rosy half. Snow White longed for a bite of the delicious apple, and when she saw the peasant woman eating

a piece of it she could no longer refrain, and stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. But no sooner had she taken a bite than she fell to the floor, and the Queen, casting an evil glance over her body, laughed aloud and cried, “As white as snow, as red as blood, as black as ebony! The Seven Dwarfs will not be able to bring you back to life this time.”

When the Queen returned



home she stood before the mirror and said:

*"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

At last it answered,

"Your majesty, the Queen, is now the fairest of them all."

Her jealous heart was finally at peace, as much as one can be.

The Seven Dwarfs returned home that evening and found Snow White lying on the floor again. This time, she could draw no breath. They lifted her up, looked around for anything poisonous, cut her laces, combed her hair, and washed her with water and wine, but nothing brought her back to life. The poor child was dead, and remained so. They laid her on a bier, and the seven of them sat around it and wept for three full days. When it came time to bury her, they noticed that she looked as if she was still living, as her beautiful cheeks were blooming red.

"We cannot hide her away in the black earth," they said, deciding instead to have a coffin of clear glass made, which one could see into from all sides. They laid her in it and wrote her name in gold letters on it, noting that she was a king's daughter. They set the coffin on the top of a mountain, and one of them was always there to guard it. Soon, the birds came to mourn for Snow White—first an owl, then a raven, and lastly a dove. For a long time, Snow White remained in the coffin and never looked any different, only as if she were asleep, for her skin was still as white as snow, her lips as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony.

It happened that one day a king's son was riding through the woods and came upon the house of the Seven Dwarfs. From them he heard of the coffin on the mountain and the beautiful girl inside it, so he made his way up and read the name written in gold.

"Let me have the coffin," he said to the Seven Dwarfs. "I will give you whatever you want for it." But the Seven Dwarfs told him that they would not part with it for all of the gold in the world. "I beseech you to give it to me," he insisted, "for I



cannot live if I cannot look at this beautiful maiden, Snow White. If you oblige, I will bring you great honor, and care for you as if you were my brethren."

The Seven Dwarfs were moved by his resolve and sympathized with him, so they agreed to give him the coffin. The king's son called his servants and ordered them to carry it away. While stumbling through the mountainous terrain, the shaking caused the piece of poison apple to dislodge and eject from Snow White's throat. She she opened her eyes, pushed open the cover of the coffin, and sat up, alive and well.

"Oh dear, where am I?" she sighed.

The king's son answered joyously, "You are with me." He told her of all that had happened, then said, "I want nothing else in the world but you. Come with me to my father's castle, and you shall be my bride."

Snow White was kindhearted, so she agreed to go with him. They fell in love, and their wedding was to be a magnificent event. However, Snow White's stepmother also happened to be on the invitation list.

The Wicked Queen put on an elegant dress, stood before her mirror, and said:

*"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

The mirror answered,

*"Although your majesty, the Queen, art of beauty rare,
The young bride is a thousand times more fair."*

The Wicked Queen went into a frenzy and cursed the mirror. She decided that she would not attend the wedding, but was so driven by jealousy that she felt she would have no peace



until she saw the fair bride with her own eyes. She went to the wedding and immediately recognized the bride as none other than Snow White.

She stood frozen in front of them as terror and anger surged through her. But the bride and groom had a pair of red-hot iron shoes waiting for her, which she was forced to put on, and in which she was forced to dance until she fell down dead. ❀



Cinderella

Illustrations by Adolf Münzer, 1904



HERE ONCE WAS A rich man whose wife fell ill. When she sensed the end was near, she called her only daughter to her bedside and said, “Dear child, always be pious and good. God will protect you, and I will look down and watch over you from heaven.” Then she closed her eyes and departed. The little girl went to her grave every day and wept, and she remained pious and good to all. When winter came, the snow spread a white sheet over the grave, and when the spring sun had melted it away, her father took another wife. This new wife had two daughters of her own, who were fair in face but black at heart, and it proved to be a bad time in the life of the poor little girl.

“Does this stupid girl have to sit with us?” they would say. “You have to earn what you eat, and she’s no more than a kitchen maid.” They stole her pretty clothes, made her wear an old gray bed gown, and gave her wooden shoes. “Look at the proud princess, how beautiful she is!” they cried, laughing and pushing her into the kitchen, where she had to do hard work from morning to night, getting up before daybreak, carrying water and lighting fires, cooking and washing. The stepsisters tormented her in every imaginable way—mocking her and throwing her food in the ashes so she had to pick it out if she wanted to eat.

In the evening, when she had worked herself to weariness, she had no bed to lay down on, but slept in the ash and cinders by the furnace instead. Because of this she always looked dusty and dirty, so they called her *Aschenputtel*, or Cinderella. One time the father was going to the fair and asked his two stepdaughters what he should bring back for them.

In the evening, when she had worked herself to weariness, she had no bed to lay down on, but slept in the ash and cinders by the furnace instead. Because of this she always looked dusty and dirty, so they called her Aschenputtel, or Cinderella.

“Beautiful dresses,” one said.
“Pearls and jewels,” said the other.

“And you, Cinderella?” he asked. “What would you like?”

“Father, break off the first branch that brushes against your hat on the way home. That is what I want.”

He got beautiful dresses and pearls and jewels for his two stepdaughters, and on his way home, as he was riding through a thicket, the branch of a hazel tree brushed against his hat and knocked it off, so he broke the branch off and took it with him. When he returned home he gave his stepdaughters the gifts they had asked for, and to Cinderella he gave the branch of the hazel tree. Cinderella thanked him, went to her mother’s grave, planted the branch on it, and wept so much that the tears seeped down and watered it. And it grew. It grew into a wonderful tree. Three times a day Cinderella went and sat beneath it and wept and prayed, and each time a little white bird would land on the tree, and if she wished for something, the bird would bring it to her.

One day, the King announced that there would be a three-day festival to which all of the beautiful young girls in the country were invited, as his son was seeking a bride. When the two stepsisters heard that they too were on the list, they were delighted, and called for Cinderella and said, “Comb our hair for us, brush our shoes off, and lace up our dresses—we are going to the festival at the King’s palace.” Cinderella did as she was told, but could not keep herself from crying, since she too would have liked to go to the dance. She begged her stepmother to let her go.



can go with us.”

Cinderella went to the back door that led to the garden and called out:

*“You gentle doves, you sweet little turtledoves,
And all of the birds that be,
The lentils that in ashes lie,
Come and pick them out for me!
Put the good back into the pot,
And take the bad ones for your crop.”*

Two white pigeons flew by the kitchen window, followed by the turtledoves, and then the rest of the birds came whirring by and crowding in, touching down amid the ashes. The pigeons nodded and began to *peck, peck, peck*, then the others joined them to *peck, peck, peck* some more, sorting the lentils and putting the good ones back into the pot. Hardly an hour had passed before they were finished and flew off, so Cinderella took the pot to her stepmother, happy, believing that she would now be allowed to go with them to the festival.

The stepmother, however, said, “No, Cinderella. You have no clothes or shoes and you can’t dance, you would only be laughed at.”

“You, Cinderella?” she said. “You’re all dusty and dirty and you want to go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes, and yet you want to dance!” But Cinderella persisted until at last her stepmother said, “I’ll throw a pot of lentils in the ashes for you. If you can pick them out in two hours, you



Cinderella wept until the stepmother said, “Okay, if you can pick two pots of lentils out of the ashes in one hour, you can go with us.”

She thought that this would be impossible, but when the stepmother emptied the two pots of lentils into the ashes, Cinderella went to the back door that led to the garden and cried out again:

*“You gentle doves, you sweet little turtledoves,
And all of the birds that be,
The lentils that in ashes lie,
Come and pick them out for me!
Put the good back into the pot,
And take the bad ones for your crop.”*

Two white pigeons flew by the kitchen window as before, followed by the turtledoves and then the rest of the birds, whirring by and crowding in, touching down amid the ashes. The doves nodded and began to *peck, peck, peck*, then the others joined in to *peck, peck, peck* some more, sorting the lentils and putting all of the good ones back into the pot. In under half an hour they were finished and flew off. Cinderella took the pots to the stepmother, delighted, believing she could now go with them to the festival.

But the stepmother said, “This won’t help you. You can’t go with us to the festival because you have no clothes or shoes and you can’t dance. We would be utterly ashamed to be seen with you!” turning her back on Cinderella and hurrying off with her two daughters.

When they were gone, Cinderella went to her mother’s grave beneath the hazel tree and cried:

*“Shiver, little
tree, shake your
branches and your
leaves,
And let gold and
silver fall down
over me.”*

The bird threw down a gold dress and a pair of slippers embroidered



with silver and silk. Cinderella quickly put on the dress and slippers and went to the festival. Neither her stepmother or stepsisters recognized her, thinking her to be a foreign princess of some sort, since she looked so much more elegant than the other girls in her golden dress. Of Cinderella they thought nothing, and assumed she was sitting at home

picking lentils out of the ashes. The King’s son immediately came over to meet her, then he took her by the hand and danced with her, refusing to dance with anyone else so he wouldn’t have to let her go. When others tried to cut in he told them, “She is my partner.”

They danced late into the evening, until Cinderella grew tired and wanted to go home. The prince said he would go with her to make sure she got home safely, as he wanted to see where the beautiful maiden lived, but she was able to slip away when he wasn’t looking, rushing home and disappearing into her room in the pigeon coop. The prince followed her and waited until Cinderella’s father came home, and told him he believed the strange maiden he was with at the festival that night had snuck into his pigeon coop.

The father thought, *Surely he can’t be referring to Cinderella*, asking for an ax and a hatchet and proceeding to tear the pigeon coop down. But there was no one in it. When they entered the house, there sat Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the cinders, with a little oil lamp burning dim in the nearby chimney. She had been able to sneak out of the back of the pigeon coop and run to the hazel tree, where she laid her dress over the grave so the little bird could carry it away. Then she put on her dirty gray bed gown, snuck into the kitchen, and sat down in the cinders.

The next day, when the festival began anew and the parents and stepsisters had all left, Cinderella went to the hazel tree and said:

“Shiver, little tree, shake your branches and your leaves,

And let gold and silver fall down over me."

The bird tossed down an even more beautiful dress, and when she made her appearance among the guests, everyone was astonished by her beauty. The prince had been waiting for her, and swiftly took her hand, danced with her, and wouldn't let her go. And when anyone else tried to cut in he said, "She is my partner."

The evening drew late and Cinderella wanted to go home. The prince offered to take her, for he wished to find out where she lived, but again she snuck away from him and disappeared into the garden behind her house. A large pear tree stood in the garden, and she leapt as lightly as a squirrel up to the branches. The prince didn't know what happened to her, so he waited until her father came home, again explaining that the strange maiden he was with at the festival had evaded him and, it appeared, climbed up the pear tree.

The father thought, *He cannot be talking about Cinderella*, then called for an ax and chopped the tree down. But no one was in it. They went into the kitchen, where sat Cinderella among the cinders, as usual. She had climbed down the other side of the pear tree and taken her clothes to the bird on the hazel tree before putting on her dirty gray bed gown again.

On the third day of the festival, after the parents and stepsisters had set off, Cinderella went to her mother's grave once more and said:

*"Shiver, little tree, shake your branches and your leaves,
And let gold and silver fall down over me."*



The bird threw down a dress that was more magnificent than the previous two, along with a pair of golden slippers. When she made her appearance at the festival in the dress, all were left speechless. The king's son took her hand and wouldn't let her go, as before telling anyone who tried to cut in that "She is my partner."

When the evening was late and Cinderella wished

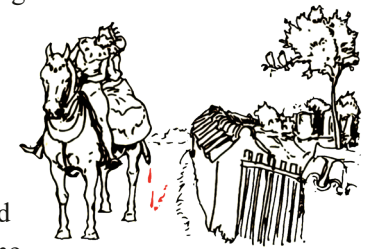


to leave, the king's son was anxious to go with her, but she slipped away so fast that he could not follow her this time. He had, however, planned for it this time, and ordered for the entire staircase to be covered with pitch, so when Cinderella ran down it her left slipper had gotten stuck in it and was left behind. The king's son picked it up; it was small, dainty, and golden.

The next morning, he took it to Cinderella's father and said, "The only girl who will be my wife is the one whose foot fits this golden slipper." The two stepsisters were delighted, for they had pretty feet. The eldest took the slipper into her room and tried it on as her mother stood by, but she could not get her big toe into it because the shoe was too small for her. Her mother handed her a knife and said, "Cut the toe off then. When you're a Queen you'll have no need to walk anywhere." The eldest stepsister cut her toe off, swallowed the pain, forced her foot into the slipper, and went out to the king's son. He took her to his horse as his bride and they started off. On the way out, though, they had to pass the grave, and perched on the hazel tree were two turtledoves that sang:

*"Turn and peep, you see don't you,
That there's a missing toe and blood in that shoe,
It's too small for she who sits by your side,
For that girl is not your true bride."*

The prince looked down at her foot and saw blood streaming from the shoe, so he turned his horse around and took the fake bride home, telling her that she was not the true one. The other sister was now to try on the slipper. She went into her bedroom and was able to fit her toes in it, but her heel was too wide. Her mother handed her a knife and said, "Cut a bit off your heel. When you're a Queen you won't have to walk anywhere anyway." The younger stepsister cut a chunk of flesh off of



*The prince had been waiting for her, and swiftly took her
hand, danced with her, and wouldn't let her go.*

her heel, swallowed the pain, forced her foot in, and went out to the king's son. He took her to his horse as his bride and they started off, but when they passed the hazel tree, the two turtledoves perched on it sang:

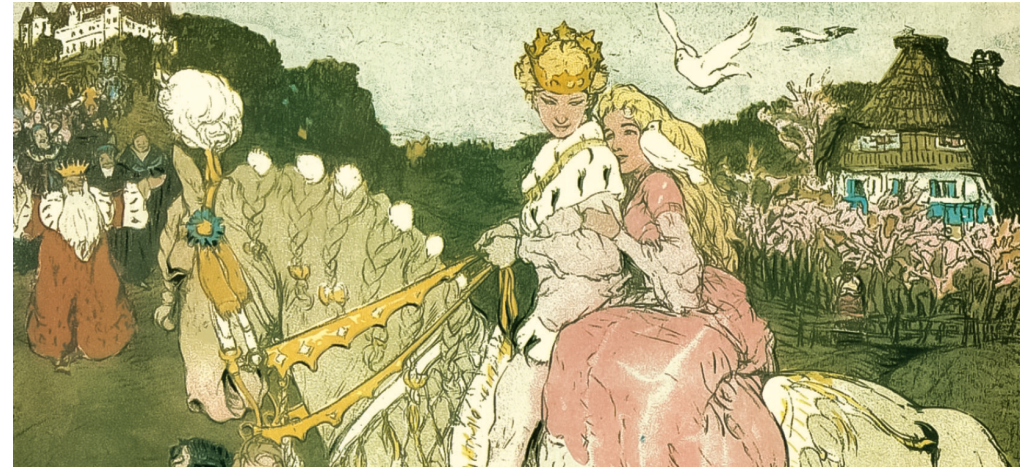
*"Turn and peep, you see don't you,
That there is again blood in that shoe,
It's too small for she who sits by your side,
For that girl is not your true bride."*

The prince looked down at her foot and saw blood streaming from the shoe and staining her white stocking, so he turned the horse around and took the fake bride home. "This isn't the right one, either," he said. "Have you no other daughter?"

"No," said the man. "There is a stunted kitchen-wench my late wife left behind, but she cannot possibly be who you're looking for."

The king's son said to send her to him, but the stepmother replied, "Oh no, she is much too dirty, she cannot show herself!" He insisted on it until Cinderella had to be summoned. She washed her hands and her face, entered the room, and bowed before the prince, who handed her the golden shoe. She sat on a stool, took the heavy wooden shoe off of her left foot, and placed it gently into the slipper, which fit like a glove. When she rose up and the prince looked at her face, he suddenly recognized the beautiful maiden he had danced with. "She is the true bride!" he said.

The stepmother and stepsisters were horrified and became pale with anger. The prince, however, ignored them and took Cinderella to his horse as his bride. As



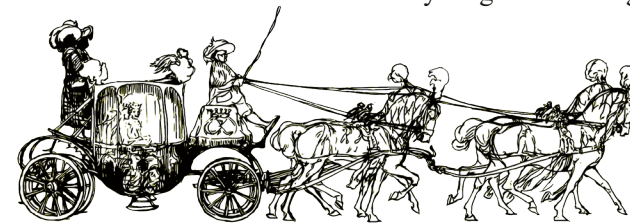
they passed by the hazel tree, the turtledoves sang:

*"Turn and peep, you see don't you,
That there is no blood in that shoe,
It's not too small and not too wide,
For the girl next to you is your true bride."*

After their song, they flew over and perched on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right and the other on the left, and there they remained.

When Cinderella's wedding with the prince was announced, the fake-bridal stepsisters came, hoping to curry favor and take part in the festivities. As the bridal procession passed the church, they pushed through the crowd, and the eldest stepsister hobbled up to the right side of them while the younger stepsister hobbled up to the left, but just as they did so the turtledoves swooped down and each pecked out one of their eyes. The stepsisters returned

after the service, with the eldest hobbling up on the left this time and the younger on the right, but the turtledoves swooped



down again and pecked out their other eye. Thus condemned, they were rendered blind for the rest of their days due to their wickedness and dishonesty. 🌹



Rapunzel

Illustrations by Otto Speckter, 1857



HERE ONCE LIVED a husband and wife, who had long wished for a child but with no success. However, the wife still believed her wish would soon be granted. From a small window at the back of their house they were able to see into a beautiful garden full of the finest herbs and flowers. But there was a high wall all around it, and no one dared venture in, for it belonged to a witch with great powers whom everyone was afraid of.

One day, as the wife was standing at the window and looking into the garden, she noticed a thick bed of vegetables. They looked so fresh and so green, and she felt a strong desire to eat some of the delicious rapunzel growing among the greens. As days passed, her desire became an intense craving, but since she knew she could not get her hands on any of the tasty vegetables, she became listless and grew pale and miserable. Her husband, seeing her in this condition, asked “What is the matter, my dear?”

“I’m going to die unless I have some of those vegetables to eat, the ones that grow in the garden at the back of our house,” she sighed.

The husband, who loved her very much, thought, *I cannot allow my wife to grow miserable and die, so I will get some vegetables from the witch’s garden, come what may.*

That evening, he climbed over the wall into the garden, quickly plucked a handful of vegetables, and brought them back to his wife. She made a salad with them at once, and ate until her stomach was full. But they tasted so good that the next day she began to long for more, and her craving was even greater than before now that she had tasted them. She

Es war einmal ein Mann und eine Frau, die wünschten sich lange vergeblich ein Kind, endlich nadte sich die Frau Doffnung, der liebe Gott werde ihren Wunsch erfüllen. Die Leute hatten in ihrem Hinterhaus ein Fenster, daraus konnte man in einen Garten sehen, der voll schöner Blumen und Kräuter stand, er war aber von einer Mauer umgeben und Niemand wagte hinein zu gehen, weil er einer bösen Zauberin gehörte, die von aller Welt gefürchtet wurde. Eines Tages stand die Frau am Fenster und sah in den Garten hinab, da erblickte sie ein Beet mit den schönsten Rapunzeln bepflanzt, die sah sie frisch und grün aus, daß sie lustern wurde und das größte Verlangen empfand, von den Rapunzeln zu essen. Das Verlangen nahm jeden Tag zu und da sie wusste, daß sie keine davon bekommen konnte, „Ach“, antwortete sie, „wenn ich keine Rapunzel aus dem Garten zu essen bekomme, so sterbe ich!“ Der Mann, der sie gar lieb hatte, dachte, ob du deine Frau sterben lässest, sollst du ihr von den Rapunzeln, es mag kosten was es will! In der Abenddämmerung stieg er über die Mauer in den Garten der Zauberin, nach in aller Eile einen Korb voll Rapunzel; er wollte eben damit fort, da erschrad er gewaltig, denn er sah die Zauberin hinter sich stehen. „Wie kannst Du es wagen“, sagte sie zornig, „in meinen Garten wie ein Dieb zu kommen und mir meine Rapunzeln zu stehlen?“ „Ach“, antwortete er, „ungenüß hab ich mich dazu entschlossen; meine Frau hat Gure Rapunzeln erblickt, und hat ein so großes Verlangen danach, daß sie sterben würde, wenn sie nicht davon zu essen bekäme.“ Da ließ die Zauberin in ihrem Zorn nach und sprach: „Beruh dich so, so will ich, so will ich Die gestohlenen Rapunzeln mitzunehmen so viel Du willst, allein ich mache eine Bedingung, Du mußt mir das Kind geben, das Ihr bekommen werdet.“ Der Mann sagte in der Angst Alles zu, und als die Frau in die Wöden kam, so erschien gleich die Zauberin, gab dem Kinde den Namen Rapunzel und nahm es mit sich.

Rapunzel wurde das schönste Kind unter der Sonne. Als es zwölf Jahre alt war, schloß es die Zauberin in einen verlassenen Thurm der Stadtmauer, der weder Treppen noch Thür hatte. Wenn die Zauberin hinauf wollte, so stellte sie sich unten hin und rief: „Rapunzel, Rapunzel, laß Dein Haar herunter!“ Rapunzel hatte lange prächtige Haare, sein wie Gold. Wenn sie die Stimme der Zauberin vernahm, so band sie ihre Böpfe los, schlang sie oben um einen Balken, dann fielen die Haare zwanzig Ellen tief herunter, und die Zauberin stieg daran hinauf. Nach ein paar Jahren trug es sich zu, daß der Sohn des Königs an dem Thurne vorbeir kam. Da hörte er einen Gesang, der war so lieblich, daß er stille hielt und horchte. Das war Rapunzel, die in ihrer Einsamkeit sich die Zeit damit vertrieb, ihre süße Stimme erklingen zu lassen. Der Königssohn suchte vergeblich nach einer Weise des Thurnes, der Gesang hatte ihm aber so sehr das Herz gerührt, daß er jeden Tag hindinsah und darauf horchte. „Als er einmal im Geiräch lautete, sah er sehr die Zauberin herantommen, und hörte wie sie rief: Rapunzel, laß Dein Haar herunter!“ Alsobald fielen die Haare herab und die Zauberin stieg zu ihr hinauf. „Nun das die Leiter, auf welcher man hinauf kommt“, sprach der Königssohn, „so will ich mein Glück aus versuchen.“ Und den folgenden Tag ging er zu dem Thurne hinaus und rief: Rapunzel, laß Dein Haar herunter!“ Alsobald fielen die Haare herab und der Königssohn stieg hinauf. Anfangs erschrad Rapunzel gar gang freundlich mit ihr zu reden, und erzählte ihr, daß von ihrem Gesang sein Herz so sehr sei bewegt worden, daß es ihm keine Ruhe gelassen und er sie selbst habe sehen müssen. Da verlor Rapunzel ihre Angst, und als er sie fragte, ob sie ihn zum Mann nehmen wolle, und sie sah, daß er jung und schön war, dachte sie, der wird mich lieber haben als die alte Frau Götzel, und sagte ja, und reichte ihm ihre Hand.

Sie verabredeten, daß er alle Abend zu ihr kommen sollte, aber die Zauberin, die nur bei Tage kam, merkte nichts davon, bis einmal Rapunzel anfang und zu ihr sagte: „Frau Götzel, wie kommt es nur, sie wird mit immer schwerer herausziehen, ist doch der junge Königssohn in einem Augenblick bei mir.“ „Ach“, rief die Zauberin, „so hast Du mich doch betrogen!“ Und in ihrem Zorn nadte sie die schönen Haare der Rapunzel, griff eine Schere und riß sie, riß sie, riß sie abgesehen. Und sie war so unbarherzig, daß sie die arme Rapunzel in die Berge brachte, wo sie in großem Jammer und Elend leben mußte.

Denselben Tag aber, wo sie Rapunzel verlossen hatte, machte die Zauberin Abends die abgesehenen Haare oben am Balken fest, und als der Königssohn kam und rief: „Rapunzel, laß Dein Haar herunter!“ so ließ sie die Haare hinab. Aber der arme Königssohn fand oben nicht seine Rapunzel, sondern die Zauberin schaute mit bösen giftigen Blicken hinaus, sich vor Schmerz, und vor Schred und Verwirrung stürzte er von der Haarleiter herab.

Das Leben brachte er davon, aber die beiden Augen waren verlegt. Blind irrte er im Walde umher, ob nicht als Wurzeln und Beeren und that nichts als jammern und weinen über den Verlust seiner liebsten Frau.

So irrte er umher und gerieth endlich an den Fluß, wo Rapunzel mit den Zwillingen, die sie bekommen hatte, einem Knaben und einem Mädchen, kimmerlich lebte; er vernahm eine Stimme, und sie dächte ihm so bekannt, da ging er darauf zu, und wie er heraus kam, erkannte ihn Rapunzel und fiel ihm um den Hals und weinte.

Zwei von ihren Brüdern aber benehten seine Augen, da wurden sie wieder klar und er konnte damit sehen wie sonst.

Wald darauf führte er seine Frau und Kinder aus den Bergen heraus. Wie die Leute in der Stadt die frohe Kunde vernahmen, zogen sie ihm entgegen und führten sie mit großer Pracht und Ehren in die Stadt zurück.

Von da ging es auf das Schloß des Königssohns hinauf, wo er mit seiner geliebten Frau und Kindern noch lange glücklich lebte.

Die böse Here aber wurde verbrannt.



grew evermore restless, and decided that she must ask her husband to again climb over the wall and retrieve some for her. So that night, he climbed over the wall again and grabbed some, but as he turned to leave, he saw the witch standing before him. He stood in shock and terror as she cried with eyes full of fury:

“How dare you climb over my wall into my garden and steal my herbs, you thief! You will pay for this!”

“Oh no,” he sighed, “please have mercy on me. I have only done it through necessity. You see, my wife saw your lovely rapunzel from the window, and became possessed with so great a longing that she would have died if she could not have some to eat.”

The witch replied, “If this is true, you may have as much rapunzel as you like, but on one condition: the daughter that your wife will soon bear must be given to me. The child will be provided for, and I will care for her like a mother.”

In distress, the man promised that he would comply with the witch’s demands.

Exactly nine months later, the wife gave birth to a baby girl. And as soon as the baby was born, the witch appeared, named the child “Rapunzel” after the vegetable the husband had taken from her garden, and whisked it away with her.

Rapunzel grew into the most beautiful child in the world, but when she turned twelve years of age, the witch shut her up

As he drew near, he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he couldn’t help but stand still and listen.

in a tower in the middle of the woods. The tower had neither steps nor a door, only a small window at the top. When the witch wished to be let in, she would stand below and call:

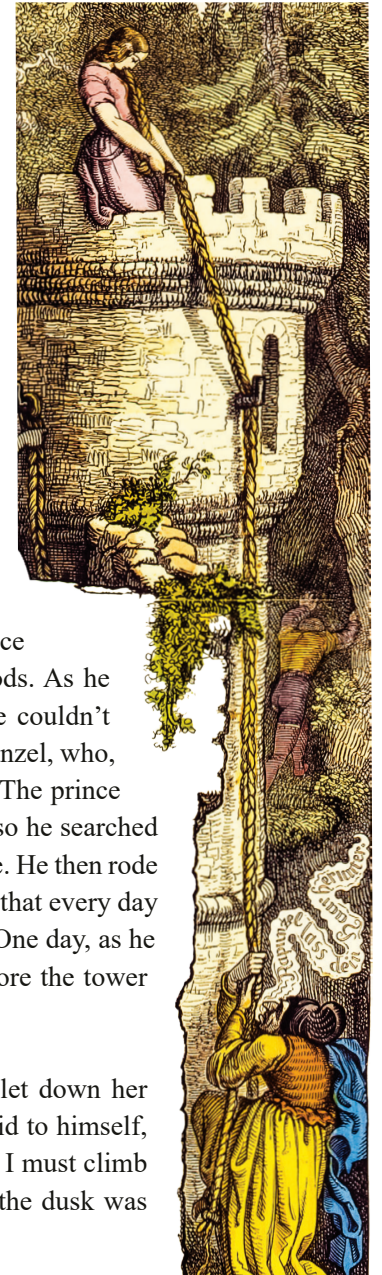
“Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!”

Rapunzel had beautiful long hair that shined like gold, and when she heard the voice of the witch, she would undo her braids, open the window, and knot them on a hook outside, letting her hair flow five stories down to the bottom of the tower so to allow the witch to climb up.

This went on for a few more years, but one day a prince came upon the tower as he was riding through the woods. As he drew near, he heard a voice singing so sweetly that he couldn’t help but stand still and listen. The voice was that of Rapunzel, who, in her loneliness, would often pass the time by singing. The prince wished to see the lady this beautiful voice belonged to, so he searched for a door into the tower until he realized there wasn’t one. He then rode back home, but the song had touched his heart so deeply that every day he would go back into the woods and listen to her sing. One day, as he was standing under a tree, he saw the witch appear before the tower and call out:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.”

He watched as Rapunzel came to the window and let down her hair to allow the witch to climb up to her. The prince said to himself, “If that is the ladder to the lady with the beautiful voice, I must climb it myself, no matter the cost.” And so the next day, as the dusk was settling, he marched up to the tower and yelled:



*Rapunzel was terrified when she saw
that, instead of the witch, it was a man
who had climbed up to her*

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.”

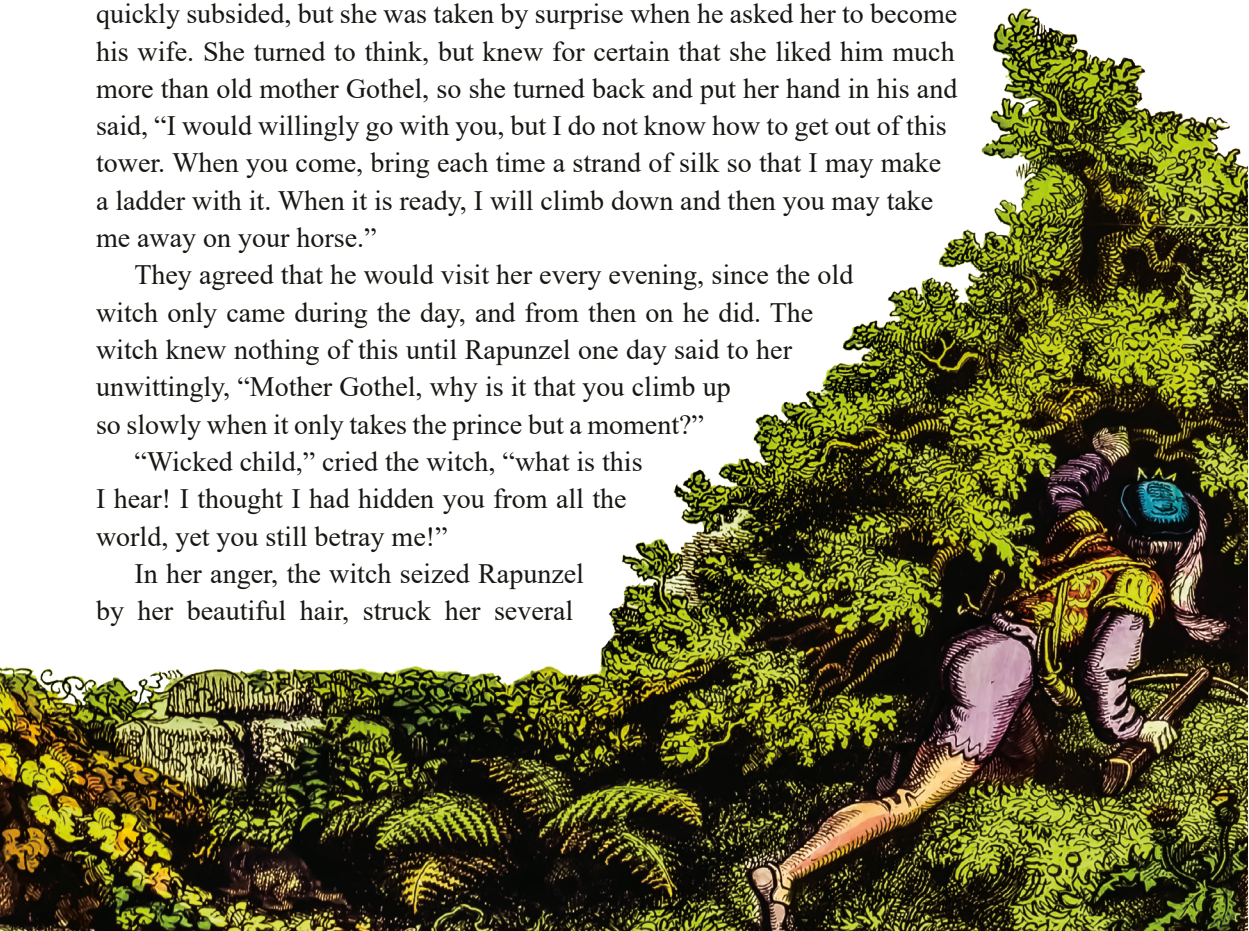
Rapunzel appeared at the window and let her hair flow down to the base of the tower, and the prince climbed up.

Rapunzel was terrified when she saw that, instead of the witch, it was a man who had climbed up to her, for she had never seen a man before. But the prince was young and handsome and spoke kindly to her as he explained how her singing had touched his heart so deeply that he could find no peace until he had seen her himself. Rapunzel’s fear quickly subsided, but she was taken by surprise when he asked her to become his wife. She turned to think, but knew for certain that she liked him much more than old mother Gothel, so she turned back and put her hand in his and said, “I would willingly go with you, but I do not know how to get out of this tower. When you come, bring each time a strand of silk so that I may make a ladder with it. When it is ready, I will climb down and then you may take me away on your horse.”

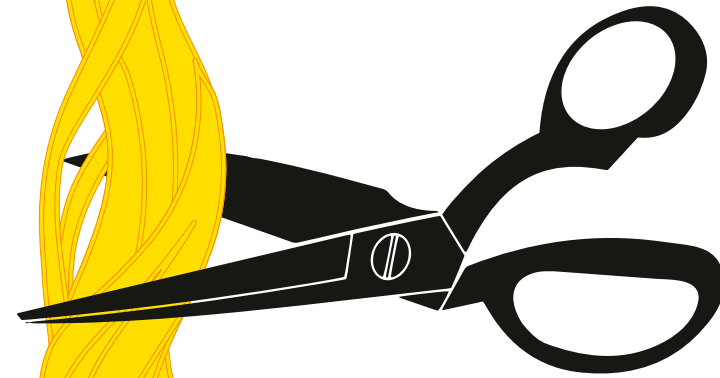
They agreed that he would visit her every evening, since the old witch only came during the day, and from then on he did. The witch knew nothing of this until Rapunzel one day said to her unwittingly, “Mother Gothel, why is it that you climb up so slowly when it only takes the prince but a moment?”

“Wicked child,” cried the witch, “what is this I hear! I thought I had hidden you from all the world, yet you still betray me!”

In her anger, the witch seized Rapunzel by her beautiful hair, struck her several



*[T]he witch seized Rapunzel by her beautiful hair,
struck her several times with her hand, and then
grasping a pair of shears—snip, snip—cut the
beautiful blonde locks off.*



times with her hand, and then grasping a pair of shears—*snip, snip*—cut the beautiful blonde locks off. The witch was so cold-hearted that she then took Rapunzel away at once to a deserted wilderness, where she would live out the rest of her life in even greater woe and misery.

After leaving Rapunzel there, the witch went back to the tower in the evening and fastened her locks of hair to the hook outside the window. When the prince came as usual and called up:

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.”

The hair flowed down and the prince climbed up. But instead of his dearest Rapunzel, he found the witch looking at him with wicked eyes.

“Ah ha!” she screamed, mocking him, “You came for your darling, but the sweet bird sits no longer in this nest, and will sing no more. The cat got her, and now it will scratch out your eyes! Rapunzel is lost to you, and you will see her no more.”

The prince was beside himself with grief, and out of desperation leapt through the window—escaping with his life, but falling on a

bed of thorns that poked out his eyes. He wandered blind through the woods, eating nothing but roots and berries, and lamenting and weeping over the loss of his love, Rapunzel.

He wandered for several years in misery and pain until at last he came to the wilderness where Rapunzel lived with twin children she had given birth to, a boy and a girl. At first he heard a voice he thought he recognized, and as he reached the place from which it seemed to be coming, Rapunzel recognized him, rushed to him, and fell on his neck and wept. When her tears touched his eyes, the world became suddenly clear again, and he could see as he did before. He then led Rapunzel to his kingdom, where he was welcomed joyously after being gone for so long, and there they lived a long and happy life. 🍷

*"When her tears touched his eyes, the world
became suddenly clear again. . . ."*





Mother Holle

Illustrations by Fritz Kunz, c. 1904



NCE UPON A TIME there was a widow with two daughters—one of whom was pretty and industrious, and the other who was ugly and lazy. But the mother was much fonder of the ugly and lazy one because she was her own daughter, while the other was only her stepdaughter, and was in turn made to do all of the work and be the Cinderella of the house. Each day, the stepmother sent

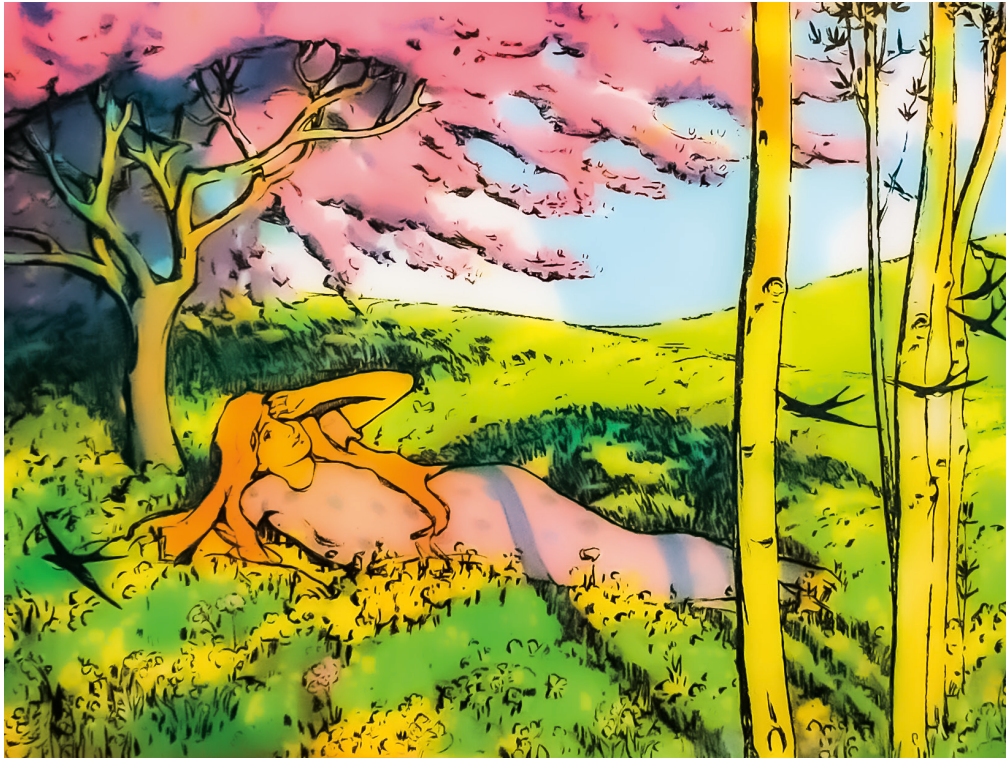
her out to sit by the well on the high road and spin until her fingers bled.

Now it happened one day that some blood got onto the spindle, and as the girl leaned over to wash it off in the well, the spindle sprang out of her hand and fell down into the well. She ran home crying and told her stepmother about this unfortunate accident, but the stepmother scolded her harshly and said:

“Since you dropped the spindle down the well, you must go in and fetch it.”

The girl went back to the well, not knowing what to do. In her distress she made the sudden decision to jump into the well after the spindle. In she went, and she remembered nothing more until she awoke some time later and

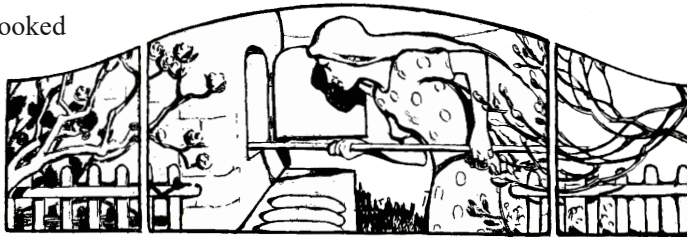




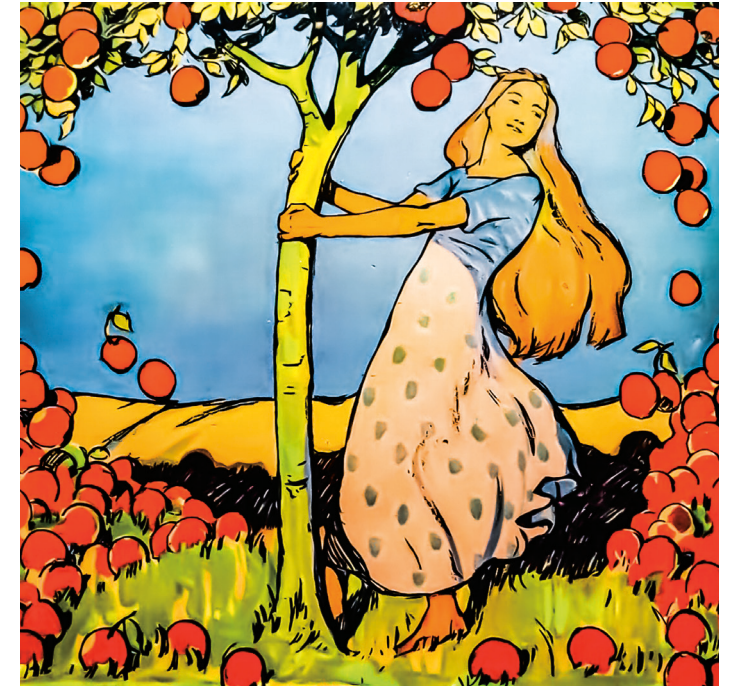
found herself in a beautiful meadow full of sunshine, with countless flowers blooming in every direction.

She walked through the meadow and eventually came across a baker's oven full of bread. The loaves inside were crying out to her, saying "Take us out, take us out now, or else we will be burned to a crisp! Take us out now, please, for we were baked through long ago!"

The girl hesitated and looked around, then noticed the bread shovel sitting off to the side, so she grabbed it, opened the oven, and drew the loaves out one



The apple tree called out to her, saying "Shake me, shake me, please! Shake me now, for my apples, one and all, are ripe."



by one until they were all free from the scolding furnace.

She went on a little farther until she found a tree full of apples. The apple tree called out to her, saying "Shake me, shake me, please! Shake me now, for my apples, one and all, are ripe."

She walked up to the tree and shook it until the apples came falling down like rain, and continued shaking it until not a single apple left on its branches. She carefully gathered the apples and made an orderly pile with them then walked on.

The next thing she came upon was a small house, and inside the house she saw an old woman looking out. The woman's teeth were so large that she was terrified and turned to run



away. But the old woman called out to her, “What are you afraid of, dear child? Come, stay with me. If you help out with some of the work around the house, I promise that I will make you a very happy girl. There is one thing you must be aware of, though, which is how to make my bed the right way. I ask that you always shake the pillows out thoroughly, and shake them so hard that the feathers fly out. That is how it snows down there in the world, you see, for I am Mother Holle.”

The old woman spoke so kindly that the girl summoned the courage necessary and agreed to help her with her work. She took care of everything according to the old woman’s wishes, and every time she made the



bed she shook it with all her might, so that the feathers flew about like snowflakes. The old woman was good to her word—never speaking angrily to her and serving her fine, roasted meat and sweet drinks each and every day. She stayed on with Mother Holle for some time, but eventually began to grow unhappy. She could not figure out why she felt so sad at first, but in time realized that she longed to return home. She was homesick and she knew it, and although she was a thousand times better off with Mother Holle than with her stepmother and stepsister, still she felt a deep urge to go home.

She waited for the right moment before approaching Mother Holle and saying, “I am so homesick that I cannot stay with you any longer. I am happy here, but I must return to my own people.”

Mother Holle said, “I am pleased to hear that you wish to go back to your own people, and since you have served me so faithfully, I will take you home myself.”

She led the girl by the hand up to a broad gateway. The gate opened, and as the girl passed through, a shower of gold not only fell down upon her, but clung to her so that she was covered in it from head to toe.

“That is your reward for your hard work and industriousness,” said Mother Holle, who then handed her the spindle she had dropped down the well.

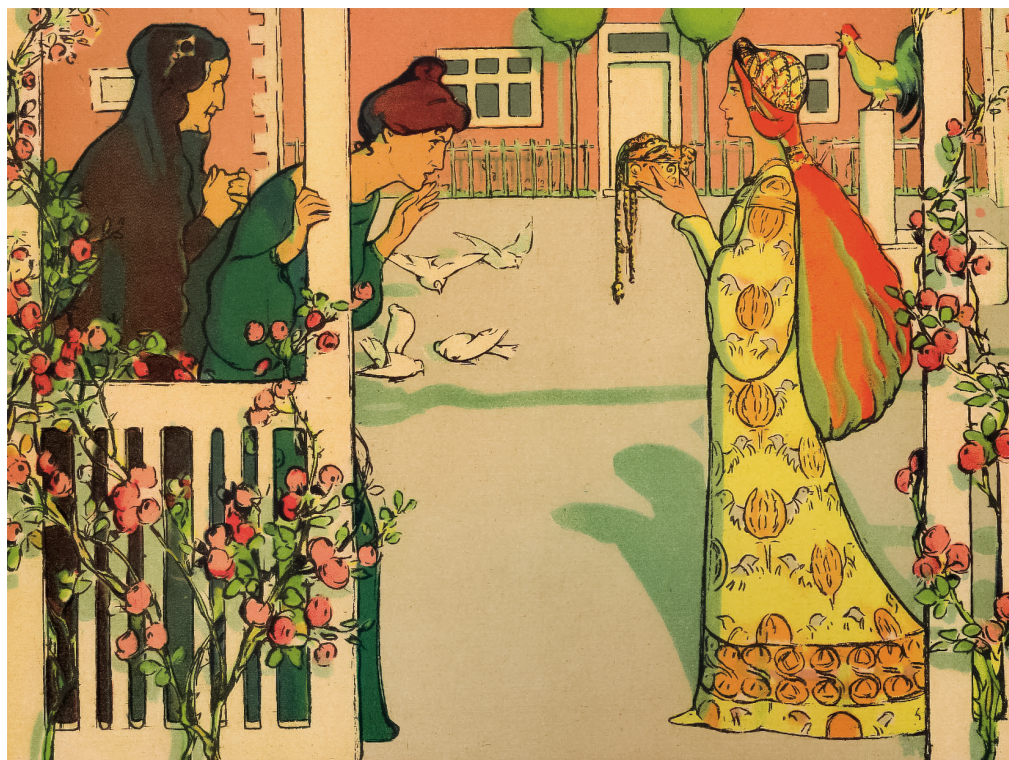
The gate closed, and the girl found herself back in the old world near her stepmother’s house. As she entered the courtyard, the rooster perched on the well, called out:

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Your golden daughter’s come back to you.”

She went home to her stepmother and stepsister, who gave her an unusually warm welcome, seeing as how she was so richly covered with gold. She then told them about what happened, and when the stepmother heard how she had acquired such a fortune, she thought it





wise to send her ugly and lazy daughter to go and seek her own. She instructed the ugly and lazy daughter to sit by the well and spin, then prick her finger on the thorn bush and bleed onto the spindle before throwing it down the well and jumping in after it.

The other daughter did as told, and like her stepsister awoke in a beautiful meadow, where she walked until she came to the oven. As before, the loaves inside cried out, saying “Take us out, take us out now, or else we will be burned to a crisp! Take us out now, please, for we were baked through long ago!”

But the lazy girl answered, “Do you think I’m going to reach into a hot oven and get my hands dirty for you?”

She continued on until she came to the apple tree, which cried out

*“Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Your dirty daughter’s come back to you.”*

as before, “Shake me, shake me, please! Shake me now, for my apples are all now ripe.”

But she replied, “What a nice thing for you to ask me to do—as if I want a bunch of apples to fall on my head.”

She carried on until finally reaching Mother Holle’s house, but since she had heard about the large teeth from her stepsister, she was not afraid, and engaged the old woman without delay.

The first day she was obedient, worked hard, and exerted herself to please Mother Holle, thinking of all the gold she would be receiving in return. The second day, however, she began to idle around, and on the third day was more idle still. After that, she laid in bed all morning and refused to get up, neglecting her duties and failing to make the old woman’s bed properly by shaking the pillows until the feathers flew out. Mother Holle soon got tired of the lazy girl, and told her she could go. The girl was delighted, and thought about all the gold that would soon be hers. Mother Holle led her to the broad gateway, as she had her stepsister, but as she was passing through, instead of a shower of gold, a bucket of black tar was dumped on her.



“That is in return for your services,” the old woman said as she shut the gate.

So the lazy girl had to go home covered in tar, and when she arrived the rooster perched on the well called out:

*“Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Your dirty daughter’s come
back to you.”*

Try as she would, the ugly and lazy girl could never get the tar off, so it stuck to her for as long as she lived. 🐓



Kurt Lange (c. 1919)

The Good Bargain

Illustrations by Philipp Grot Johann (1893) and Otto Ubbelohde (1907)



HERE WAS ONCE A PEASANT who took his cow to the market and sold her for seven thalers. On the way home he passed a pond, and while the pond was still far away, he could hear the frogs crying, “*Ait, ait, ait, ait.*”

“They are talking nonsense,” he said. “I received seven thalers in the bargain, not eight.” When he reached the edge of the pond he called out to them, “What stupid animals you are! Don’t you know better? It was seven thalers, not eight!”

The frogs stood their ground, chanting “*Ait, ait, ait, ait.*”

“If you don’t believe me, I’ll count them out for you,” getting his money out of his pocket and counting out the seven thalers, twenty-four groschen to a thaler. The frogs paid him no attention and continued to croak, “*Ait, ait, ait, ait.*”

“Fine!” said the peasant angrily, “Since you think you know better, count it yourselves,” throwing the money into the water. He stood still and waited so they could count the money before returning it to him, but the croaking carried on—“*Ait, ait, ait, ait.*” And they weren’t returning the money. He waited for quite a while, until evening came and he was forced to go home, yelling at the frogs on his way out—“You water-splashers, thick-headed goggle-eyes, you loud-mouths can screech until one’s ears hurt but you can’t even count seven thalers! Should I just wait here for the rest of my life?”

And with that the peasant left and stormed home as the



"Will you promise not to eat it all. . . ?"

"Woof," said the dog.

frogs persisted, *"Ait, ait, ait, ait."*

After some time had passed, he bought another cow and butchered it, figuring that if he sold the meat he could make as much as the two cows were worth combined, and still keep the hide in the bargain. He went to town with the meat, where he encountered a pack of dogs in front of the gate, with a big greyhound at the head of it. The dogs jumped at the meat, sniffing and barking, *"Woof, woof, woof."* They wouldn't stop barking, so the peasant said to the big dog, "Look, I know exactly what you are saying, *'Woof, woof woof'* because you want a whiff of this meat. But you must understand I'd be in a jam if I gave it to you."



The dog replied, *"Woof, woof."*

"Will you promise not to eat it all and vouch for the rest of your companions?"

"Woof," said the dog.

"Well, if you insist, it's yours. I know you well, and I know your master. I need the money in three days or else you'll be in big trouble. Just bring it to my place before then and we have a deal."

The peasant put the meat on the ground and headed back home while the dogs piled on it and barked loudly, *"Woof, woof, woof."*

Listening to them fight over it as he walked away, he said to himself, "They all want some, but the big one is responsible for it."

After three days had passed, the peasant thought, *Finally, tonight I will get my money.* He was delighted, but waited and waited and no one showed up to pay. "You can't trust anyone these days," he said, losing his patience and heading into town, where he confronted the butcher and demanded his money. The butcher thought it was a joke, but the peasant said, "I jest not—and I will get my money! The big dog brought you the slaughtered cow three days ago, correct?"

The butcher, however, had no time for this type of talk and grew impatient, snatching a broom and driving the peasant out.

"Hey, wait a minute," the peasant said, "Wait. Is there no justice left in the world?"

Making his way to the royal palace, he begged for an audience until he was led before the King, who sat with his daughter and asked the peasant what injustice it was that he had been subjected to.

"Alas!" bellowed the peasant, "The frogs and the dogs have taken from me all that I have, and the butcher has paid me back with the hit of the stick," relaying in full all that had happened. The King's daughter began to laugh, and the King replied, "I cannot bring you justice, but you may have my daughter as your wife for the trouble, for not once has she laughed until just now, and I have long promised her to any man who could make her laugh. You may thank God for this good fortune!"

"Oh," answered the peasant, "I'm sorry but I cannot accept your offer, since I already have a wife and she is one too many for me. When I go home, it feels like I have a wife standing in every corner, in fact."

The King became upset and said, "You waste my time, peasant."

"But Lord King," he replied, "what can you expect from an ox, but beef?"

"Enough," the King said, "I will offer you another reward, but you must come back in three days to receive it—five hundred counted out in full."

The peasant left and passed through the gate. On his way out the sentry said, "You have made the King's daughter laugh, so you will surely receive something good in return."

"Yes, it would seem," the peasant replied, "five hundred to be counted out in full."

"Hold up," the soldier said. "Give me part of it—what can you do with all that money anyway?"

"You have a point," the peasant said. "I will give you two hundred of it as long as you present yourself in three days before the King, so it can be divvied out to you."

A Jew, who was standing nearby and listening to the conversation, ran after the peasant, held him by the coat, and said, "Oh, what lucky man you are! I would be happy to change your money for you—all small coins, since what use are large thalers to a man like you?"

"Yid," the peasant said, "I will give you the three hundred in three days, but you must give me the small coins now. You will be paid for it by the King."

The Jew was elated to profit, so he gave the peasant the coins in bad groschen actually worth two hundred of the three hundred he had promised.

After three days had passed, in accordance with the King's command, the peasant went

to the palace. "Pull his coat off," said the King, "and he shall have his five hundred."

"Ah!" said the peasant, "they no longer belong only to me. I promised two hundred to the soldier at the gate, and the Jew has already changed the three hundred left for me, so by right this is no longer my money."

The soldier and the Jew then entered to claim what the peasant had promised them, and waited as the money was meticulously counted out. The soldier remained patient and ready to claim his cut, but the Jew moaned, "My goodness these thalers look heavy."

The King could not help but laugh at the peasant, and with all of his anger gone, said, "Since you have lost your reward before you've even received it, I will give you something in place of it. Go into my treasury and take some money for yourself, as much as you wish."

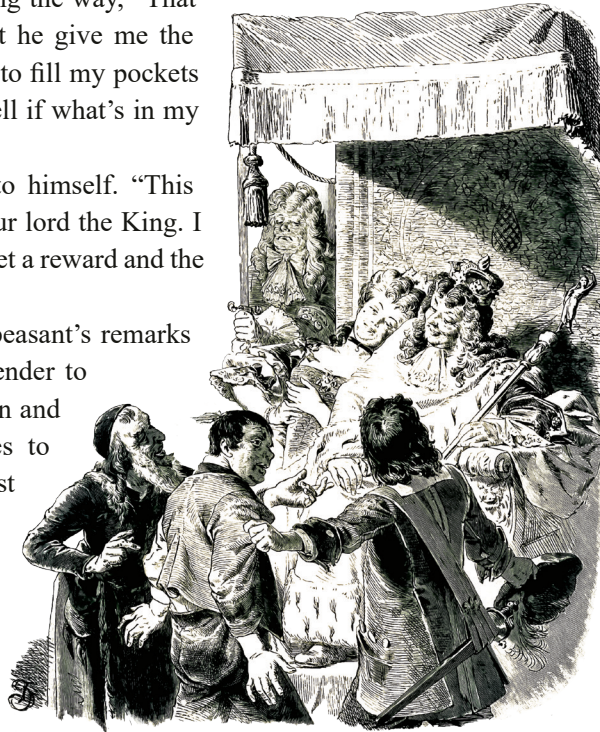
The peasant did not need to be told twice, and was and was immediately there stuffing whatever would fit into his large pockets.

Afterward, he made his way to an inn to count the money. The Jew followed him there and heard the peasant muttering to himself along the way, "That rogue King cheated me. Why didn't he give me the money himself instead of telling me to fill my pockets with God knows what? How can I tell if what's in my pockets is even worth anything?"

"Good heavens!" the Jew said to himself. "This man is speaking disrespectfully of our lord the King. I must inform his majesty, then I will get a reward and the peasant will be punished."

When the King was told of the peasant's remarks he ordered the Jew to bring the offender to him. The Jew scurried back to the inn and told the peasant, "The King wishes to speak with you at once, so go now, just as you are."

"I'd rather show a little more respect," the peasant said. "I will have a new coat made first. Would a man with so much money in his pockets attend to the King in this



ragged old coat?"

The Jew, seeing that the peasant would insist until he had another coat, and fearing that the King's anger would cool and reduce the chance of any reward, which would also leave the peasant unpunished, said, "Out of pure friendship I will lend you my coat for the occasion. You are lucky to have

such a kind friend!"

Content with this arrangement, the peasant put on the Jew's coat and off they went.

The King approached the peasant to inquire about the bad talk of which the Jew had informed him. "Ah, King!" the peasant said. "No true word ever leaves the mouth of a Jew, so what the Jew says is always false! That rat will probably claim I'm wearing his coat next!"

"What is this?" shrieked the Jew. "Is the coat not mine? Have I not lent it to you out of pure friendship so that you may appear respectfully before the lord our King?"

When the King heard this he said, "The Jew has undoubtedly deceived someone here—either myself or the peasant or both of us—but I can't quite tell."

He had some hard thalers counted out for the Jew, while the peasant left for home in the good coat, with the good money in his pockets, saying to himself along the way, "Now this time I made a good bargain!" 🍀





The Frog Prince

Illustrations by Walter Crane, 1874



IN THE OLDEN DAYS, when the wishes of children often came true, there lived a king whose daughters were all very beautiful. But his youngest daughter was so beautiful that the sun itself, who sees everything under it, was filled with wonder each time it shined over her. Near the royal castle, there was a dark forest, and in the forest, under an old linden tree, was a well. On hot and sunny days, the King's youngest daughter would wander into the forest and sit by the edge of the well, and when she was bored she would take out a golden ball and throw it up into the air and catch it, which is how she often passed the time.

One day it happened that the princess threw the golden ball into the air, but instead of falling back into her hand, the ball dropped on the ground, rolled near the edge of the well, and went in the water. The princess followed it with her eyes and watched it sink, but the well was deep—so deep that the bottom could not be seen. She began to weep, and she wept louder and louder as if she could not control herself.

As she cried, she heard a voice say, "What ails you, princess? Your tears would melt the heart of a stone."

She looked to see where the voice was coming from, but the only thing she could see was a frog stretching his thick, ugly head out of the water.

"Is that you speaking, old lily-jumper?" she asked. "I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

"Never mind that," the frog said, "and do not weep. 'I can help you get your ball back,

*The princess stood and ran to the door to see who it could be,
but when she opened it, there was the frog.*

but what will I receive in return?"

"Anything you want, dear frog," she said. "You can have my clothes, my jewelry, even the golden crown on my head."

"Your clothes, your jewelry, and your crown are not for me," the frog said. "But if you will love me and take me as your friend—let me sit by you at the dinner table, eat from your plate and drink from your cup, and then sleep in your bed—if you promise me this, I will dive to the bottom and retrieve your golden ball."

"Oh yes," she responded. "I promise it all, whatever you want, if you will only help me get my ball back."

The princess couldn't help but think how ridiculous this sounded, as if a frog could do anything but sit in the water and croak with the other frogs, or truly be someone's friend. But as soon as the frog had heard her promise, he disappeared into the water out of sight. After a minute or two he returned to the surface with the ball in his mouth, and he threw it onto the grass.

The princess was overjoyed to see her golden ball again, and grabbed it and ran off. "Stop, stop!" cried the frog. "Take me with you, I cannot run as fast as you!"

But his cries were of no use, for he could croak all he wanted and she still would not listen to him. The princess ran home and soon forgot all about the poor frog, who was left alone at his well.

The next day, when the princess was sitting at the table with the King and his court and eating from her golden plate, there was a sound of something flopping up the marble stairs. Then, there was a knock at the door and a voice called out, "Princess, let me in!"

The princess stood and ran to the door to see who it could be, but when she opened it, there was the frog. She shut the door in his face and went back to the table with a strange feeling.





The King noticed how quickly her heart was racing and said, "My child, what are you afraid of? Is there a giant standing at the door ready to carry you away?"

"Oh no," she replied, "no giant, but a horrid frog."

"And what does the frog want?" the King asked.

"Dear father," she said, "when I was sitting by the well yesterday and playing with my golden ball, it fell into the water, and while I was crying about having lost it, a frog told me he would get it back on the condition that we would be friends. I didn't believe that he would leave the water and come after me, but now there he is at the door, and he wants to come in."

They heard him knocking a second time and yelling:

"Princess, open the door for me!

By the well, you made a promise, now let me in!"

"When you make a promise, you must keep it," the King said. "So go now and let him in."

She went back to the door and opened it and the frog hopped in, following at her heels until she reached her chair. "Lift me up so I can sit by you," he said.

She refused to move until the King ordered her to. She put the frog on the chair next to her, but he wanted to sit on the table, so she picked him back up and dropped him there.

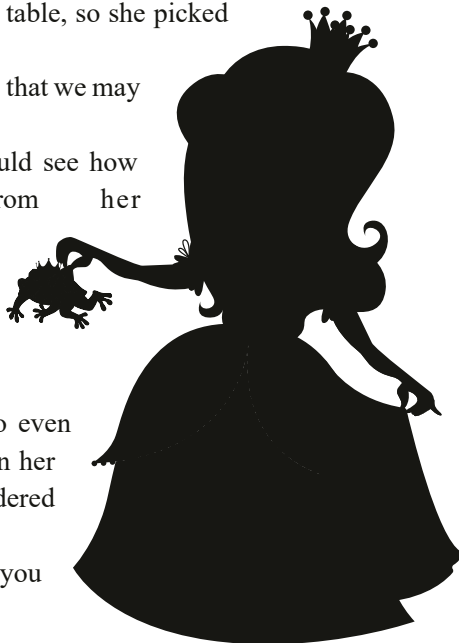
"Now, push your golden plate a little closer so that we may eat together."

She did as the frog asked, but everyone could see how disgusted she was as she watched the frog eat from her plate.

"I have had enough now," the frog said at last. "And now I am tired, so you must carry me up to your room and get our bed ready, and then we will lie down and go to sleep."

The princess began to weep, not wanting to even touch the cold frog, let alone allow it to sleep in her bed! But the King grew angry with her and ordered her to do what the frog asked.

"What you promised in your time of need, you must live up to."



Beside herself with rage, the princess picked him up and threw him as hard as she could against the wall, screaming "Be quiet, you disgusting frog!"

The princess picked up the frog with her finger and thumb, carried him upstairs, and put him in the corner of the room. As she laid down to sleep, he came creeping up, saying, "I am tired and want sleep as much as you. Lift me up to the bed, or I will tell your father."

Beside herself with rage, the princess picked him up and threw him as hard as she could against the wall, screaming "Be quiet, you disgusting frog!"

But as he fell, the frog magically transformed into a handsome prince with kind eyes. The princess couldn't believe it. But as time came to pass, with her father's consent, they eventually became bride and groom, and he told her the story of how a wicked witch had turned him into a frog, and how no one but her could have made him into a man again. He promised to take her to his father's kingdom, and one day a carriage drawn by eight white horses arrived, with white plumes on their heads and golden harness, and behind the carriage stood the servant of the young prince, Faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had worried endlessly after his master was turned into a frog, so much so that he had to wear three iron bands over his heart to keep it from breaking out





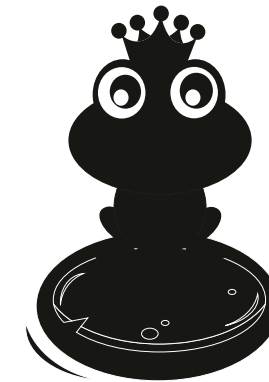
of his chest with anxiety. Faithful Henry helped them into the carriage and took off for the prince's kingdom, but Faithful Henry could not hold back his joy over seeing his master again, and kept turning back to them.

Part of the way into the journey, the prince heard a sound at the back of the carriage, like something had broken, so he turned around and yelled, "Henry, what's wrong with the carriage? It sounds like something is broken!"

But Faithful Henry answered:

*"The carriage is fine, sir,
That sound are the bands around my heart
They keep it from breaking apart,
I got them while I grieved for you in the spring,
When you were a frog and not a king."*

Once again they heard the same breaking sound, and the prince was convinced there must be something wrong with the carriage. But it really was the sound of the bands breaking around Faithful Henry's heart because he was so relieved that his master was a man again, and no longer a frog. 🌹





The Golden Goose

Illustrations by Leonard Leslie Brooke, 1905



HERE WAS ONCE A MAN who had three sons. The youngest was known as Dummling, and was despised, made fun of, and put down constantly. One day the eldest son decided to go to the forest and cut wood, and before he left his mother baked him a cake and gave him a bottle of wine so that he wouldn't be hungry or thirsty while out.

When he entered the forest he came across a little old gray-haired man, who wished him "Good day" before saying, "Could I have a bit of cake and a drink of the wine in your bag, as I am very hungry and thirsty."

"Cake and wine?" he answered. "I haven't got any—away with you, old man," leaving the little man standing there. He began to chop down a tree, but swung and missed early in, taking a hatchet strike to the arm that forced him to go home and get it bandaged up. This was the doing of the little gray-haired man.

Afterward, the second son went into the forest, and the mother also baked him a cake and gave him a bottle of wine. The little old gray-haired man met him and asked for a bit of his cake and a drink of wine, but the second son said plainly, "What I give to you, I lose myself—so be off with you," leaving the little man standing there once more. The punishment followed: while chopping away, he



[T]he little old man said, "As you have a kind heart and share so willingly, I will reciprocate. Over there stands an old tree. Cut it down, and at its roots you will find something that will bring you eternal luck."

hit himself in the leg so badly that he had to be carried home.

"Father, let me go cut some wood for once," Dummling asked.

"Your brothers have injured themselves doing it, so give it up. You don't know how to do it anyway." But Dummling begged until the father finally gave in and said, "Fine, go then. The only way you'll learn is by hurting yourself, too."

The mother baked him a cake, but made it with water instead of milk and ashes instead of flour, and gave him a bottle of sour beer. When he reached the forest, the little old gray-haired man greeted him and said, "Could I have a bit of your cake and a drink from your bottle, as I am very hungry and thirsty."

Dummling answered, "All I have is a cake made of water and ash and sour beer, but if you are in need, we can sit down together and make a meal of it."

They sat down and Dummling took out his ash and water cake, but as he did it transformed into a sweet-looking cake, then his sour beer was transformed into a nice bottle of wine. They ate and drank, and afterward the little old man said:

"As you have a kind heart and share so willingly, I will return your kindness. Over there stands an old tree. Cut it down, and at its roots you will find something that will bring you eternal luck."

Thereupon the little man departed. Dummling went to the tree and chopped away at it, and when it fell he saw sitting among its roots a goose with feathers of



pure gold. He lifted it out and took it with him to an inn, where he intended to stay the night. The landlord had three daughters who, when they saw the goose, were curious to know what kind of wonderful bird it was, and longed for one of its golden feathers. The eldest thought, *I will wait for the right time then pull one out for myself*, so, when Dummling went out, she snuck in and seized the goose by its wing—only to realize her hand was stuck to it. Soon after, the second sister came in with the same idea, but had barely touched her sister when her hand too was stuck in place.

Then came the third sister, with the same intentions. The other two screamed "Stay away—for heaven's sake, stay away!" but she did not understand and thought, *If they did it, why can't I?*

When she put her hand on the second sister, she likewise became stuck, and so they remained all night. The next morning, Dummling took the goose under his arm and left, mindless of the three girls attached to it, who followed him left and right, wherever his legs carried him.

In the middle of a field they ran into a church pastor, who, when he saw the procession, said, "Shame on you, girls, chasing after a young fellow like this," grabbing the youngest by the hand to pull it away. But hardly had he touched her when he as well realized he was stuck in tow with the rest. They passed the gravedigger who, upon seeing the respected pastor on the heels of three young girls, said, "Reverend, sir, where are you going? You know we have another christening today, no?" grabbing his gown and quickly discovering that he was also now along for the ride.





As the five trotted forth, one after the other, two peasants emerged from the field, so the pastor cried out for them to come and help set him and the gravedigger free. But as soon as they touched the gravedigger, they were in turn stuck to the growing human chain following Dummling and the golden goose.

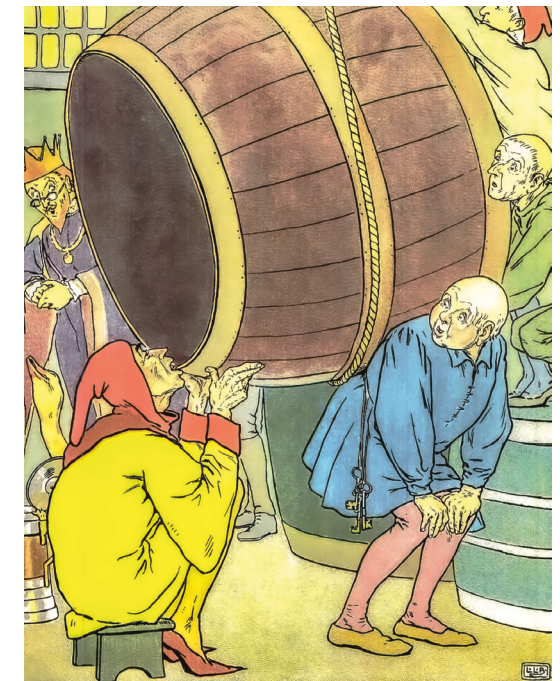


They eventually reached a town where a king reigned. His only child was a daughter that was so serious that no one could make her laugh. The King had thus proclaimed that whoever could make her laugh would have her hand in marriage. Dummling, when he heard this, went with his goose and his hangers-on to meet the King's daughter, who burst out laughing as soon as she saw the seven people stuck to him, and couldn't stop laughing after. As a result, Dummling earned the right to take her as his bride, but the King did not take Dummling for much of a son-in-law and objected, saying that to marry his daughter he must first find a man who could drink a cellarful of wine. Dummling thought the little gray-haired man might be able to help, so he went to the forest and found, there on the very spot where he chopped down the tree, a man sitting with a sad look to him. Dummling asked what was wrong.

"I have a great thirst which cannot be quenched," he said. "Cold water does no good, and I have drunk an entire barrel of wine, but still my thirst lingers."

"I think I can help you, friend," Dummling said. "Come with me and your thirst shall finally be quenched."

He took him straight to the King's cellar, where the man sat down before



With a sorrowful look the man said, "I have eaten a bakery of rolls, but still I am hungry. . . ."



the oversized vats and drank, and drank, and drank. And before the day was done, he had drunk all of the wine in the cellar. Dummling asked for his bride, but the King couldn't allow such a wretched fellow—a man known as *Dummling* of all names—to carry off his only daughter, so he made new conditions. Dummling was ordered to produce a man who could eat a mountain of bread. Dummling did not hesitate, running quickly off to the forest, where in the same place sat a man with a strap fastened around his body.

With a sorrowful look the man said, "I have eaten an entire bakery of rolls, but still I am hungry. My stomach feels empty, and I have put a strap around my stomach so I won't die of hunger."

Dummling, glad to hear this, said, "You are in luck, good fellow. Get up quickly and come with me, and you will soon be relieved of your hunger."

He led him straight to the King's courtyard, where all of the flour in the kingdom had been baked into a mountain of bread. The man from the forest settled down before it and ate, and ate, and ate. And before the day was done he had eaten the entire mountain of bread.

Dummling asked for his bride a third time, but the King found one more excuse, saying that he must find a ship that could sail on both land and water. "When you



come sailing along with it," the King said, then you may take my daughter as your wife."

Dummling went back to the forest and found sitting on the stump the little old gray-haired man with whom he had shared his cake.

"I have eaten for you, and I have drunk for you," the little old man said, "and I will give you the ship as well, since you were the first person to be kind to me."

He then produced a ship that could sail on both land and water, and when the King saw it approaching he knew he could no longer withhold his consent. The marriage took place immediately, and upon the death of the King, Dummling took possession of the kingdom, and lived a long and happy life with his wife. 🍷





Hansel and Gretel

Illustrations by Otto Kubel, 1900



NCE, NEAR A LARGE FOREST, there lived a poor woodcutter with his new wife and his two children. The boy's name was Hansel, and the girl's was Gretel. The family had very little to eat or drink, and once, when there was a great famine throughout the land, the woodcutter could not even afford to put bread on the table. He lied in bed sleepless, thinking about the situation then tossing and turning before sighing heavily and saying to his wife, "What will become of us? We cannot even feed our children without leaving nothing for ourselves."

"I will tell you what, dear," his wife answered. "Early in the morning we will take the children into the forest, where it is thickest, make them a fire, and give each a piece of bread. Then, we will come back home and leave them there alone. They will never find their way home again, and we will be rid of them."

"No," said the man, "I could never do that. How could I find in my heart to leave my children alone in the forest for wild animals to devour."

"You are a fool," she said. "Then let all four of us starve, and start building the coffins now," not allowing him to rest until he consented.

"I really pity the poor children," the man said.

The two children had not been able to sleep due to hunger, and had heard what their stepmother had said to their father.

Gretel wept, and said to Hansel, "It is all over for us."

"Be quiet, Gretel," Hansel said, "and do not worry. I will figure something out." When

the parents had gone to sleep, Hansel got up, put on his little coat, opened the back door, and slipped out. The moon was shining bright, and the white stones in front of the house glistened like pieces of silver. Hansel stooped and filled the pocket of his coat with as many as he could, then he went back to Gretel and said, “Rest easy, little sister, and go to sleep. God will not forsake us,” before laying down in his bed.

When the dawn was breaking, but before the sun had risen, the stepmother came and woke the two children, saying, “Get up, you lazy bones, we are going into the forest to cut wood.” She gave each of them a piece of bread. “That is for dinner, and you must not eat it before then, for you will get no more.”

Gretel put both pieces of bread in her apron, as Hansel had his pockets full of stones, and they set off through the forest. When they were a ways out, Hansel looked back toward the house, and did so again and again until his father said to him, “Hansel, what are you looking at? Pay attention and keep moving.”

“Oh, father,” Hansel replied, “I am looking at my little white kitten, who is sitting up on the roof to bid me farewell.”

“You little fool,” the stepmother said, “that is not your kitten, but the sun reflecting off of the chimney.”

Of course, Hansel had not been looking at his kitten, but had been taking a stone from his pocket every now and then and dropping it on the road.

When they reached the middle of the forest, the father told the children to collect wood and make a fire to keep them warm, so Hansel and Gretel gathered brushwood for



When the full moon had risen, Hansel took his little sister by the hand and followed the trail of stones he had dropped along the way, which shined on the path.

a small mound that was lit with a match, steadily rising until the flame was rising high.

The stepmother said to the children, “Now lie down by the fire and rest while your father and I go cut wood. When we are finished, we will come and get you.”

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire, and at noon each ate their piece of bread. They thought their father was nearby, as they heard what seemed to be the strikes of an ax, but it was only a dry branch hanging from a withered tree that the wind was moving to and fro. After waiting for a long time, their eyes closed with tiredness and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke again it was nighttime.

Gretel began to cry. “How will we ever get out of the forest?” she said.

Hansel comforted her, saying “Wait a little longer, until the moon rises, and then we will easily find our way home.”

When the full moon had risen, Hansel took his little sister by the hand and followed the trail of stones he had dropped along the way, which shined on the path. They walked throughout the night, and at daybreak arrived at their father’s house. They knocked on the door, and when the stepmother opened it and saw that it was Hansel and Gretel, she said, “You naughty children, why did you sleep so long in the woods? We thought you were never coming home again!”

The father was glad, for it pained his heart to leave his children in the woods alone. However, a short time later, there was another great famine in the land, and the children heard their stepmother say to their father, “Everything is gone. We have only a half loaf of bread left, and after that we will starve. Your children must be cut loose, so we will take them farther into the woods this time to make sure they cannot find their way back. There is no other option.”

This saddened the man, who thought that even the last morsel should be reserved for his children instead of himself. But his wife would not listen and scolded him. He had conceded before, and if a man has given once, he will do so again.

When the father and stepmother had gone to sleep, Hansel got up to gather stones, as he did before. But this time the stepmother had locked the door so Hansel couldn’t get out.

He went back and comforted his little sister, saying “Don’t cry, Gretel, and get some sleep. God will help us.”

Early the next morning, the stepmother pulled the children out of bed and gave them each a small piece of bread, less than before. As they ventured into the woods, Hansel crumpled the bread in his pocket and stopped to drop the crumbs on the ground, falling so far behind that his father yelled back, “Hansel, what are you stopping so much for?”

“I am looking at my little pigeon sitting on the roof, saying farewell to me,” Hansel said.

“You little fool,” said the stepmother, “that is no pigeon, but the morning sun reflecting off the chimney.”

Hansel went on as before, strewing bread crumbs along the road. The children were led deep into the woods, farther than they had ever been before. Again a large fire was made and the stepmother said, “Sit still, children, and when you are tired you can sleep. We are going to cut wood, and in the evening, when it’s time to go home, we will come and get you.”

When noon came, Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, who had none of his left, then they went to sleep. The evening passed with no one coming back for the poor children. When they awoke it was dark, and Hansel comforted his sister, saying, “Wait a little longer, Gretel. When the moon comes out we will find our way home by following the bread-crumbs I scattered along the path.”

When the moon came out they rose, but couldn’t find the breadcrumbs as the birds that lived in the woods had eaten them. Hansel still thought they could make it home, but they walked all night and then all of the next day, from morning to evening, still unable to find their way out of the woods. They grew hungry, for they had nothing to eat but a few berries they found. When they were so tired that they could drag their legs no longer, they lied down under a tree and fell asleep.

It was now their third day alone in the woods, and it felt like they were going in the wrong direction, deeper into the woods. If help did not arrive soon, they would certainly starve. Around noon they saw a pretty, snow-white bird sitting on a branch and singing so sweetly that they stopped to listen. When he had finished singing, the bird spread his wings and flew before them. They chased after it until they came upon a little house, on top of which the bird stood perched. As they drew closer they saw that the house was made of bread, the roof of cake, and the windows of transparent sugar.

“We have to go,” Hansel said. “I will eat a piece of the roof, Gretel, and you can have

*As they drew closer they saw that the house
was made of bread, the roof of cake, and the
windows of transparent sugar.*



some of the window. We’ll make a fine meal of it.”

When they made it to the house, Hansel reached up and broke off a piece of the roof to see how it tasted while Gretel began gnawing at the window. Then they heard a thin voice call out from inside:

*“Nibble, nibble, like a mouse,
Who is nibbling at my house?”*

The children answered:

*“Never mind, Miss, I say,
It is only I, the wind,
Who blows each and every
day.”*

They went on eating without disturbance. Hansel, who found the roof delicious, brought down a big chunk as Gretel was pulling out a large round window pane and sat down to munch on it. Just then the door opened, and an old woman came out, leaning on a crutch. Hansel and Gretel were frightened, and

let the candy fall from their hands.

The old woman nodded and said, “Ah, my dear children, how did you get here? Come inside and stay with me, you will be no trouble.”

She took each by the hand and led them into her little house, where they found a good meal ready and waiting for them: milk and pancakes with sugar, apples, and nuts. After

filling their bellies, she showed them to two little white beds, where Hansel and Gretel lied down, thinking they were in heaven.

The old woman, though she appeared kind, was actually a witch who preyed on children and built the little house to lure them in. Once they were inside, she would kill them, cook them, and eat them. The witch's eyes were red, and she could not see very far, but she had a big and powerful nose like beasts and bad people, and could tell when human prey was near. When she sensed Hansel and Gretel approaching, she gave a spiteful laugh and said, "I have them now, and they won't escape me!" In the morning, before the children were awake, she rose and went to take a look at them, sleeping peacefully with rosy cheeks. "What a fine feast I shall have," she mumbled. She woke Hansel up by grabbing him with her withered hand and pulling him up, then she led him to a small cage and locked him in. Call and scream as he might, it would do no good. She went back to Gretel and shook her awake, screeching "Get up, lazy bones. Fetch some water and cook something nice for your brother. He must be fattened up so I can eat him."

Gretel began to weep in fear, but the tears were no use; she had to do what the wicked witch said. The best meals were cooked for Hansel, while Gretel got nothing but crab shells. Each morning, the old woman visited the little cage and said, "Hansel, stretch out your finger so I tell if you're fat enough yet."

Hansel would hold out a little bone instead, since the old woman had weak eyes and couldn't tell the difference. Supposing it to be Hansel's finger, she wondered why he was not getting fatter. After four weeks had passed, and Hansel seemed to remain so thin, she lost patience and could wait no longer.

"Now, Gretel," she said, "go quick and draw some water. Be Hansel fat or lean, tomorrow I will kill him, cook him, and feast."

The poor little girl felt terrible fetching



She stooped down and put her head in the mouth of the oven, then Gretel gave her a push so that she went right in. . . .



the water her brother was to be boiled in, and the tears flowed down over her cheeks. "Dear God, plead help us!" she cried. "If we had been devoured by wild beasts in the woods, at least we would have died together."

"Spare me your whining," the old witch said, "they will do no good."

Early the next morning, Gretel had to get up, make the fire, and fill the kettle.

"First we will do the baking," the witch said. "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough." She pushed Gretel toward the oven, out of which flames were roaring. "Creep in," the witch said, "and see if it's hot enough for the bread to bake."

Gretel, once inside, wanted to shut the door and let herself be baked, then the witch would have had to eat her instead. But Gretel knew the witch's intentions and said, "I don't know how to do it . . . how do I get in?"

"Stupid goose," the witch said, "there's a big opening, can't you see? I could get in myself!" She stooped down and put her head in the mouth of the oven, then Gretel pushed her in, shut the iron door, and put the bar up to trap her inside. How frightening the witch's howls were! But Gretel left the wicked witch to burn, going straight to Hansel, unlocking the cage, and crying "Hansel, we are free! The old witch is dead!"

Hansel flew from the cage like a bird as soon as the door was open. They fell into each other's arms and rejoiced, dancing and kissing each other. With nothing left to fear, they went through the old witch's house and found in every corner chests of pearls and precious

gems.

“These are better than stones,” Hansel said as he filled his coat pockets and Gretel her apron.

“Now, away we go,” Hansel said. “If only we can get out of the witch’s woods.”

They left, and after journeying for a few hours, came to a large lake.

“There’s no way across it,” Hansel said. “No stepping stones or bridge.”

“No boat, either,” Gretel added. “But wait—here comes a white duck. I will ask her if she will take us to the other side.”

Gretel then called out:

*“Little duck, little duck, here we stand,
Hansel and Gretel on the land,
Stepping stones and a bridge we lack,
So please carry us across on your back.”*

The duck came accordingly. Hansel got on her back and told his sister to get on with him.

“No,” Gretel said, “that would be too hard on the duck. We can go separately, one after the other.”

And that was how they got to the other side. After crossing the lake, they went on merrily until reaching a familiar part of the woods, and from there the path home grew more and more clear, until at last they saw in the distance their father’s house. They yelled out and ran as fast as they could, rushed to the door as their father was coming out, and fell into his arms. The man had not had a moment of peace since leaving his children in the woods, but the stepmother was now dead. Once inside, Gretel opened her apron and the pearls and precious stones scattered across the floor. Hansel, too, took one handful after another out of his pocket and placed it on the table. After that, they never had to worry about money again, and lived together happily, as a real family once more. 🌹





Iron Hans

Illustrations by Otto Ubbelohde, 1910



HERE WAS ONCE A king whose palace was near a large forest full of all kinds of wild animals. One day he sent a hunter out to bring him back a deer, but he never returned. “Perhaps an accident has befallen him,” the King said. The next day he sent out two more hunters to search for him, but they also never returned. On the third day, he sent all of his hunters out, saying “Scour the forest through, and do not give up until you have found all three.” But of these men as well none returned or were ever seen again. From that time forth, no one would venture into the forest, so there it stood in stillness and solitude, with nothing seen of it beyond the occasional eagle or hawk flying over.

This lasted for many years, when an unknown hunter presented himself to the King and offered to probe the dangerous forest. But the King could not give his consent, saying, “It is not safe, and I fear you would fare no better than the others and never return.”

“I will venture in at my own risk, as I fear nothing, Lord,” the hunter replied.

The hunter then disappeared into the forest with his dog. It was not long before the dog sniffed out some game and it wanted to pursue, but hardly had the dog entered its stride when it fell into a deep swamp and couldn’t get out. A naked arm emerged from the water, seized the dog, and pulled it under. When the hunter saw this he went back and fetched three men to come with buckets and bale out the water. When they could see to the bottom, there lay a wild man whose body was brown like rusty iron and had hair that hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with rope and led him away to the castle. Curiosity

and speculation about the wild man was rampant, but the King locked him in an iron cage in his courtyard and forbade all from opening the door by penalty of death, while the Queen herself took the key into safe keeping. From this time forward, hunters and all could once again venture into the forest without worry.

The King had a son who was eight years in age then, and was playing in the courtyard with his golden ball when it rolled into the cage.

The boy ran over to the wild man and said, "Give me my ball."

"Not until you open the door for me," the wild man replied.

"No," the boy said, "I will not do that. The King has forbidden it." He ran away, but came back the next day to ask for his ball again.



"Open my door if you want it," the wild man said, but the boy still refused.

On the third day, while the King was out hunting, the boy went to the cage once more.

"I could not open the door even if I wanted to, as I don't have the key."

"The key lies under your mother's pillow, you can find it there," the wild man said.

The boy, who wanted his ball back, cast all sense to the wind, retrieved the key, and opened the cage with some difficulty, pinching his finger in the process. When it was open the wild man stepped out, gave him the golden ball, and hurried off. The boy was afraid and called out after him, "Wild man, do not leave or I'll be beaten!"

The wild man turned back, scooped him up and set him on his shoulder, and strode with hasty steps toward the forest. When the King returned, he saw the empty cage and asked the Queen what happened. She knew nothing about it, and looked for the key, only to find it had been taken. She called the boy, but he was nowhere to be found. The King sent men out to search for him in the fields, but they could not find him, either. What had happened



was clear, and resulted in considerable grief within in the royal court.

When the wild man reached the dark forest he took the boy down from his shoulder and said to him, “You will never see your father and mother again, but I will keep you safe, for you have set me free. If you do what I ask of you, you will fare well. Of treasure and gold I have plenty, more than anyone in the world.” He made a bed of moss for the boy to sleep on, and the next morning the wild man took him to a well. “The gold well is as clear as crystal, sit beside it and make sure nothing falls into it, or it will become polluted. I will come every evening to see if you have obeyed my order.”

The boy sat on the edge of the well and often saw golden fish or snakes surface from within, but he made sure nothing fell in. One day the burning pain in his finger hurt so much that without thinking he dipped it in the water. He withdrew it quickly, but it was already gilded over, and no matter what he did and regardless of how hard he scrubbed, he could not wash the gold off. In the evening, the wild man came back, looked at the boy, and said, “What has happened to the well?”

“Nothing,” he answered, hiding his finger behind his back.

“You dipped your finger in the water. This time it may pass, but never do it again, and do not let anything go in.”

The following daybreak the boy remained by the well. His finger still hurt, and when he rubbed it against his head, a hair fell out and floated into the well. He took it out fast, but it was already gilded. The wild man returned later, and instantly knew what had happened before the boy even had a chance to explain.

“You let a hair fall into the well,” he said. “I will give you one more chance, but if this happens again, the well will be polluted and you can no longer stay with me.”

On the third day, the boy sat by the well and did not stir his finger in it, despite how much it throbbed with pain. But time moved slow that day. He looked stood and looked down at the well, at his reflection on the surface, and while leaning over and trying to look himself straight in the eyes, his long hair fell from his shoulders and down into the water. He drew back quickly, but the gold crept up to his scalp until his hair was as gold as the sun. Terrified, he took his handkerchief and tied it around his head so the wild man wouldn’t see it, but when he arrived later, he knew immediately what had happened. “Take the handkerchief off,” he said. The boy took it off and his golden hair streamed down. “You have not stood the trial and can stay here no longer. Go forth into the world and learn about poverty, learn about struggle. As you do not have a bad heart, I will do well by you and grant you one favor: if you ever find yourself in trouble or fall on hardship, come to the forest and

The King’s son left the forest and walked the beaten and unbeaten paths, ever onward until he reached a large city.



yell “Iron Hans,” and I will assist with your needs. My power is great—much greater than you think—and I have gold and silver in abundance.”

The King’s son left the forest and walked the beaten and unbeaten paths, ever onward until he reached a large city. He looked for work, but could find none, as he had no skills of note. Finally he went to the palace and asked if they would take him in. The people of the court didn’t know what use the boy could be, but they liked him and told him to stay. The cook found him serviceable carrying wood and

water and raking cinders. Once, when no one else was available, the cook ordered him to carry food to the royal table. He always wore a cap to keep his golden hair hidden, but to the King this was unusually disrespectful.

“When you come to the royal table you must take your hat off,” the King said.

“My Lord, I cannot, as I have a bad sore on my head,” he answered.

The King called the cook in and scolded him, asking how he could take a boy like this into his service and ordering him to be sent away at once. The cook, however, took pity on him, and exchanged him for the gardener’s assistant, so the boy was now tasked with tending to the garden—watering, hoeing, and digging, and bearing the wind, heat, and hard weather. One summer when he was working alone in the garden, it was so hot that he had

As the sun shone down on his long, golden hair, it glistened so much that the reflections bounced around the bedroom of the King's daughter, who sprang up and went to the window to see what it could be.

to take his cap off and let the air cool him for a moment. As the sun shone down on his long, golden hair, it glistened so much that the reflections bounced around the bedroom of the King's daughter, who sprang up and went to the window to see what it could be. She saw the boy in the garden and called down to him, "Gardener's boy—bring me a bouquet of flowers."

He put his cap back on, gathered some wild flowers, and bound them together. When he was ascending the stairs with them, the gardener met him and said, "You cannot take the King's daughter a bouquet of such common flowers. Go get some different ones and look for the prettiest and rarest."

"Oh, no," the boy replied, "the wild ones have more scent and will please her more."

When he entered her chamber, the King's daughter said, "Take your cap off, it is bad manners to keep it on in my presence."

He again said, "I cannot, for I have a sore on my head."

She reached for his cap and pulled it off, so that his golden hair rolled down his shoulders. He wanted to run, but she held him by the arm, then gave him a handful of ducats. With these he departed, but he cared nothing for the gold pieces. He took them straight to the gardener.

"For your children," he said.

The next day the King's daughter called down to him again and asked that he bring her another bouquet of flowers. When he entered, she immediately reached for his cap, but he held it on with both hands. She gave him another handful of ducats, which he took right to the gardener once more.

"For your children."

On the third day, the same—she could not get his cap off, and he would not take her money. However, his summer days in the garden were interrupted when the country was overrun by war. The King gathered his men, but was unsure of the opposition he posed to the enemy, who was superior in strength and had a powerful army.





The boy approached the men and said, "I am grown and will fight in the wars with you, so give me a horse."

They laughed. "Get one yourself when we're gone. We'll leave one in the stable for you, gardener's boy."

After they had departed, he went to the stable and led the horse out. It had a gimp foot and limped along hobblety jib, hobblety jib. Nevertheless, he mounted it and rode off in the direction of the forest. When he came to the outskirts, he called out "Iron Hans" three times so loud it echoed through the trees.

The wild man appeared at once and asked, "What is it you desire?"

"I need a strong steed, for I am going to the wars."

"Then that you shall have, and more."

The wild man went back into the forest, and soon returned with a horse that snorted with flared nostrils and could barely be restrained, and behind it followed a troop of warriors covered in iron armor and carrying swords that flashed in the sunlight. The boy traded in his three-legged horse, mounted the wild steed, and led the soldiers at the head. By the time they neared the battlefield, a large number of the King's men had fallen and the rest were



close to giving way, but blazing in was the boy and his iron brigade, who broke through the enemy like a storm and beat them down until they fled. The boy pursued and didn't stop until no man was left alive. Instead of returning to the King, he ordered his troops back to the forest and called Iron Hans.

"What is it you desire?" the wild man asked.

"Take back your steed and your troops and give me my three-legged horse," the boy said, whose wish was granted and who was soon riding back on the gimp horse.

When the King returned to his palace, his daughter went to meet him and congratulate him on his victory. "I am not responsible for the victory," he said, "but a strange knight who came to my assistance with his soldiers." She wanted to know who the mysterious knight was, but the King himself did not know. "He followed the enemy onward and I did not see him again."

She then went to the gardener and asked where the boy was. He smiled and said he had just returned on his three-legged horse, and that the others were mocking him and saying, "Here comes our hobblety jib back again!"

"Under what hedge were you sleeping the whole time?" they asked.

"I did the best of all, and it would have gone far worse without me," the boy replied, only to further ridicule.

The King told his daughter, "I will announce a great feast that will last three days, and you will throw a golden apple. Perhaps that will make the knight show himself."

When the feast was announced, the boy went out to the forest and called Iron Hans.

"What is it you desire?" he asked.

"That I may catch the King's daughter's golden apple."

"It is as certain as if you had done so already," Iron Hans said. "You will wear a suit of



red armor for the occasion and ride a spirited chestnut-colored steed.”

When the day came, the boy galloped in, took his place among the knights, and was recognized by no one. The King’s daughter came forward and threw a golden apple to the knights, but none caught it but he, and as soon as he had it he galloped away. On the second day Iron Hans equipped him as a white knight and gave him a white horse. Again he caught the apple, and did not linger for a moment, but galloped off with it.

The King grew angry. “This is unacceptable,” he said. “He must appear before me and give me his name,” sending out the order that the knight who caught the apple would come willingly or be tracked and cut down.

On the third day, the boy received from Iron Hans a suit of black armor and a black horse, and again caught the apple. But when he rode off with it, the King’s men pursued, and one got so close that he wounded the boy’s leg with the tip of his sword. He managed to escape, but the horse thrashed so wildly that the helmet fell from his head and exposed his golden hair. Upon their return, they reported this to the King.

The following day, the King’s daughter asked the gardener about the boy. “He’s working in the garden, but has been at the festival, too, and only returned last evening. He also gave my children three golden apples he said he won.”

“Did he?”

The King summoned the boy, who entered with his cap on, but the King’s daughter snatched it off his head and caused his golden hair to fall in waves down over his shoulders, stunning all and revealing his handsomeness.

“Are you the knight who came to the festival in different colors and caught the three golden apples?” the King asked.

The maiden laughed, “He may not be one for ceremony, but I could see by his golden hair that he was no gardener’s boy. . . .”

“Yes,” the boy replied. “Here are the apples,” taking a bag out and returning them to the King. “If you desire further proof, you may see the wound your men gave me, but I am the knight who gained your victory and destroyed your enemies.”

“If you can perform such deeds, you can be no gardener’s boy. Who is your father?”

“My father is a mighty king, and I have gold as great as I require.”

“I see,” the King said. “Then I owe my thanks. What more can I do to please you?”

“You can give me your daughter to wife,” the boy answered.

The maiden laughed, “He may not be one for ceremony, but I could tell by his golden hair that he was no gardener’s boy,” and then she went and kissed him.

His father and mother attended the wedding and were overjoyed, for they had long since given up hope of ever seeing their son again. During the marriage feast, the music suddenly stopped, the doors opened, and a stately king entered with a large band of men. He approached the boy, embraced him, and said, “I am Iron Hans, by legend a wild man, but it was you who set me free, so the many treasures I possess shall now become your own.” 🍎





Der Jude im Dorn

Illustrations by Hermann Scherenberg (1870) and A. Rackham (1909)



HERE WAS ONCE A RICH MAN who had a servant that served him diligently and honestly. He was the first out of bed every morning and the last to leave at night, and whenever a difficult job had to be done, which no one wished to undertake, he stepped up first and did it. He also never complained, but was content with everything and always merry. After a year of work, the master did not pay him, believing himself to be clever and thinking the young man would stay quietly in his service. The servant indeed said nothing and did his work the second year as he had the first, again receiving no pay at the end of the year and staying on.

When the third year had passed, the master considered paying and reached into his pocket, but pulled only an empty hand out. Finally the servant had enough and said, "Master, for three years I have served you honestly. Be so good as to pay me what I have earned, for I now wish to leave and see the world."

"Yes, my good fellow," the old miser replied, "you have served me industriously and shall be handsomely rewarded," putting his hand back into his pocket and counting out a mere three farthings.



"There, you have a farthing for each year. That is large and liberal pay you would have received from few others."

The honest servant understood little about money, so he put his fortune in his pocket and thought, *Ah! Now that my purse is full, I have no need to trouble myself with hard work any longer!* So he left, up the hill and down the dale, singing and dancing to his heart's content.

As he was passing a thicket he came upon a dwarf who said to him, "You there, merry brother—you do not carry many sorrows, I see."

"Why should I?" responded the servant. "I have plenty—three years of wages jingling in my pocket, in fact."

"How much is your treasure?" the dwarf inquired.

"Three farthings sterling, all told."

"Listen," the dwarf said, "I am a poor man who can no longer work. You are young and can easily earn your bread. Give me your three farthings."

The servant had a kind heart and felt pity for the old dwarf, so he gave him the three farthings and said, "Take them in the name of Heaven, for I shall not be any worse for it."

"You are a good man," the dwarf said, "so I will grant you three wishes, one for each farthing, and all shall be fulfilled."

"Oh?" the servant said. "You are one who works wonders, huh! Well then, if it is so, I wish first for a gun that will hit everything I aim at. Secondly, I wish for a fiddle that compels all who hear it to dance when I play. And thirdly, I wish that anyone of whom I ask a favor be compelled to never refuse."

"All that you shall have," the dwarf said, reaching into the bushes and presenting to the servant, as asked, a fiddle and a gun, both ready as if ordered. He gave them to the servant, adding, "And whatever you may ask for at any time, no man in the world shall be able to deny you."

"A miracle! What more could one desire more?" the servant said to himself as he went merrily on his way.

Soon afterward he met a Jew with a long goat's beard, who was standing and listening



"You have fleeced plenty of people in your time, my man, and now the thorns will do the same to you. . . ."

to the song of a bird sitting in the treetops. "My!" he exclaimed, "How could so small a creature have such a fearsomely loud voice! If only it were mine! If only someone would sprinkle a bit of salt on its tail!"

"If that's what you want," the servant said, "the bird will soon be here with you," taking aim with the rifle and pulling the trigger. Down fell the bird into the thorn bush. "Go, you rogue," he said to the Jew, "and fetch it out for yourself!"

"Oh!" the Jew said, "Leave off the rogue, master, and I will get it out at once. You really hit it." He laid on the ground and began to crawl into the thicket. As the Jew was squeezing through the thorns, the good servant's humor tempted him to take up his fiddle and play, so that he did, and instantly the Jew's legs were moving and jumping into the air, and the more the servant played the better he danced. The thorns tore his shabby coat, combed his goat's



beard, and pricked and poked him all over. "No, please!" cried the Jew, "What is with the fiddling? Leave the fiddle alone, master, I do not want to dance!"

The servant, however, did not listen and replied, "You have fleeced plenty of people in your time, my man, and now the thorns will do the same to you," playing louder and louder so the Jew had to jump higher and higher, leaving scraps of his coat hanging on the thorn bush.

"Please!" cried the Jew, "I will give the gentleman whatever he asks if only he stops with the fiddling—a purse full of gold, it's yours!"

"If you are so liberal, I will stop playing my music," the servant said. "To your credit, I must say you dance quite well—there's art in your movements."

The servant took the purse of gold and left, while the Jew stood and watched him quietly until he was far off and out of sight. He then screamed with all of his might, "You miserable musician, you beer-house fiddler—just wait until I catch you alone! I will hunt you until the soles of your shoes fall off, you dirty wastrel! Put five farthings in your mouth and you may be worth three halfpence!" verbally lambasting him as fast as he could get the words out. When he had loosened a little and regained his breath, he ran to town and went straight to the judge.

"My lord judge," the Jew said, "I have come to make a complaint. Some rascal robbed me and attacked me on the public road. A stone on the ground would pity me with my clothes all torn, my body pricked and scratched, my purse of good ducats, each piece better than the next, gone! For the sake of all, let the man be thrown in prison!"

"Was it a soldier?" asked the judge, "Who cut you up with his sword?"

"Nothing of the sort!" the Jew said. "He had no sword, but a gun hanging around his shoulder and a fiddle at his neck—the wretch can easily be found."

The judge sent his people out after the man, and they quickly



found the good servant going slowly on his way. They discovered the purse of gold on him, too, but when taken before the judge he said, "I did not touch the Jew, nor did I take his money. He gave it to me of his own free will so that I would stop fiddling, as he could not bear my music."

"What is this!" cried the Jew, "Can't you see that his lies are as thick as flies on the wall."

The judge did not believe the good servant's story. "This is a poor defense," he concluded, "since no Jew would part with his gold in such a manner."

Thus found guilty of committing robbery on a public highway, the good servant was sentenced to be hanged. As he was being led away, the Jew screamed after him, "You vagabond! You dog of a fiddler! Now you are going to receive a well-earned reward!"

The servant walked silently up the ladder with the hangman, but before the last step he turned and said to the judge, "Grant me just one request before I die."

"Surely, as long as you do not ask for your life," the judge said.

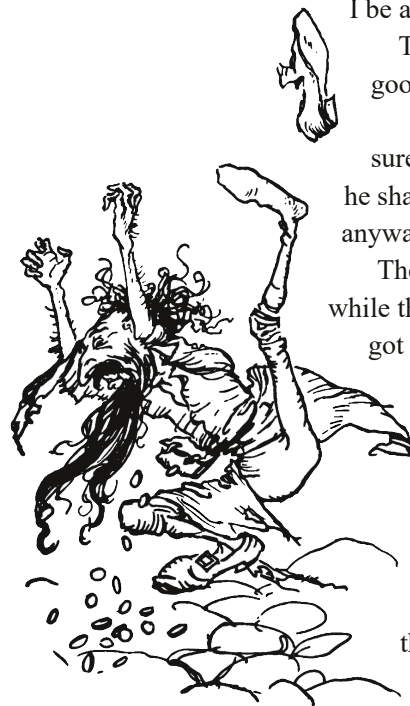
"I will not ask for life," the servant replied, "but only that I be allowed to play my fiddle once last time."

The Jew raised a shrill cry of "Murder, murder! For goodness' sake do not allow it! Do not allow it!"

"Why should I not let him have this final brief pleasure?" the judge asked. "It has been granted to him, and he shall have it," though the judge could not have refused it anyway on account of the third wish bestowed by the dwarf.

The Jew cried, "Woe is me—tie me up, tie me up fast!" while the good servant took his fiddle, put it to his neck, and got ready. Upon the first scrape of the strings, all present

began to shake—the judge, his clerk, the hangman and his men—and the rope fell out of the hand of the man who was going to tie the Jew up. On the second scrape, all rose to their feet, and the hangman let go of the good servant, bracing themselves to start dancing. On the third scrape, everyone seated nearby leapt up, then all who had gathered in the marketplace out of curiosity were dancing, with the judge and the Jew leading the way. Old and young,



DER JUDE IM DORN

"I stole it, I stole it!" the Jew cried.

"And you honestly earned it."

thin and fat, and even the dogs were up on their hind legs capering about together. And the longer he played, the higher they jumped, knocking their heads against each other and shrieking incessantly.

Finally the judge, out of breath, cried out, "I will give you your life if you will just stop with the fiddling."

The good servant had a sense of compassion, so he put the fiddle to rest, hung it around his neck, and stepped down from the ladder. He went up to the Jew, who was lying on the ground panting, and said, "Now confess, you crook. Admit where you got the money from or I will take up my fiddle and play again."

"I stole it, I stole it!" the Jew cried. "And you honestly earned it."

With this admission, the judge had the Jew escorted up the ladder to the gallows and hanged as a thief. 🍷





Der Judenstein

Illustrations by Bartlmä Mayr, c. early 1800s



IN THE YEAR 1462 in Tyrol, in the village of Rinn, a number of Jews paid a poor farmer a large sum of money in exchange for his child. They took the child into the forest and tortured it to death on a large stone in the most horrific manner. The stone has been known as “Der Judenstein” ever since. Afterward, they hung the stabbed corpse on a birch tree near a bridge. The child’s mother was working in the field when the murder occurred. She thought of her child and, without knowing why, became afraid. Three fresh drops of blood then fell one after the other onto her hand, and she rushed home anxiously looking for her child. Her husband took her into the room, confessed what he had done, and showed her the money that would now lift them out of poverty, but as he did the money turned into leaves. The father went mad and died of grief. The mother went and looked for her child, and upon finding it hanging from a tree, took it down in tears and carried it to the church in Rinn. There it lies still, and is considered a holy child by the people. The Judenstein was also brought there. According to legend, it has also been said that a shepherd cut down the tree from which the child was hanged, but when he tried to carry it home, he broke his leg and died from the injury. 🌹

The Tales of **The British Isles**



The Grimm Brothers started a chain reaction that swept across Europe and inspired others across the West to go out into the field and gather tales from their own nations. Such was the case on the British Isles, and Scottish writer Andrew Lang would be at the forefront of chronicling the region’s folkloric past. Lang’s *Blue Fairy Book* from 1889 remains a classic work, and the folklore of Albion overlaps with that of other European nations, as we often see. The folk and fairy tales of the British Isles have their own unique charm, extending to the many “Jack Tales” of the Cornish tradition, the Loch Ness Monster of Scotland, the leprechauns of Ireland, and the Welsh and English lore of King Arthur.

The tales included in this section, all told and illustrated by individuals native to the British Isles, showcase the diversity and unique characteristics of the peoples, as we see represented so distinctly in European folklore. The folk and fairy tales of the British Isles are noticeably more comical than those of other regions, which give them a special character and make them fun reads for all. Included here are the popular tales “Henny Penny” (better known as “Chicken Little” in the United States), “The Three Little Pigs,” “Goldilocks and the Three Bears,” “Tom Thumb,” “Jack and the Beanstalk,” and “The Laidly Worm.” These are accompanied by the artwork of Leonard Leslie Brooke, Arthur Rackham, Margaret Tarrant, Herbert Cole, and two unlisted illustrators.



Henny Penny

Retold by Flora Annie Steel
Illustrations by Unlisted Artist, 1919



ONE DAY HENNY PENNY WAS picking up corn in the yard when—*whack!*—an acorn fell on her head. “Goodness gracious me!” Henny Penny said. “The sky must be falling. I better go and tell the King immediately.” She went along and went along and went along until she met Cocky Locky.

“Where are you going, Henny Penny?” Cocky Locky asked.

“I’m going to tell the King that the sky is falling,” Henny Penny said.

“May I come with you?” Cocky Locky said.

“Certainly!” responded Henny Penny.

So Henny Penny and Cocky Locky went to tell the King the sky was falling. They went along and went along and went along until they met Ducky Daddles.

“Where are you going, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky?” Ducky Daddles asked.

“We’re going to tell the King the sky is falling,” Henny Penny and Cocky Locky said.

“May I come with you?” Ducky Daddles replied.

“Certainly!” Henny Penny and Cocky Locky said.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Daddles went to tell the King the sky was falling. They went along and went along and went along until they met Goosey Poosey.

“Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Daddles?” asked Goosey Poosey.

“We’re going to tell the King the sky is falling!” Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Daddles said.

"May I come with you?" Goosey Poosey said.

"Certainly!" Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Daddles said.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Poosey went to tell the King the sky was falling. They went along and went along and went along until they met Turkey Lurkey.

"Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Poosey?" Turkey Lurkey said.

"We're going to tell the King the sky is falling," Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Daddles and Goosey Poosey said.

"May I come with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, and Goosey Poosey?" Turkey Lurkey said.

"Certainly!" Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Daddles and Goosey Poosey said.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey all went to tell the King the sky was falling. They went along and went along and went along until they met Foxy Woxy.

"Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey?" Foxy Woxy asked.

"We're going to tell the King the sky falling," Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey said.

"Oh . . . but this is not the way to the King's palace, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey," Foxy Woxy said. "I know the right way, though—shall I show you?"

"Certainly, Foxy Woxy," Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey said.

So Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky



"Where are you going, Henny Penny?"

"We're going to tell the King the sky is falling. . . ."

Daddles, Goosey Poosey, Turkey Lurkey, and Foxy Woxy all went to tell the King the sky was falling. They went along and went along and went along until they came to a dark and narrow hole. This was the door to Foxy Woxy's burrow.

"This is the short cut to the King's palace," Foxy Woxy said to Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey. "Follow me and we'll get there shortly.

"Certainly!" Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey said.

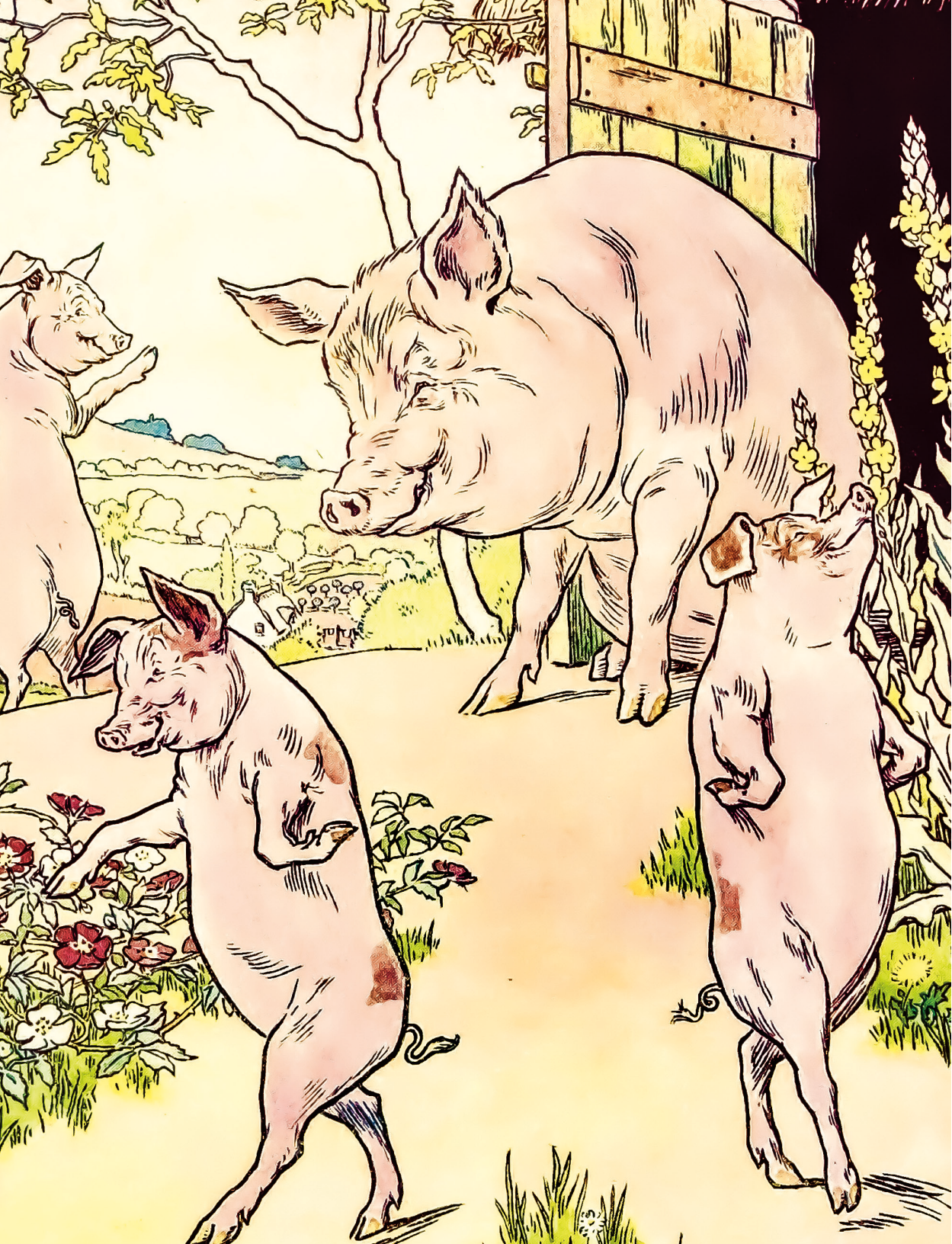
So Foxy Woxy went into his burrow and turned to wait for Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Poosey, and Turkey Lurkey. Turkey Lurkey was the first to enter the dark burrow and hadn't gotten far when—"Hrumph!"—Foxy Woxy snapped off Turkey Lurkey's head and threw his body over his shoulder. Goosey Poosey went in next, and—"Hrumph!"—off went her head, and Goosey Poosey was thrown beside



Turkey Lurkey. Ducky Daddles waddled in next, and—"Hrumph!"—Foxy Woxy snapped off Ducky Daddles' head threw him to the side with Turkey Lurkey and Goosey Poosey. Cocky Locky strutted into the burrow afterward and hadn't gotten far when—"Hrumph!" Cocky Locky had time for one last "Cock-a-doodle d—" before he joined Turkey Lurkey, Goosey Poosey, and Ducky Daddles.

Henny Penny entered the dark burrow, heard Cocky Locky's crow, and said to herself, "My goodness, it must be dawn! Time for me to lay my egg!"

So she turned around and waddled back to her nest, escaping death. But she never got to tell the King the sky was falling! 🍷



The Three Little Pigs

Retold by Flora Annie Steel

Illustrations by Leonard Leslie Brooke, 1904



ONCE UPON A TIME there was an old sow who had three little pigs. She was too poor to feed them, so she sent them out into the world to seek their fortunes. The eldest pig left first, and as he was trotting along the road he met a man carrying a bundle of straw. He politely asked him, "If you please, sir, could you give me that straw so that I may build a house?"

The man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the straw, so the little pig got to work and built himself a lovely house. Soon after it was finished, a wolf happened to pass by and see it. He could smell the pig inside, too.

The wolf knocked on the door and said, "Little pig! Let me in!"

The little pig saw the wolf's big paws through the keyhole, so he replied, "No! No! No! Not by the hair on my chinny chin!"

The wolf bared his teeth and said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down." So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down, then he ate the little pig and went on his way.

The next little pig left home and ran into a man carrying a bundle of sticks. He politely asked, "If you please, sir, could I have those sticks so that I may build a house with them?"

The man, impressed by the pig's good manners, gave him the sticks, and the second little pig got to work and also built himself a lovely house. Once the house was finished, the wolf happened to pass by like before, and upon smelling the pig inside, knocked on the door and said, "Little pig! Let me in!"

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

*"No! No! No! Not by the hair on
my chiny chin chin."*

The little pig peeped through the keyhole and saw the wolf's big ears and said, "No! No! No! Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin!"

The wolf again bared his sharp teeth and said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!" So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed some more, and finally he blew the house down, ate the little pig, and went on his way.

The third little pig started off from home, and on his way met a man carrying a load of bricks. He asked politely, "If you please, sir, could you give me those bricks so that I may build a house with them?"

The man, seeing the pig had been raised well, gave him the bricks, and the little pig too built himself a lovely house. Soon after, the wolf happened by and smelt the pig inside. He knocked on the door and said, "Little pig! Let me in!"

The little pig peeped through the keyhole, saw the wolf's evil eyes, and answered, "No! No! No! Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!" the wolf said. Once again, he huffed and he puffed, then he huffed and puffed some more, but this time he could not blow the house down. Out of breath, he thought up a new plan. "Little pig!" he said. "There's a field of delicious turnips at Mr. Smith's farm. I'll come by at six o'clock tomorrow morning and we will go get some together."

"Thank you," said the little pig. "I will be ready at six o'clock sharp."

The little pig got up at five, went to Farmer Smith's field, picked the turnips, and was back home before the wolf arrived.

"Little pig! Are you ready?" the wolf asked when he arrived at six.

"I went early and am cooking up some turnips right now," the little pig called back.

The wolf grew angry, but calmly said, "I'm glad you like them. I also know about a tree in Merry Gardens with the tastiest apples. Let's go get some together, say, five o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I'll be ready at five o'clock sharp."

The little pig got up early the next morning and set off for Merry Gardens, but the wolf got an early start, too. The little pig had his basket of apples and was coming down the tree



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

when he saw the wolf approaching.

"Here already?" the wolf said looking up. "How are the apples?"

"Very tasty. I'll throw one down for you," the little pig said, throwing it so far that he was able to climb down and run home as the wolf was fetching it.

The wolf was furious, but went to the little pig's house the next day again, knocked on the door, and said, "Little pig! Have you heard about the fair this afternoon? We should go together."

"What time shall we go?" the little pig asked.

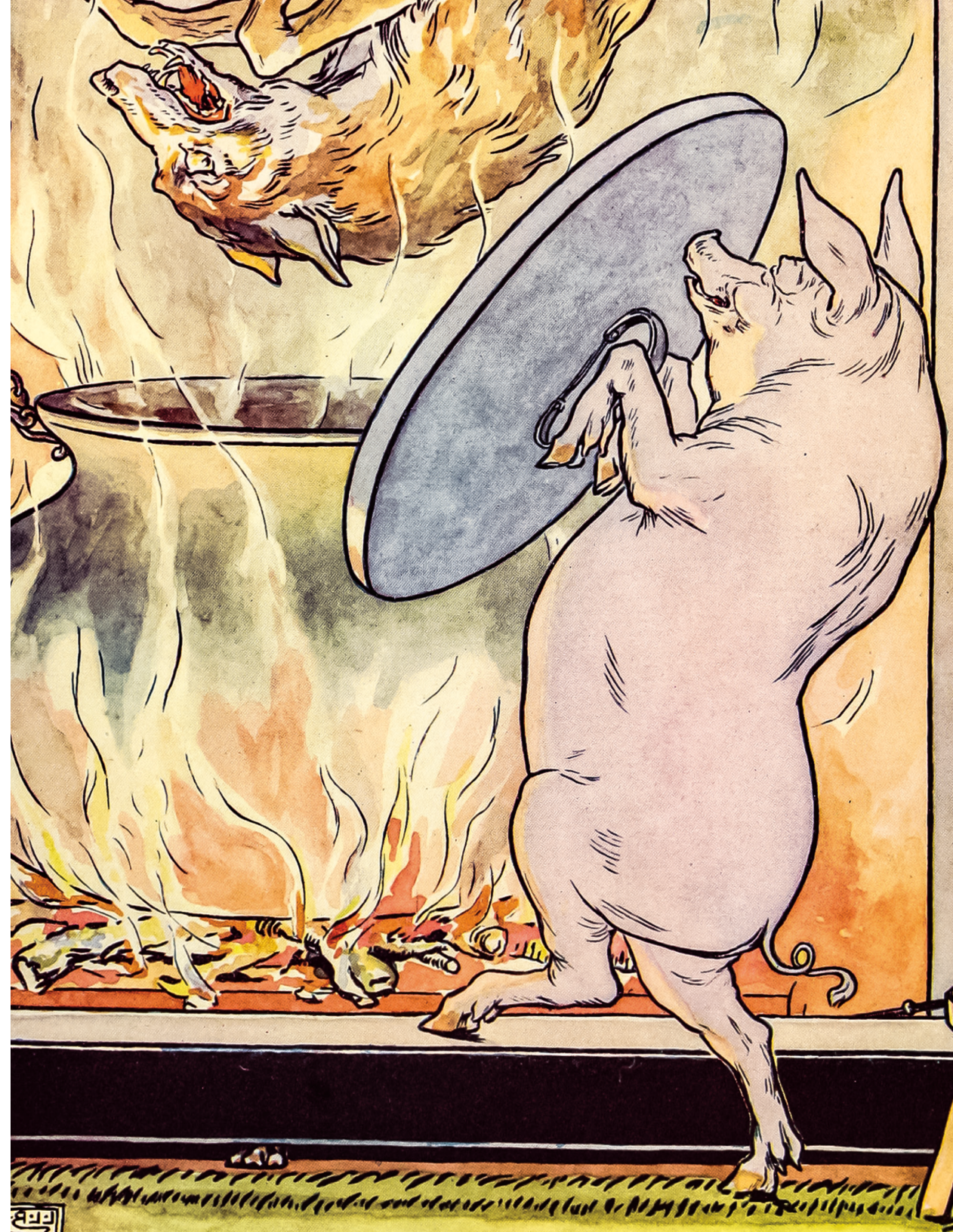
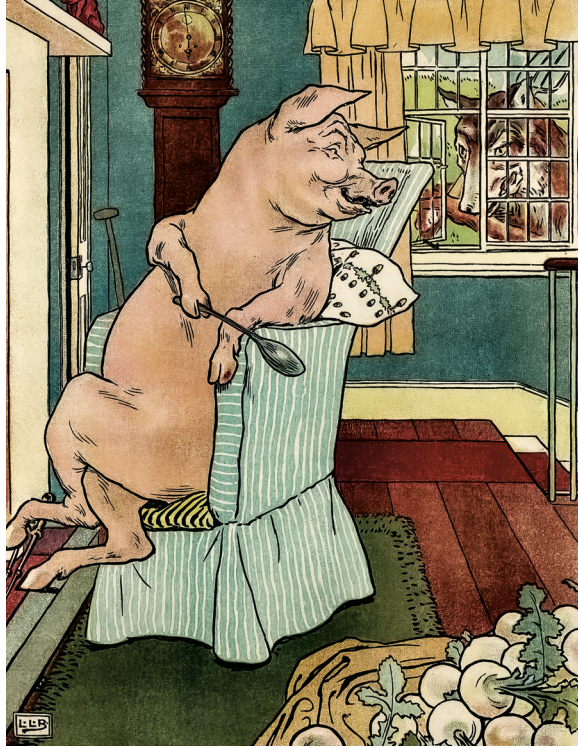
"At three o'clock sharp," the wolf said, "so be sure you're ready."

The little pig left for the fair early and bought a butter churner, but saw the wolf coming up the hill as he was leaving. He hid inside of the butter churner and rolled down the hill toward the wolf, who had to jump out of the way.

He went to the little pig's house afterward and told him about how he was nearly killed by something rolling down the hill.

"Hah, that was me!" the little pig laughed. "I hid inside the butter churner when I saw you coming and rolled down the hill."

The wolf danced with rage and swore he would eat the little pig then and there, so he climbed up to the roof of the house and tried to squeeze down the chimney. But as he was climbing up the little pig made a blazing fire and put a big pot full of water on to boil. The wolf fell right into it, then the little pig closed the lid, boiled the wolf up, ate him for supper, and lived happily ever after. 🍷





Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Story by Flora Annie Steel

Illustrations by Arthur Rackham, 1918



O

NCE UPON A TIME there were three bears who lived together in a house in the forest. One was a Little Wee Bear, one was a Medium-Sized Bear, and the other was a Great Big Bear. They each had a bowl for their porridge—a little bowl for the Little Wee Bear, a medium-sized bowl for the Medium-Sized Bear, and a great big bowl for the Great Big Bear. They each had a chair, as well—a little chair for the Little Wee Bear, a medium-sized chair for the Medium-Sized Bear, and a great big chair for the Great Big Bear. And each had a bed to sleep in, too—a little bed for the Little Wee Bear, a medium-sized bed for the Medium-Sized Bear, and a great big bed for the Great Big Bear.

One day, after they had made porridge for breakfast and poured it into their porridge bowls, they walked out into the forest while the porridge was cooling, not wanting to burn their mouths by being too eager. While they were out, a little girl named Goldilocks, who lived on the other side of the forest and had been sent on an errand by her mother, passed by the house. She looked in the window, then she peeped through the keyhole, for she was not a well-raised little girl. Seeing the house was empty, she lifted the latch. The Three Bears were good Bears who caused no one harm, so they left their doors unlocked and never suspected that anyone would intrude.

Goldilocks went inside and was pleased to see the porridge on the table. If she had been a well-raised little girl, she would have waited until the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to join them for breakfast, since they were good Bears—a little

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

She nestled in and sat there until the bottom of the chair fell out, causing her to fall plump onto the ground.



rough, as Bears typically are, but good-natured and hospitable still. Goldilocks, however, was an impudent and rude little girl, so she sat down and began helping herself.

First, she tasted the porridge of the Great Big Bear, which was too hot for her. Next, she tasted the porridge of the Medium-Sized Bear, but it was too cold for her. Finally, she tasted the porridge of the Little Wee Bear, which was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right—so good, in fact, that she ended up eating all of it, every last bit!

Goldilocks suddenly felt tired, for she had been chasing butterflies instead of running the errands her mother had sent her on. She sat down on the chair of the Great Big Bear, but it was too hard for her. Then she sat down in the chair of the Medium-Sized Bear, which was too soft for her. But when she sat down on the chair of the Little Wee Bear, it was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she nestled in and sat there until the bottom of the chair fell out, causing her to fall plump onto the ground. Being a bad-tempered little girl, this upset her. But determined to rest, Goldilocks went upstairs and entered the room in which the Three Bears slept.

First, she laid down on the bed of the Great Big Bear, but it was too high at the head. Next, she laid down on the bed of the Medium-Sized Bear, but it was too high at the foot. Finally, she laid down on the bed of the Little Wee Bear, which was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. She pulled the covers over her to get comfortable and fell fast asleep.

By this time, the Three Bears believed their porridge would be cool enough for them to eat, so they came home for breakfast. Goldilocks had carelessly left the spoon of the Great



Big Bear standing in his porridge.

"Someone has been eating my porridge!" the Great Big Bear said in his great big voice.

Then, the Medium-Sized Bear looked at his porridge and saw that the spoon was standing up, too.

"Someone has been eating my porridge, too!" the Medium-Sized Bear said in his medium-sized voice.

Finally, the Little Wee Bear looked at his porridge, and not only was the spoon in the bowl, but the porridge was all gone!

"Someone has been eating my porridge, as well, and has eaten it all!" the Little Wee Bear said in his little wee voice.

The Three Bears, realizing someone had entered their house and eaten the Little Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look around. The careless Goldilocks had not straightened back the hard cushion when she rose from the chair of the Great Big Bear.

"Someone has been sitting in my chair!" the Great Big Bear said in his great big voice.

Goldilocks had also carelessly pushed down the cushion on the chair of the Medium-Sized Bear.

"Someone has been sitting in my chair, too!" the Medium-Sized Bear said in his medium-sized voice.

"Someone has been sitting in my chair, as well, and they've broken it!" the Little Wee Bear said in his little wee voice.

The Three Bears figured they had better search the house in case it was a burglar, so they went upstairs to the bedroom. Goldilocks had pushed the blanket and pillows of the Great Big Bear out of place.

"Someone has been lying in my bed!" the Great Big Bear said in his great big voice.

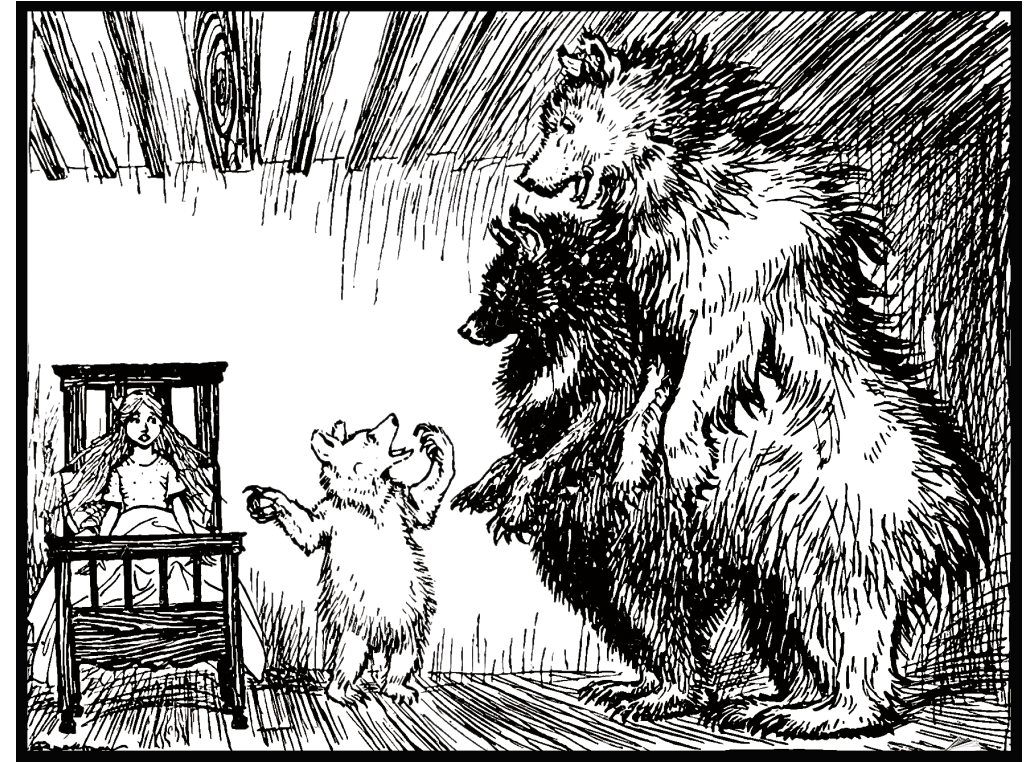
Goldilocks had also pushed the blanket and pillows of the Medium-Sized Bear out of place.

"Someone has been lying in my bed, too!" the Medium-Sized Bear said in his medium-sized voice.

When the Little Wee Bear looked at his bed, the blanket was in place, and the pillows were, too, but on the pillow—? There was Goldilocks' yellow head of hair—which was not in place because this wasn't her bed.

"Someone has been lying in my bed, as well—and is lying there still!" the Little Wee Bear said in his little wee voice.

Goldilocks had heard in her sleep the great big voice of the Great Big Bear, but was



so fast asleep that she thought it was the roaring wind or the rumbling of thunder. She had heard the medium-sized voice of the Medium-Sized Bear, too, but it sounded like a voice in a dream. When she heard the little wee voice of the Little Wee Bear, however, it was so sharp and shrill that it awakened her at once.

Goldilocks arose, and upon seeing the Three Bears looking at her, tumbled out of the other side of the bed and ran to the window. The window was open, because the Bears always opened their bedroom window when they got up in the morning. Frightened little Goldilocks then jumped right out, and whether she broke her neck in the fall, ran into the forest and got lost, or found her way home and got whipped for being a bad girl, no one can say.

But the Three Bears never saw her again. 🌸



Tom Thumb

Retold by Dinah Craik

Illustrations by Margaret Tarrant, c. 1920



IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR, Merlin, the most learned enchanter of his time, was on a journey. After growing tired one day, he stopped by the cottage of an honest farmer to ask for something to drink. The farmer's wife kindly brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some brown bread on a wooden platter. The cottage was orderly and clean, but Merlin could not help but notice that the farmer and his wife had the most sorrowful demeanor imaginable. He asked them what the cause of their melancholy was, and learned that they were miserable because they had no children. The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she would be the happiest woman in the world if only she had a son, even if he was no bigger than his father's thumb.

Merlin was quite amused with the notion of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, so as soon as he returned home, he sent for the queen of the fairies—a close friend—and told her of the farmer and his wife's desire to have a son the size of his father's thumb. She liked the plan, and swiftly granted their wish, so the farmer and his wife soon had a son, who quickly grew as tall as his father's thumb. The queen of the fairies appeared at the window as the mother was sitting up in bed admiring the child.

Her majesty kissed the infant, named it Tom Thumb, and immediately summoned several fairies from



Fairyland to clothe her new little child—

*“An oak-leaf hat for his crown,
A shirt by spiders spun;
A jacket made of feathery thistledown,
His pointed trousers done;
Stockings of apple rinds, at the waist they tie,
With an eyelash plucked from his mother’s eye:
Shoes made of a mouse’s skin,
Tanned-brown and with fur within.”*

Tom never grew any bigger than his father’s thumb, which itself was not very large to begin with, but as he grew older, he became very cunning, since his mother did not sufficiently punish him. This quality often caused him trouble; for instance, after learning to search for clams with the other boys and losing all of his own, he would sneak into the boys’ bags, fill his pockets with their clams, and come back out to play. But one day, as he was stealing another boy’s clams, the boy they belonged to caught him.

“Ah, ha, little Tom Thumb!” he said, “I have finally caught you, and will now reward you for your thievery.”

The boy stuffed Tom in the bag and shook it. The clams smashed against Tom’s body as he begged to be let out and promised never to steal again. Shortly afterward, Tom’s mother was making a pudding cake and Tom wanted to see how she mixed it, so he climbed up to the edge of the bowl, then slipped and fell right into the batter. His mother didn’t notice, so she stirred him into the pudding cake and dropped him into the pot to boil. The hot water burned Tom and made him kick and struggle, which made his mother believe, seeing the pudding cake jumping strangely up and down, that it might be possessed. Just then, a hungry traveler stopped by, so she quickly took out the pudding cake and gave it to him, and he put it in his bag and walked on. Tom eventually got the batter out of his mouth and began to scream, which frightened the poor traveler so much that he threw the pudding cake into the bushes and ran off as fast as he could. The pudding cake broke into pieces and Tom was released. He then walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed.

Another time, Tom Thumb’s mother went to milk the cow and took him with her. It was a windy day, so she tied him to a thistle plant with a piece of thread to ensure he wouldn’t be blown away. The cow took a liking to Tom’s oak-leaf hat, then took both Tom and the thistle up in one mouthful. As the cow chewed the thistle, Tom screamed “Mother, mother!” as loud as he could from inside the cow’s mouth, terrified by her giant teeth,

When the fish was cut open and little Tom Thumb popped out, it came as a delightful surprise to everyone.

which were about to crush him.

“Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?” his mother said.

“Here, mother, here—in the cow’s mouth!”

Tom’s mother began to cry and wring her hands, but the cow, startled by the odd noises coming from her mouse, opened up and let him fall out. His mother picked him up and dropped him into her apron and ran home.

Tom’s father later made him a whip from a straw of barley so he could help drive the cattle, and while out in the field one day Tom slipped and fell into a deep hole. He rested against a grain of corn, but when a raven flew by overhead and noticed the grain of corn, it swooped down and picked it and Tom up then flew him to the top of a giant’s castle by the sea. When the giant, Old Grumbo, came home and saw Tom on his terrace, he swallowed him like a pill, clothes and all. Tom, however, made the giant’s stomach upset, so he threw him up into the sea.

As Tom splashed around and tried not to drown, a fish swam up and swallowed him, but the fish was caught and sent to King Arthur as a present. When it was cut open and little Tom Thumb popped out, it came as a delightful surprise to everyone.

The King made Tom his dwarf, and he quickly became a favorite of the court, amusing the Queen and the Knights of the Round Table with his pranks. The King frequently took Tom with him when he rode on horseback, and if it rained Tom would creep into the King’s pocket and sleep until the rain was over. When the King asked Tom about his parents, Tom informed his majesty that they were very poor people.



The King told Tom to go pay them a visit before leading him to his treasury and telling him to take as much money as he could carry.

Tom procured a small purse, put a threepenny piece into it, and with much labor got it up on his back. He traveled for two days and nights to reach his father's house and was dead tired on arrival, having traveled almost half a mile in forty-eight hours with a huge silver threepence on his back. His mother met him at the door, and both of his parents were happy to see him, especially so when they realized he had brought such a large sum of money with him. They placed him in a walnut shell by the fire and fed him until he was sick.

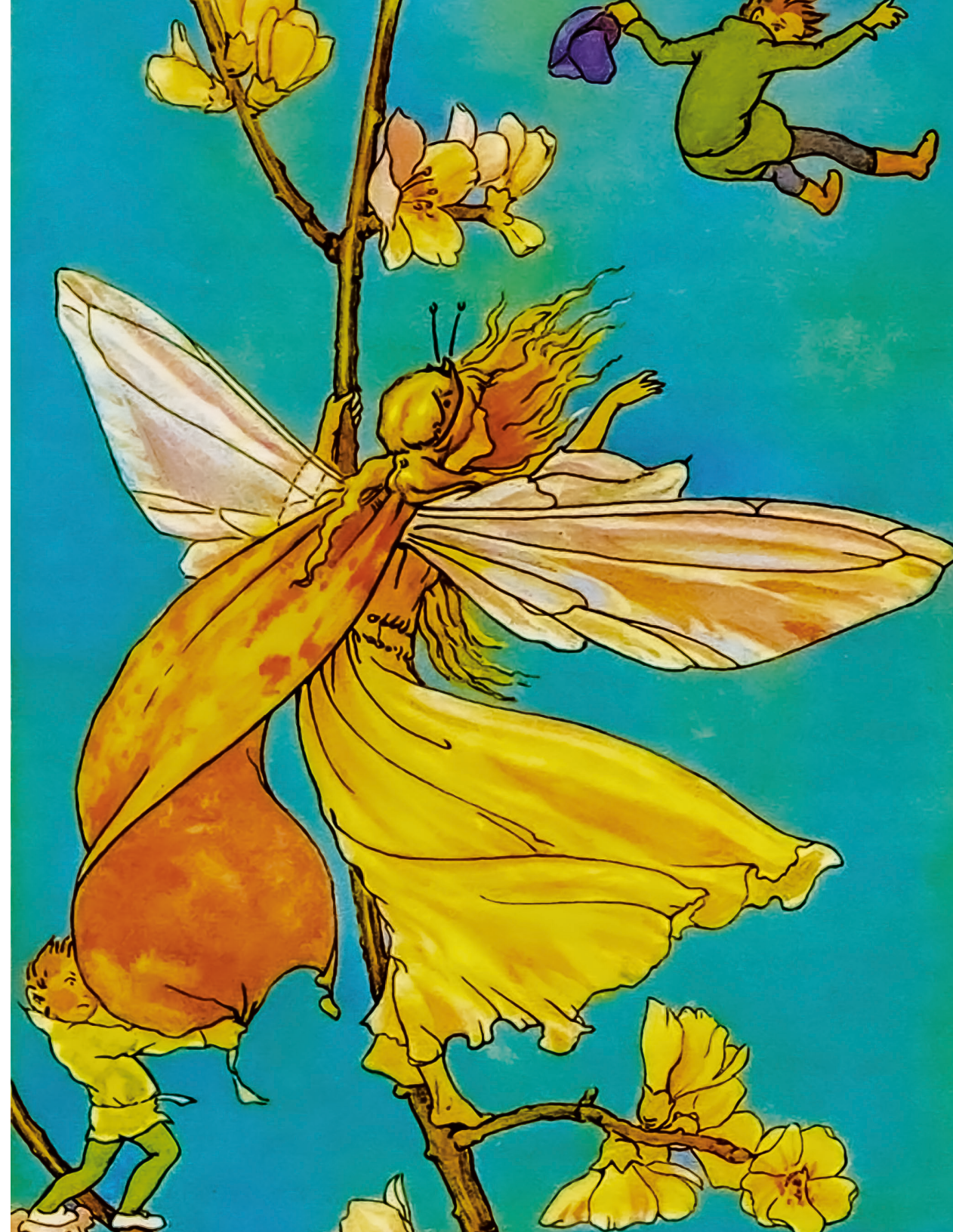
Tom got better, but could not travel because it had rained, so his mother took him in her hand and walked him back to King Arthur's court, where he entertained the King, the Queen, and the rest of the nobility in miniature jousting tournaments, which took so much energy out of him that it brought on another fit of illness, one that put his life at risk. But the queen of the fairies came in a chariot drawn by flying mice, placed Tom next to her, and flew them through the air, not stopping until they reached her palace. After restoring him to health and allowing him to enjoy the wonders of Fairyland, she summoned a great wind and placed Tom on it, then blew him straight back to the court of King Arthur. Just as Tom was touching down in the courtyard of the palace, the cook happened to pass through carrying a bowl of the King's favorite porridge and poor Tom Thumb fell plump into the middle of it, splashing the hot porridge into the cook's eyes. Then down went the bowl.

"Oh dear!" Tom cried.

"Murder!" yelled the cook, who poured the King's porridge into the trash.

The cook was a red-faced, angry fellow, and convinced the King that Tom had done it out of pure mischief, so Tom was taken to jail, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Upon hearing his dreadful sentence, and seeing a miller standing nearby with his mouth wide open, Tom took a big leap, landed in the miller's mouth, and slipped down his throat, unperceived by all, even the miller himself.

Since Tom was gone, the court broke up and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not make the miller's stomach feel well, rolling and tumbling about so much that the miller thought he was bewitched and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing, frightening him as much as the miller, and causing him to send for five more doctors and twenty learned men. While all were debating the affair, the miller happened to yawn, giving Tom the opportunity to climb out and jump, landing on his feet in the middle of the table. Seeing the little creature that had been tormenting him, the miller



quickly grabbed Tom, took him over to the window, and threw him into the river.

A large salmon snapped him up in a minute, but the salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to a steward of a lord. The Lord, thinking it an uncommonly fine fish, sent it as a gift to the King, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the salmon and found poor Tom inside, he ran with him directly to the King, but the King, being busy with stately affairs, sent him away. To ensure Tom couldn't escape again, the cook put him in a mousetrap and left him in it for an entire week. When the King finally sent for Tom, he forgave him for the porridge incident, ordered him new clothes, and knighted him:

*"A shirt made of butterfly wings,
Boots of chicken skins;
A coat and breeches made with pride:
A tailor's needle hung by his side;
A mouse for a horse he will ride."*

Thus dressed and mounted, Tom went hunting with the King and the nobility, who all had a hearty laugh at Tom on his fine prancing steed. But as they rode by a farmhouse, a cat pounced from the shadows, seized the mouse and little Tom, and began to devour the mouse with Tom attached. Tom boldly drew his sword and stabbed the cat, who let him fall. The King and his nobles went to Tom's assistance, and one of the lords picked him up and placed him in his hat. Tom was badly scratched and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat. He was carried home, where a bed was made for him in a little ivory cabinet.

The queen of the fairies came and took him back to Fairyland, where Tom recovered for some years. When healed, she dressed him in bright green and sent him flying once more through the air.



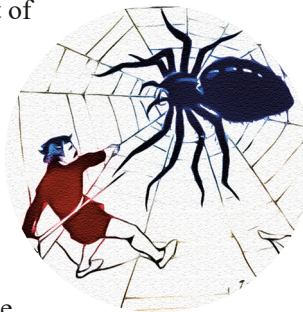
*A palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide,
was made for little Tom to live in, and he was also given a
coach drawn by six small mice. This made the Queen angry,
because she wanted a new coach, too.*

These were now the days of King Thunstone. People flocked from near and far to see Tom before he was taken to the King, who asked him who he was and where he came from. Tom replied—

*“My name is Tom Thumb,
From the Fairies I come;
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.
In me he delighted,
And by him I was knighted;
Have you truly not heard
Of the one Sir Thomas Thumb?”*

The King was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table. A palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, was made for little Tom to live in, and he was also given a coach drawn by six small mice. This made the Queen angry, because she wanted a new coach, too. Determined to ruin Tom, she lied to the King and said that he had insulted her, forcing the King to send for him in a rage.

To escape his fury, Tom hid in an empty snail shell, and stayed there until he was almost dead from starvation. When he peeped out of the hole, he saw a butterfly settled near and ventured out, hopping on the back of the butterfly, who took to the air. Away he flew from field to field and tree to tree, until at last they arrived back at the King's court. The King, Queen, and nobles stumbled around trying to catch the butterfly, but could not. Though poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped off and fell into a watering pot, where he almost drowned. The Queen ordered him to be guillotined, but in the meantime

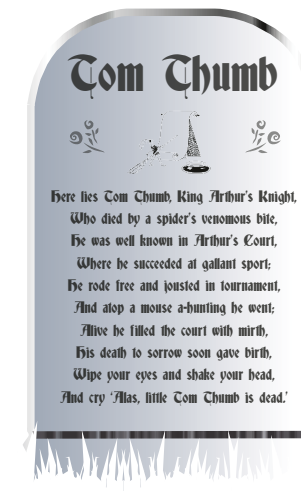


he was secured once more in a mousetrap. The cat, seeing Tom stir and supposing him to be a mouse, played with the trap until it broke, setting Tom free. But a spider, mistaking him for a fly, came after him next. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's venom got him—

*“He fell dead on the ground where he had just stood,
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.”*

King Thunstone and the court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rose bush, and raised a white-marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph—

*“Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's Knight,
Who died by a spider's venomous bite.
He was well known in Arthur's Court,
Where he succeeded at gallant sport;
He rode free and jousted in tournament,
And atop a mouse a-hunting he went;
Alive he filled the court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe your eyes and shake your head,
And cry ‘Alas, little Tom Thumb is dead.’”* 🌹





Jack and the Beanstalk

*Retold by Andrew Lang
Illustrations by Unlisted Artist, c. 1880*



JACK SELLS THE COW

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son, Jack. Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but kind-hearted and affectionate. There was a hard winter, after which the poor woman had suffered from fever and shivering. Jack had no job, so they grew dreadfully poor. The widow saw no means to keep Jack and herself from starvation except by selling her cow, so one morning she said to her son, "I am too weak to go myself, Jack, so you must take the cow to market and sell her."

Jack was excited about going to market and selling the cow, but on the way he met a butcher with some beautiful beans in his hand. Jack stopped to look at them, and the butcher told the boy that they were of great value, persuading the gullible kid to sell the cow for the beans. When he brought them home to his mother, instead of the money she was expecting, she grew vexed and wept, scolding Jack for his mistake. He apologized, and both mother and son went to bed in a sad mood that night, with their last hope seemingly gone.

At daybreak Jack rose and went out into the garden. *At least, he thought, I can sow the beans. Mother says that they are common scarlet runners and nothing else, but I may as well sow them.* He took a stick and made some holes in the ground, then put the beans in.

That evening there was very little for dinner, and they went to bed sadly again, knowing

that there would be no food the next day. Jack, unable to sleep out of grief, got up at dawn and went out to the garden.

In amazement he found that the beans had grown in the night—grown up and up over the high cliff that sheltered the cottage and disappearing above it! The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together in a way that formed a ladder.

It would be easy to climb, thought Jack, who at once decided to do it, and being a good climber already. However, after his mistake with the cow, he felt he had better consult his mother first.

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE BEANSTALK

JACK CALLED HIS MOTHER OUT and both gazed in silent wonder at the beanstalk, which was not only of great height, but was also thick enough to bear Jack's weight. "I wonder where it ends," Jack said to his mother. "I think I will climb up it and see."

His mother begged him not to venture up this strange ladder, but Jack coaxed her into giving her consent, for he was certain there must be something magical about the beanstalk. He began to climb, and ascended up the ladder-like beanstalk until everything below—the cottage, the village, and even the tall church tower—looked tiny. Yet still, he could not see the top of the beanstalk.



Jack eventually became tired and slowed to rest. He thought for a moment that he should turn back, but being a persevering boy, and knowing that the way to succeed in anything was to not give up, he went on. He climbed so high that he was afraid to look down, but the top of the beanstalk soon came into sight. At the top was a beautiful country, well-forested, with beautiful meadows covered with sheep. A crystal stream ran through the pastures. And not far from where he had climbed up

stood a large castle.

Jack wondered whether he had ever seen or heard of this castle before, but it was separated from the village by the perpendicular rock on which it stood, as if it were in another land. While Jack was standing and looking at the castle, a strange-looking woman came out of the forest and advanced toward him. She wore a turned-up and pointed red-satin quilted cap, and her hair streamed loose over her shoulders as she approached, walking with a staff. Jack took off his cap and gave her a bow.

"If you please, ma'am," he said, "is this your house?"

"No," the old lady replied. "Listen, and I will tell you the story of that castle. . . . Once upon a time there was a noble knight who lived there, here on the borders of Fairyland. He had a fair and beloved wife and several lovely children. His neighbors, the little people, were friendly toward him and bestowed on him many precious gifts. Rumors of these treasures spread, and a monstrous giant, who lived far away and was as wicked as can be, sought to possess them. He bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle when the knight was in bed and asleep, and he killed him as he lay. Then he went to the nursery and killed all the poor little children. Lucky for her, the lady was not to be found, as she had gone with her infant son, who was only two or three months old, to visit her old nurse, who lived in the valley, and had to stay overnight due to a storm. The next morn-



ing, as soon as it was light, one of the servants at the castle, who had managed to escape, came to tell the poor lady of the sad fate of her husband and her babies. She could scarcely believe him at first, and was eager to go back and share the fate of her loved ones, but the old nurse, with many tears, forced her to remember that she still had a child to care for, and that it was her duty to preserve her life for the sake of the innocent. The lady consented to remain at her nurse's house, which was the best place to hide, since the servant claimed the giant had vowed to kill both her and her baby if he found them. Years went by and the old nurse died, leaving her cottage and the few pieces of furniture it contained to the poor

*The poor boy was afraid . . . but he remembered
that fear disgraces a man, so he fought to be brave
and make the best of the situation. . .*

lady who dwelt in it, working as a peasant for her daily bread. She and her little son were forced to live out a meager life of subsistence since a spinning wheel and the milk from a cow was all she had. There was a nice little garden attached to the cottage, though, in which they cultivated peas, beans, and cabbage, and the lady was not ashamed to go out at harvest time and glean in the fields to provide for her little son. What I'm saying, Jack, is that poor lady is your mother and this castle was once your father's. And it must again be yours."

Jack uttered a cry of surprise. "My mother! Oh, ma'am, what should I do? My poor father! My dear mother!"

"It is your duty to win it back for your mother, but the task is a very difficult one and full of peril, Jack. Have you the courage to undertake it?"

"I fear nothing when I am doing right," Jack said.

"Then," said the lady in the red cap, "you must become one who slays giants. You must get into the castle, and if possible find the hen that lays golden eggs and the harp that talks. Remember, all the giant possesses really belongs to you."

After delivering the message, the lady with the red hat disappeared, and Jack realized she was a fairy. Determined to take on the task laid out, he advanced and blew the horn which hung at the castle entrance. The door was shortly by a frightening giantess with one big eye in the middle of her forehead. As soon as Jack saw her he turned to run away, but she caught him and dragged him into the castle.



"Ho, ho!" she laughed. "You didn't expect to see me, that is clear! No, I can't let you go again. I am weary and overworked, and don't see why I shouldn't have a servant like other ladies, so you shall be mine. You will clean the knives and black the boots, and make the fires and help me when the giant is out. When he is at home, though, I must hide you, for he has eaten all of my previous servants and you would be a tasty morsel."

She spoke while dragging Jack into the castle. The poor boy was afraid, as anyone would have been, but he remembered that fear disgraces a man, so he fought to be brave and make the best of the situation.

"I am ready to help you, and will do all I can to serve you, ma'am," he said. "All I ask is that you be good enough to hide me from your husband, for I wouldn't want to be eaten."

"That's a good boy," the giantess said. "It is lucky for you that you did not scream out when you saw me, as the other boys who have been here did, for if you had done so my husband would have awakened and eaten you for breakfast. Come here, child, go into my wardrobe. He never goes there so you will be safe."

She opened a large wardrobe which stood in the great hall, and shut him in. The keyhole was so large that it let in plenty of air, and he could see everything that took place through it. In time he heard heavy stomping on the stairs, like the firing of a cannon, and then a voice like thunder roared out:

*Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.*

"Wife," cried the giant, "there is a man in the castle. Let me have him for breakfast."

"You have grown old and stupid," said the giantess. "It is only a fresh steak of an elephant you smell, which I cooked for you. There, sit down and have a good breakfast."

She gave him a huge dish of steaming meat, which pleased him and made him forget the idea of an Englishman being in the castle. After breakfasted he went out for a walk, and then the giantess opened the door and made Jack come out to help her. He did chores all day, and she fed him well, but when evening came she put him back in the wardrobe.

THE HEN THAT LAYS GOLDEN EGGS

THE GIANT CAME IN for supper. Jack watched him through the keyhole and was amazed to see him pack a wolf's bone and half a fowl into his wide mouth at the same time.

When supper was over he bade his wife to bring him the hen that laid the golden eggs.

“It lays as well as it did when it belonged to that paltry knight,” he said. “Indeed, the eggs are heavier than ever.”

The giantess left, then returned with a little brown hen, which she placed on the table before her husband. “And now, dear,” she said, “I’m going for a walk if you don’t need me any longer.”

“Go,” the giant said. “I need a nap anyway,” taking the brown hen and saying to her, “Lay!” She instantly laid a golden egg. “Lay!” said the giant again. And she laid another. “Lay!” he repeated a third time, and another a golden egg then lay on the table.

Jack was sure this hen was the one the fairy had spoken of.

The giant put the hen on the floor and soon after fell asleep, snoring so loud that it shook the castle. When Jack believed the giant to be fast asleep, he opened the door of the wardrobe and crept out. He stole softly across the room, picked up the hen, and made his way out. He knew the way to the kitchen, and the door to it was open, so he went in, shut it, locked it behind him, and flew back to the beanstalk, descending it as fast as he could move.

When his mother saw him enter the house she wept for joy, for she had feared the fairies had carried him away or the giant had found him. Jack put the brown hen down before her, and told her how he had been in the giant’s castle, along with the rest of his adventures. She was glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more.

THE MONEY BAGS

JACK MADE ANOTHER JOURNEY UP the beanstalk to the giant’s castle one day while his mother was at the market. But he made sure to dye his hair and disguise himself so the old giantess wouldn’t recognize him, and would drag him in as she had done before



to be her servant. It worked, and she hid him in the wardrobe again, not realizing he was the same boy who had stolen the hen. She told him to stay there and be quiet, or the giant would eat him. Then the giant came in saying:

*Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.*

“Nonsense!” the giantess said, “it is only a roasted steer I made for your supper, so sit down and I will bring it at once.”

The giant sat down. Soon, his wife brought in a roasted steer on a large dish, and they ate their supper. Jack couldn’t believe how they picked the bones off the steer as if it were a lark.

As soon as they had finished their meal, the giantess rose and said, “Now, my dear, I am going up to my room to finish the story I’m reading. If you want me, call for me.”

“First,” the giant said, “bring my money bags so I can count my gold before I sleep.”

The giantess left and returned with two large bags slung over her shoulders, which she put down next to her husband.

“There,” she said. “That is all that is left of the knight’s money. When it’s gone, you must go and take over another baron’s castle.”

Not if I can help it, Jack thought.

The giant proceeded to take out heaps of gold pieces and count them, putting them in piles until he was tired. He then swept them back into their bags, leaned back in his chair, and fell fast asleep, snoring so loud that no other sound was audible.

Jack crept softly out of the wardrobe



and took the bags of money—which were really his own since the giant had stolen them from his father—then he ran and with great difficulty descended the beanstalk. He laid the bags of gold on his mother’s table just as she was returning from town and beginning to worry about Jack.

“There, mother, I have brought you the gold that was taken from my father.”

“Oh, Jack! You are a wonderful boy, but I wish you would not risk your precious life in the giant’s castle. Tell me how you got there again.”

Jack explained it to her, and his mother was glad to see the money, but she did not like the idea of him taking any more risks for her. Still, Jack had made up his mind to return to the giant’s castle the next day.

He climbed the beanstalk and blew the horn at the castle gate. The giantess came, and must have been quite stupid, as she did not recognize him. She stopped momentarily before taking him in, fearing another robbery, but Jack’s fresh face looked too innocent for worry. She dragged him in and again hid him away in the wardrobe.

Soon, the giant came home, and as he crossed the threshold called out:

*Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.*

“Dumb old giant,” his wife said, “the only thing you smell is the sheep I’ve grilled for your dinner.”

The giant sat and his wife brought in a whole sheep. When he had finished it he said, “Now bring me my harp so I can listen to some music while you take your walk.”

The giantess obeyed, and returned with a beautiful harp. The framework was sparkled with diamonds and rubies, and the strings were made of gold.

“This is one of the nicest things I took from the knight,” the giant said. “I am fond of music, and my harp is a faithful servant.” He drew the harp toward him and said, “Play!” The harp played a soft, sad air. “Play something merrier!” the giant said, and the harp played a merry tune. “Now play me a lullaby,” roared the giant, and the harp played a sweet lullaby, whose sound caused its master to fall right asleep.

Jack exited quietly out of the wardrobe and entered the oversized kitchen to see if the giantess was gone. No one was around, so he went to the door and opened it slowly. He entered the giant’s room, seized the harp, and ran away, but as he jumped over the threshold the harp called out, “Master! Master!” causing the giant to wake up. With a tremendous

Jack was very nimble, and fled like lightning with the harp, talking to it as he went . . . telling it he was the son of its old master, the knight. . .



howl he sprang from his seat, and in two strides had reached the door.

Jack was very nimble, and fled like lightning with the harp, talking to it as he went—for he saw it was a fairy—and telling it he was the son of its old master, the knight. Still, the giant moved so fast that he had caught up to poor Jack, and was stretching out his large hand to grab him, when he stepped on a loose stone, stumbled, and fell flat on the ground, where he lay at full length. This gave Jack time to get on the beanstalk and shimmy down, but just as he reached the garden he noticed the giant descending from above.

“Mother! Mother!” cried Jack, “Get me the ax now!” His mother ran out to him with a hatchet in her hand, and Jack with one tremendous blow

cut through all the stems except one. “Stand out of the way, mother!” Jack said. His mother shrank back, and thankfully so, for just as the giant took hold of the last branch of the beanstalk, Jack cut the stem through and darted from the spot.

Down came the giant with a tremendous crash, falling on his head and breaking his neck. There he lay dead at the feet of the woman he had injured so.

Before Jack and his mother had recovered from the alarm, they noticed a beautiful lady standing before them. “Jack,” she said, “you have acted like a brave knight’s son, and



deserve to have your inheritance restored to you. Dig a grave and bury the giant, and then go and kill the giantess.”

“I could not kill anyone unless I were fighting him,” Jack said, “and could not draw my sword on a woman. The giantess was very kind to me, as well.”

The fairy smiled. “That is very noble of you, Jack,” she said, “but still, you must return to the castle and restore your kingdom.”

Jack asked the way to the castle, since the beanstalk was no more, and the fairy told him she would take him in her chariot, which was drawn by two peacocks. The fairy took him a great distance, traveling until they reached a village at the bottom of a hill. There they found a number of miserable-looking men assembled. The fairy stopped her carriage and addressed them.

“My friends,” she said, “the cruel giant who oppressed you and ate your flocks and herds is dead, and this young gentleman who is responsible for freeing you from him. He is the son of your kind old master, the knight.”

The men cheered loudly, stepped forward, and pledged to serve Jack as faithfully as they had his father. The fairy told them to follow her to the castle, so together they marched.

Jack blew the horn and demanded admittance. The old giantess had seen them coming from the turret loop hole and was frightened, for she knew that something bad had happened to her husband. But as she was rushing down the stairs, she caught her foot in her dress, fell from the top to the bottom, and broken her neck, as well.

When the door wasn’t opened, those outside took crowbars and forced it open. Nobody was visible inside, but upon leaving the hall they found the body of the giantess at the foot of the stairs.

Jack thereafter took possession of the castle. The fairy brought his mother to him, along with the hen and the harp. He had the giantess buried, and vowed as much as was laid in his power to do right to those whom the giant had robbed. Before departing to Fairyland, the fairy admitted to Jack that she had sent the butcher to meet him with the beans, in order to test what sort of lad he was.

“If you had only looked at the gigantic beanstalk and never done anything,” she said, “I would have left you where misfortune placed you, only restoring the cow to your mother. But you proved to have an inquiring mind and showed great courage and enterprise, which is why you deserve to rise. When you mounted the beanstalk, you climbed the Ladder of Fortune.”

She then disappeared, leaving Jack and his mother in their new kingdom. 🌹



The Laidly Worm

Retold by Flora Annie Steel

Illustrations by Herbert Cole, 1906



IN BAMBOROUGH CASTLE THERE once lived a king with two children: a son named Childe Wynde, and a daughter named May Margret. Their mother, a fair woman, was dead, and the King mourned her long and faithfully. But after Childe Wynde left to seek his fortune, the King, while hunting in the forest, came across a lady of such beauty that he fell in love with her instantly and was determined to marry her. The thought of her mother's place being taken by a strange woman did not please princess May Margret, nor did knowing that she would be turning over housekeeping duties for her father, the King. She had always taken pride in her work, but kept her thoughts to herself while standing long on the castle walls looking out to sea, waiting for her brother's return.

No news of Childe Wynde had come by the day the old King was to bring the new Queen home. May Margret counted the keys to the castle chambers, knotted them on a string, and after casting them over her left shoulder for luck—more for her father's sake—stood at the castle gate ready to hand the keys over to her new stepmother.

As the bridal procession approached with the lords of the North Country, and some of the Scots lords as well, she looked so fair and so sweet that the lords couldn't help but whisper to one another of her beauty. After singing out—

*"Oh welcome, welcome, father,
Unto your halls and towers!
And welcome, too, my stepmother,*

For all that is here is now yours!"
—she turned and greeted the Scots lords,
who said:

*"Behold, May Margret's grace,
Above all others with so fair a face!"*

The new Queen heard this and pushed
May Margret down in the yard and stomped
on her face, her own flush with anger as she
turned and cried:

*"You might have accepted me,
But I will bring May Margret down,
As low as a Laidly Worm,
That slithers around a stone,
And not until Childe Wynde returns,
Will the witching be undone."*

May Margret laughed, not realizing that
her new stepmother, despite her beauty, was
actually a witch. Her laugh only made the
wicked woman angrier, so late that night she left the royal bedroom, returned to the cave
where she did her magic, and cast a spell on princess May Margret—with charms three
times three, and passes nine times nine—saying:

*"I turn ye into a Laidly Worm,
And such ye shall be
Until Childe Wynde, the King's dear son
Returns home from across the sea.
Until the world comes to an end
Unspelled ye'll never be,
Unless Childe Wynde of his own free will
Gives you kisses three!"*

Thus it came to pass that princess May Margret went to bed a beautiful maiden and
arose next morning as a Laidly Worm. When her maids came to dress her they found a
dragon coiled up in her bed, which uncoiled itself and came toward them. They ran away
terrified, then the Laidly Worm crawled and crept, and crept and crawled down to the sea
until it reached the rock of the Spindlestone known as the Heugh. There it curled itself



*Thus it came to pass that princess May Margret
went to bed a beautiful maiden and arose next
morning as a Laidly Worm. . . .*



around the stone and lay basking in the sun.

For seven miles east and seven miles west, seven miles north and seven miles south,
the entire countryside sensed the presence and hunger of the Laidly Worm of Spindlestone
Heugh, which left its resting place at night and devoured everything it came upon.

A wise warlock advised the people that if they wished to stay clear of it, they must take
the milk of seven white cows every morning and every evening to the stone at the foot

of the Heugh for the Laidly Worm to drink. The people did as told, and the Laidly Worm troubled the countryside no longer, but lay wrapped around the Heugh, looking out to sea with its terrible snout in the air.

Word spread, and eventually reached the ears of Childe Wynde, who grew upset, for he knew it had something to do with his beloved sister May Margret's disappearance.

He called his men-at-arms and said, "We must sail to Bamborough and land by Spindlestone to corner and kill this Laidly Worm."

They built a ship without delay, laying the keel with wood from rowan trees, making masts of rowan wood, and oars of the same. After it was finished, they set forth. The wicked Queen knew they were coming, so she sent her imps to still the winds and stop the ship, so the sails of silk would hang idle on the masts. But Childe Wynde would not to be bested, and called on the oarsmen who rowed onward until one morning the wicked Queen, spying from the tower, saw the gallant ship on the horizon in Bamborough Bay. She sent out her witch-wives and impettes to raise a storm and sink the ship, but they emerged safely, for the ship was built of rowan wood, over which witches had no power. As a last resort, the Witch Queen cast spells on the Laidly Worm saying:

*"Go, Laidly Worm! Make their topmast heel,
Go, Worm the sand, and creep beneath the keel."*

The Laidly Worm had no choice but to obey.

*"The Worm leapt up, the Worm leapt down
And wrapped itself around each plank,
And as the ship neared shore
She heeled as if sunk."*

Three times three did Childe Wynde attempt to land, and three times three the Laidly Worm stopped the ship from reaching shore. Finally, Childe Wynde gave the word to put the ship to rest, and the Witch Queen, watching from the tower, thought he had given up. However, he quickly rounded the next point to Budley sands and jumped into the shallow water, making it safely to land and drawing his sword to kill the Worm. But as he raised his sword he heard a voice, soft as the western wind, say:

*"Put down thy sword, unbend thy bow,
And give me kisses three,
For though I seem a Laidly Worm
I will do no harm to thee!"*

Childe Wynde recognized the voice—it was that of his dear sister May Margret—so he

*Three times three did Childe Wynde attempt to
land, and three times three the Laidly Worm
stopped the ship from reaching shore.*

stayed his hand. Again the Laidly Worm said:

*"Put down thy sword, unbend thy bow,
My laidly form forget.
Forgive my wrongs and kiss me thrice,*



THE LAIDLY WORM

For the love of May Margret."

Childe Wynde, remembering how he had care for his sister, put his arms around the Laidly Worm and kissed it once. Then he kissed the wretched monster twice. And then he kissed it a third time more as he stood with the wet sand at his feet.

Suddenly, with a hiss and a roar, the Laidly Worm sank into the sand, and transformed in his arms into May Margret! She trembled in the cold sea air, so he wrapped her in his coat around her and carried her to Bamborough Castle, where the wicked Queen, knowing her time had come, stood alone on the stairs wringing her hands—deserted by her imps and witch-wives. Childe Wynde looked at her and yelled:

"Woe, Woe to thee, thou wicked Witch!

An ill fate shalt thine be!

The doom thou decreed on May Margret,

Will be the same doom dealt to thee.

Henceforth thou shall be a Laidly Toad

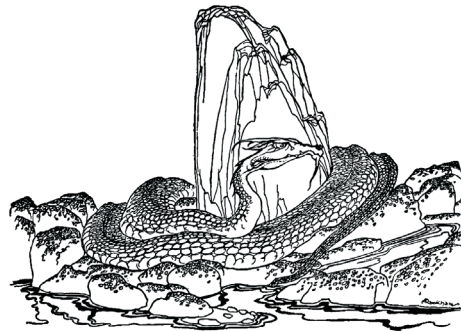
That in the swamp doth dwell,

And never from this spell will thou be free,

Until this world hath an end, and all that remains is Hell."

As he spoke the wicked Witch Queen began to shrivel and shrink until she took the form of a horrid and wrinkled toad that hopped down the castle steps and disappeared between a crevice.

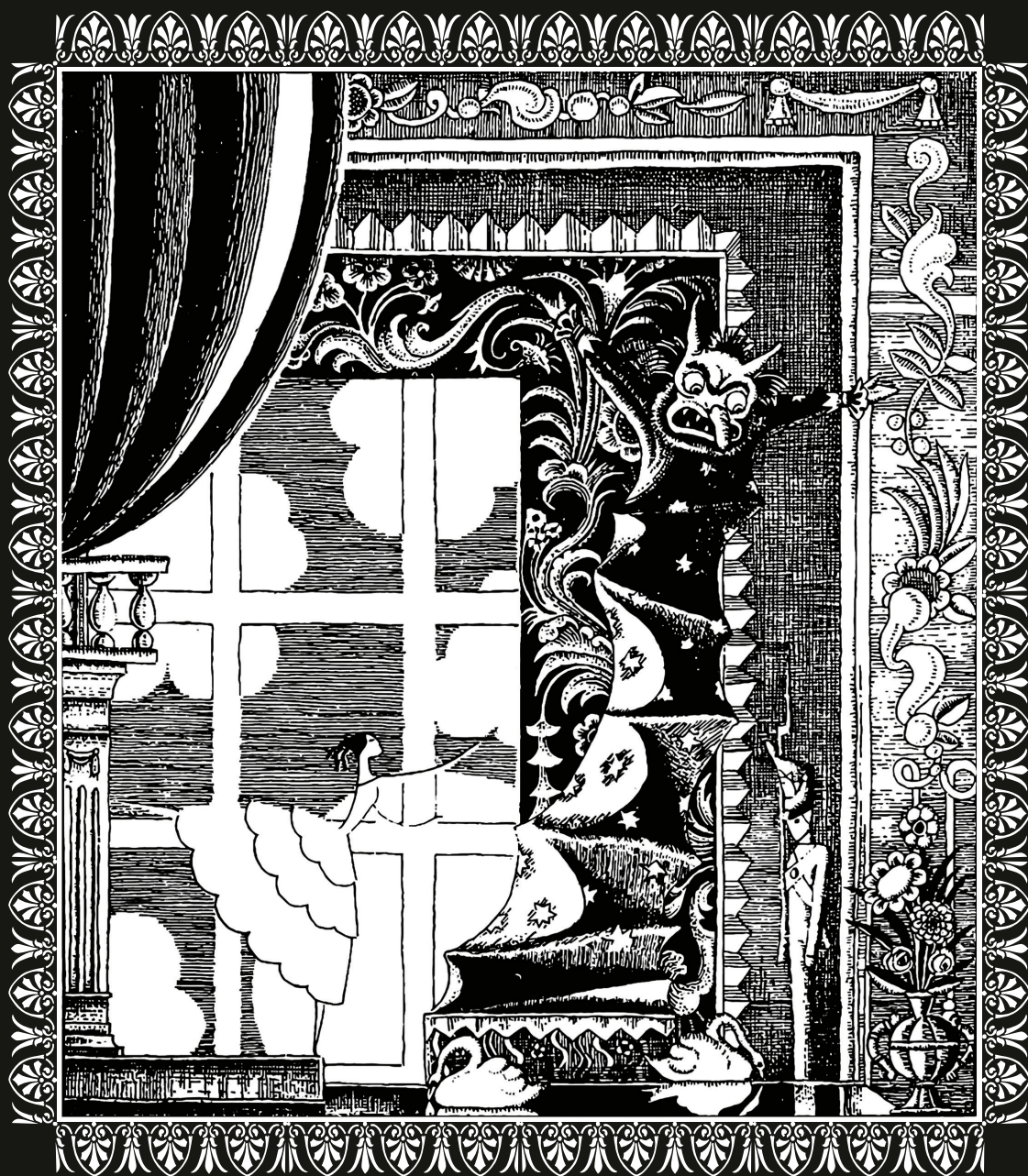
To this day, a disgusting toad is sometimes seen haunting Bamborough tower—and that Laidly Toad is none other than the wicked Witch Queen! But, deprived of her powers, she could do harm no longer, so the King learned his lesson, and with his children Childe Wynde and princess May Margret, lived happily ever after. 🐸





The Tales of Hans Christian Andersen

The same inspirations that led so many to pursue folkloric studies in their own nations following the success of the Grimm Brothers led many to attempt to write such tales themselves. Few are remembered for it, however, and none have stood the test of time quite like Danish writer Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875). Unfortunately, like Snow White and Cinderella, many of Andersen’s characters are more likely to summon images of Disney characters than help one identify with their own cultural past, but Disney would be nothing without the ingenuity of men like Andersen. He stands alone as an individual storyteller because he embodies the creative spirit that is such a fundamental aspect of our collective nature. Some of Andersen’s stories are more suitable for older children, but all of them are still children’s stories in the end. Just as our grandparents’ believed in a more strict form of parenting, so are many of Andersen’s stories designed to almost scare children into adopting positive moral behaviors, and we should not view that as a bad thing; sometimes it is the best approach, and was deemed normal prior to the modern age. Andersen is a marvelous storyteller, and an icon worthy of immense praise despite the many attempts to posthumously smear his character. There is much to enjoy for everyone in one or all of the following stories included here: “The Steadfast Tin Soldier,” “The Ugly Duckling,” “Thumbelina,” “The Emperor’s New Clothes,” “The Shepherdess and the Chimney Sweep,” “The Tinderbox,” “The Swineherd,” “The Red Shoes,” “The Little Match Girl,” “The Story of a Mother,” and “The Shadow.”



The Steadfast Tin Soldier

Illustrations by Kay Nielsen, 1924



HERE WERE ONCE five-and-twenty tin soldiers. They were all brothers, born of the same old tin spoon, and shouldered their muskets and looked straight ahead, splendid in their uniforms, all red and blue. The very first thing in the world they ever heard was, "Tin soldiers!" A small boy shouted it and clapped his hands as he lifted the lid off their box on his birthday, then immediately began setting them up on the table. All of the soldiers looked exactly alike, except for one. He looked a bit different, as he had been cast last of all, and since they were short on tin, he only had one leg. But there he stood, as steady on one leg as any of the other soldiers were on two. He was the remarkable one, too—just wait and see.

On the table with the soldiers were many other toys, and one that couldn't be missed was a marvelous castle made of cardboard. It had little windows through which you could look right inside, and in front of the castle were miniature trees around a little mirror that was supposed to represent a lake. The wax swans that swam on its surface reflected in the mirror. All of this was very pretty, but prettiest of all was the little lady who stood in the open doorway of the castle. Though she was a paper doll, she wore a dress of fluffy material. A tiny blue ribbon rested on her shoulder for a scarf, and in the middle of it was a spangle that was as big as her face. The little lady held out both of her arms, as a ballet dancer does, and one leg was lifted so high behind her that the tin soldier couldn't see it at all, and supposed she must also only have one leg, as he did.

That would be the wife for me, he thought. But maybe she's too good for me. She lives in

a castle, after all, whereas I only have a box, and share it with four-and-twenty roommates. That's no place for her, but I must try to make her acquaintance. Still as stiff as when he stood at attention, he lied down on the table behind a snuffbox, where he could admire the dainty little dancer who remained on one leg without ever losing her balance.

When night came, the other tin soldiers were put away in their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play among themselves, with visits, battles, and balls. The tin soldiers rattled about in their box, for they wanted to play too but they could not get the lid open. The nutcracker turned somersaults and the chalk squeaked out jokes on the little chalkboard. The toys made so much noise that they woke up the canary, who gave them a speech, all in verse. The only two who kept still were the tin soldier and the little dancer. Without wavering on the tip of one toe, she held out her arms to him, but the tin soldier was just as steadfast on his one leg. Not once did he take his eyes off her.

Then the clock struck twelve and—*clack!*—up popped the lid of the snuffbox. But there was no snuff in it, no—out bounced a little black bogeyman, a jack-in-the-box.

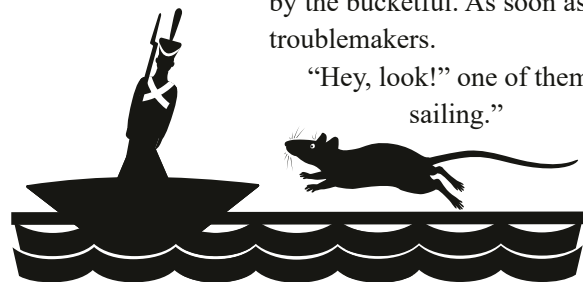
"Tin soldier," he said. "Will you please keep your eyes to yourself?" The tin soldier pretended not to hear. The jack-in-the-box continued, "Just you wait until tomorrow."

When morning came, and the children got up, the soldier was set on the window ledge. And whether the jack-in-the-box was responsible for it, or there was merely a gust of wind, all of a sudden the window flew open and the soldier fell headlong from the third floor. He fell at breathtaking speed and landed cap first, with his bayonet buried between the pavement stones and his one leg stuck straight in the air. The housemaid and the little boy ran down to look for him and, though they nearly stepped on the tin soldier, they walked right past without seeing him. If the soldier had called out, "Here I am!" they would surely have found him, but he thought it contemptible to raise an uproar while he was wearing his uniform.

Soon it began to rain. The drops fell faster and faster, until they were coming down by the bucketful. As soon as the rain let up, along came two young troublemakers.

"Hey, look!" one of them said, "It's a tin soldier. Let's send him sailing."

They made a boat out of newspaper, put the tin soldier in the middle of it, and away he went down the gutter with the two troublemakers



running beside him and clapping their hands. High heavens! How the waves splashed, and how fast the water ran down the gutter—don't forget that it had just been raining by the bucketful. The paper boat pitched and tossed and at times whirled about so rapidly that it made the soldier's head spin. But he stood as steady as ever. Never once flinching, he kept his eyes in front and kept his gun shoulder-high. Suddenly the boat rushed under a long plank where the gutter was boarded over. It was as dark as the soldier's own box.

Where am I going? the soldier wondered. *This must be that black bogeyman jack-in-the-box's revenge. Ah! If only I had the little lady with me, it could be twice as dark in here for all I care.*

Then, out popped a big water rat that lived under the gutter plank. "Do you have a passport?" the rat said. "Hand it over." The soldier kept quiet and held his musket tighter. On rushed the boat, and the rat came right after it, gnashing his teeth as he called to the sticks and straws: "Halt him! Stop him! He didn't pay his toll and hasn't shown his passport!" But the current was strong, and the soldier could see daylight ahead where the board ended, though he also heard a roar that would frighten the bravest of all. Hold on! At the end of that gutter plank the water poured into the canal. It was as dangerous to him as a waterfall would be to people.

He drew nearer and could not possibly stop, so the boat plunged into the whirlpool. The poor tin soldier stood as staunch as he could, and none could say he so much as blinked an eye. The boat spun around again and again. It filled to the top and was bound to sink. The water was up to his neck and still the boat went down deeper and deeper and deeper as the paper got soft and limp. Then the water rushed over his head. He thought of the pretty little dancer whom he would never see again, and the tune of an old song rang in his ears—

"Farewell, O warrior, ever brave!

Drifting onward to thy grave."

The paper boat broke beneath him and the soldier sank right through. And just at that moment he was swallowed by an enormous fish.

How dark it was inside of that fish! Darker than it was under the gutter plank, and cramped, but the tin soldier remained staunch and steadfast, laying at full length in soldierly fashion, musket to shoulder.

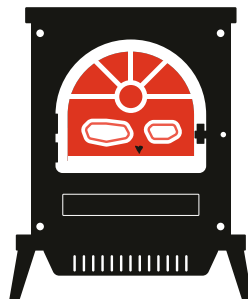
*"Farewell, O warrior, ever brave!
Drifting onward to thy grave."*

The fish then flopped and floundered in an almost indescribable way, and finally it was perfectly still. After a while something struck him like a flash of lightning, and the tin soldier could see daylight again. He heard a voice say, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to the market, bought, and brought to a kitchen where the cook cut him open with a big knife.

She picked the soldier up between her two fingers and carried him upstairs. Everyone wanted to see this remarkable traveler, who had made it through being in a fish's stomach, but the tin soldier took no pride in it. They put him on the table and—lo and behold, what curious things can happen in this world—there he was, back in the same room as before. He saw the same children, the same toys on the table, and there was the same fine castle with the pretty little dancer. She still balanced on one leg, with the other raised high. She too was steadfast. That touched the soldier so deeply that he would have cried tin tears—if soldiers were allowed to cry. He looked at her, and she looked back at him, and not a word had to be said.

But just as things were going so nicely back here back at home, one of the little boys grabbed the tin soldier and threw him into the stove. He seemed to do it for no reason at all. That black bogeyman jack-in-the-box must have put him up to it, though. The tin soldier stood there dressed in flames. He felt a terrible heat come on, but whether it was from the flames or from his love for the dancer, he didn't know. He'd already lost his bright and splendid colors, perhaps due to his long and difficult journey, or perhaps out of grief—none could say for sure.

He looked at the little lady, and she looked back at him, and he felt himself melting, but still he stood steadfast, with his musket held trim on his shoulder. Then the door blew open and a burst of wind struck the dancer. She flew like a fairy straight into the fire with the soldier, blazing up in a flash and then gone, while the tin soldier melted into a lump. The next day, when a servant took out the ashes she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the pretty dancer nothing was left except her spangle, which was burned as black as a coal. 🍷





The Ugly Duckling

Illustrations by Theo van Hoytema, 1893



IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL OUT in the country. It was summer—the wheat fields were golden, the oats were green, and down in the meadows the hay was stacked. There, the stork minced about on his red legs, clacking away in Egyptian, which was the language his mother had taught him. Around the fields and meadowlands grew vast forests, in which deep lakes lay hidden. Yes, it was indeed lovely out there in the country.

Amid the sunshine stood an old manor house that had a deep moat around it. From the walls of the manor right down to the water's edge great burdock leaves grew, and some were so tall that little children could stand upright beneath the biggest of them. In this wilderness of leaves, which was as dense as the forests itself, a duck sat on her nest, hatching her ducklings. She was becoming somewhat weary, because sitting is such dull work and scarcely anyone came to see her. The other ducks would much rather swim in the moat than waddle out and squat under the burdock leaf to gossip with her.

But at last the eggshells began to crack, one after another. “Peep, peep!” said the little things as they came to life and poked out their heads.

“Quack, quack!” said the duck, and quick as quick can be they all waddled out to have a look at the green world under the leaves. Their mother let them look as much as they pleased, because green is good for the eyes.

“How wide the world is,” said all of the young ducks, for they had much more room now than they did when they were in their eggshells.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" their mother asked. "Why, it extends on and on, clear across to the other side of the garden and into the parson's field, though that is farther than I have ever been. I do hope you are all hatched," she said as she got up. "No, not quite all. The biggest still hasn't hatched. How much longer is this going to take? I am really rather tired of it all," she said, settling back on her nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"This one egg is taking a long time," said the duck on the nest. "It won't crack. But look at the others, they are the cutest little ducklings I've ever seen. They look exactly like their father, the wretch! He hasn't come to see me at all."

"Let's have a look at the egg that won't crack," the old duck said. "It's a turkey egg, and you can take my word for it. I was fooled by that once myself. What trouble I had with those turkey babies. I may as well tell you now, they are afraid of the water. I simply could not get them into it. I quacked and quacked at them, but it wasn't any use. Let me see the egg. Certainly, it's a turkey egg. Let it lie, and go teach your other children to swim."

"Oh, I'll sit a little longer. I've been at it so long already that I may as well sit here half the summer."

"Suit yourself," the old duck said, and away she waddled.

At last the big egg cracked. "Peep," said the young one, and out he tumbled. But he was so big and ugly.

The duck took a look at him. "That's a frighteningly big duckling," she said. "He doesn't look at all like the others. Can he really be a turkey baby? Well, well! I'll soon find out. Into the water he shall go, even if I have to shove him in myself."

The next day the weather was perfect, and the sun shone brightly down on the green burdock leaves. The mother duck led the whole family down to the moat. *Splash!* She took to the water. "Quack, quack," she said, and one duckling after another plunged in. The water went over



"That's no turkey," the mother said. "See how well he uses his legs, and how straight he holds himself up. He's my very own son after all, and isn't that ugly if you look at him properly. . . ."



their heads, but they came up instantly to a float. Their legs worked automatically, were all there in the water—even the big ugly gray one.

"That's no turkey," the mother said. "See how well he uses his legs, and how straight he holds himself up. He's my very own son after all, and isn't that ugly if you look at him properly. *Quack, quack*—come with me. I'll lead you out into the world and introduce you to the duck yard, but keep close to me so you don't get stepped on, and watch out for the cat!"

They waddled to the duck yard, where everyone was in an uproar because two families were fighting over the head of an eel, though the cat got it in the end.

"You see, that's the way of the world." The mother duck licked her bill because she wanted the eel's head herself. "Stir your legs, bustle about, and remember to bow to that old duck over there. She's the noblest of us all, and has

Spanish blood in her. That's why she's so fat. See that red rag around her leg? That's a wonderful thing, and the highest distinction a duck can get. It shows that they don't want to lose her, and that she deserves special attention from man and beast. Shake yourselves! Don't turn your toes in. A well-bred duckling turns his toes way out, just as his father and mother do—this way. So then! Now duck your necks and say *quack!*"

They did as she told, but the other ducks around them looked on and said out loud, "Take a look! Must this brood be here, too? As if there weren't enough of us already. My oh my! What an ugly-looking fellow that one duckling is! We won't stand for him." One duck

charged up and bit his neck.

“Leave him alone,” his mother said. “He isn’t doing any harm.”

“Possibly not,” said the duck who bit him, “but he’s too big and strange, and needs a good whacking.”

“What nice-looking children you have, Mother,” said the old duck with the rag around her leg. “They are all pretty, except for that one. He didn’t come out well. Pity you can’t hatch him again.”

“It can be managed, your ladyship,” the mother said. “He isn’t very handsome, but he’s as good as can be and swims just as well as the rest, or, I should say, even better. I hope his looks improve with age, and that he doesn’t keep growing. He took too long in the egg—that’s why his figure isn’t what it should be.” She pinched his neck and preened his feathers. “Moreover, he’s a drake, so it won’t matter much. I think he will turn out strong, and I’m sure he will amount to something.”

“The other ducklings are pretty enough,” the old duck said. “Now make yourselves right at home, and if you find an eel’s head, bring it to me.”

They settled in, but the poor duckling, who had been the last out of his egg and was so ugly, got pecked and pushed about and made fun of by the ducks, and the chickens as well. “He’s too big,” they all said. The turkey gobbler, who thought himself an emperor because he was born wearing spurs, puffed up like a ship at full sail and bore down on him, gobbling and gobbling until he was red in the face. The poor duckling did not know where he should stand or where he should walk. He was sad because he was so painfully ugly and the laughingstock of the barnyard.

So it was on the first day, and after that things went from bad to worse. The poor duckling was chased and bullied by everyone. Even his own brothers and sisters abused him. “We wish the cat would catch you, you ugly thing,” they would say. And his own mother said, “How I do wish you were miles away.” The ducks nipped at him, the hens pecked at him, and the girl who fed them kicked him with her foot.



He ran away and he flew over the fence. The little birds in the bushes darted up to the trees. *That's because I'm so ugly*, he thought, closing his eyes and running on until he reached the great marsh where the wild ducks lived. There he lay all night long, weary and disheartened.

When morning came, the wild ducks flew up to have a look at their new companion. "What sort of animal are you?" they asked as the duckling turned in all directions, bowing his best to them. "You are really ugly," they told him, "but that's okay as long as you don't marry into our family."

Poor duckling! Marriage had never entered his mind. All he wanted was for them to let him lie among the reeds and drink a little water from the marsh.

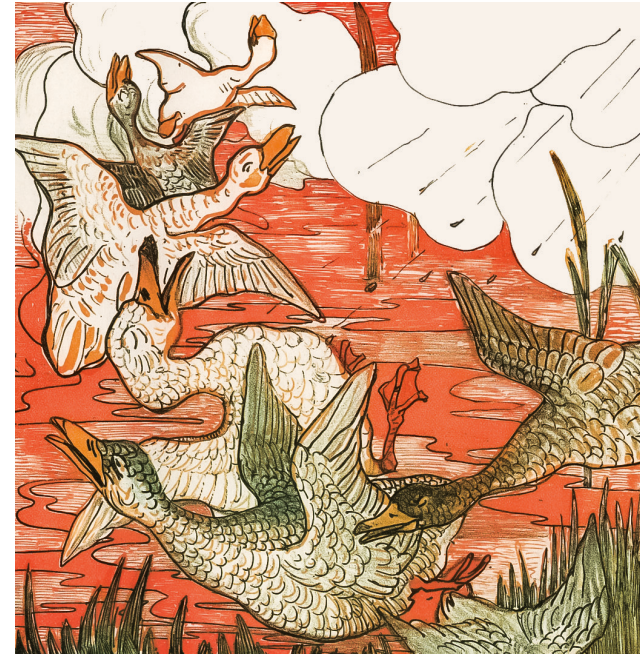
There he stayed for two whole days, before meeting a couple of wild geese, or rather wild ganders—for they were males. They had not been out of the shell very long, and that's what made them so sure of themselves.

"Say there, pal," they said, "you're so ugly that we've taken a liking to you. Come with us and be a bird of passage. In another marsh nearby, there are some beautiful wild geese, all nice young ladies who know how to quack. You are so ugly that you'll completely turn their heads."

Bang! Bang! Just then shots rang through the air and the two ganders fell dead among the reeds. The water was red with their blood. *Bang! Bang!* The shots rang out again as flocks of wild geese flew up from the reeds and another volley crashed. A great hunt was in progress. The hunters lay under cover around the marsh, and some were even perched



Bang! Bang! Shots rang in the air and the two ganders fell dead among the reeds. The water was red with their blood.



in the trees that hung over the reeds. Blue smoke rose like clouds from the shade and drifted out over the water.

The bird dogs came—*splash, splash!*—through the swamp, bending down the reeds and the rushes on every side. This frightened the poor duckling so much that he hid his head under his wing. But at that very moment a big dog appeared right beside him. His tongue rolled out of his mouth and his wicked eyes glared at him. He opened his wide jaws, flashed his sharp teeth, and then—*splash, splash!*—on he went without

touching the duckling.

"Thank God I'm so ugly," he sighed. "Even the dog won't bother to bite me."

He lay perfectly still while the bullets splattered through the reeds as shot after shot was fired. It was late in the day, before things became quiet again, and even then the poor duckling didn't dare move. He waited several hours before venturing out, then scurried away from the marsh as fast as he could, running across fields and meadows against a wind so strong he struggled to keep his feet.

Late in the evening he came to a miserable little hovel, so ramshackle that it did not know which way to tumble, and that was the only reason it still stood. The wind struck the

duckling so hard that the poor little fellow had to sit down on his tail to withstand it. The storm blew stronger and stronger, but the duckling noticed that a hinge was loose and the door hung crooked enough for him to squeeze through the crack into the room, and that's just what he did.

Here lived an old woman with her cat and her hen. The cat, whom she called "Sonny," could arch his back, purr, and even make sparks, though for that you had to stroke his fur the wrong way. The hen had short little legs, so she was called "Chickey Shortleg." She laid good eggs, and the old woman loved her as if she were her own child.

In the morning they were quick to notice the strange duckling. The cat began to purr, and the hen began to cluck.

"What on earth!" The old woman looked around, but was short-sighted and mistook the duckling for a fat duck that lost its way. "That was a good catch," she said. "Now I'll have duck eggs—unless it's a drake. We must try it out." So the duckling was tried out for three weeks, but not one egg did he lay.

In this house the cat was the master and the hen was the mistress. They always said, "We and the world," for they thought themselves to be half of the world, and much the better half at that. The duckling thought that there was more than one way of thinking, but the hen would not hear it.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked

"No."

"Then be so good as to hold your tongue."

The cat asked, "Can you arch your back, purr, or make sparks?"

"No."

"Then keep your opinion to yourself when sensible people are talking."



The duckling sat in a corner, feeling most despondent. Then he remembered the fresh air and the sunlight. A desire to go swimming possessed him that he could not help telling the hen about it.

"What on earth has come over you?" the hen cried. "You haven't a thing to do, and that's why you get such silly ideas. Lay us an egg, or learn to purr, and you'll get over it."

"But it's so refreshing to float on the water," the duckling said, "to feel it rise over your head as you dive to the bottom."

"Yes, it must be a great pleasure!" the hen said. "I think you must have gone crazy. Ask the cat, who's the wisest fellow I know, whether he likes to swim or dive down in the water. Of myself I say nothing. But ask the old woman, our mistress. There's no one on earth wiser than she is. Do you imagine she wants to go swimming and feel the water rise over her head?"

"You don't understand," the duckling said.

"Well, if we don't, who would? Surely you don't think you are cleverer than the cat and the old woman—to say nothing of myself. Don't be so conceited, child. Just thank

your Maker for all the kindness we have shown you. Did you get into this snug room and fall in with people who can tell you what's what, or not? You are such a numbskull that it's no fun to have you around. Believe me, I say this for your own good—I say unpleasant truths—but that's the only way to know who your friends are. Now lay some eggs, or learn to purr or make sparks."

"I think I'd better go out into the wider world," the duckling said.

"Suit yourself," said the hen.

So off went the duckling. He swam and dived down in the water, but still he was slighted by every living creature because of his ugliness.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown. The wind



took them and whirled them about. The heavens looked cold, as the low clouds hung heavy with snow and hail. Perched on the fence, the raven screamed, “Caw, caw!” and trembled with cold. It made one shiver to think of it. Pity the poor little duckling!

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a great flock of large, handsome birds appeared out of the reeds. The duckling had never seen birds so beautiful. They were dazzling white, with long graceful necks. They were swans. They uttered a strange cry as they unfurled their magnificent wings to fly from this cold land, away to warmer countries and open waters.

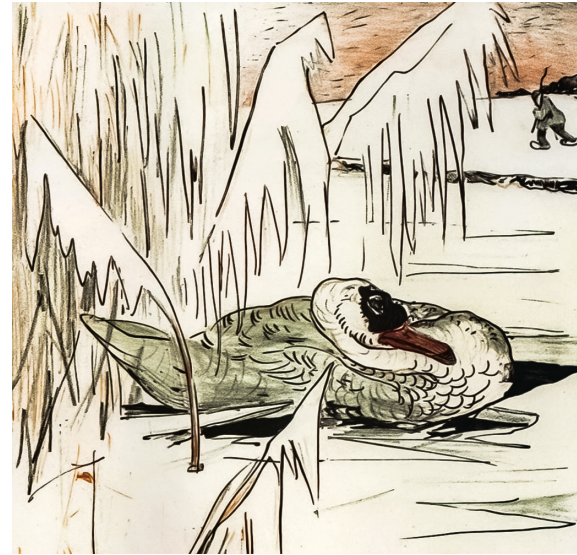


They went up so high, so very high, that the ugly little duckling felt a strange uneasiness come over him as he watched them. He went around and around in the water like a wheel. He craned his neck to follow their course, and gave a cry so shrill and strange that he frightened himself. Oh! He could not forget them—those splendid, happy birds. When he could no longer see them he dove to the very bottom, and when he came up he was quite beside himself. He did not know what birds they were or where they were bound for, yet he loved them more than anything he had ever loved before. It was not that he envied them, for how could he ever dream of wanting their marvelous beauty for himself? He would have been grateful if only the ducks would have tolerated him—the poor ugly creature.

The winter grew cold—so bitterly cold that the duckling had to swim to and fro in the water to keep it from freezing over. Every night the hole in which he swam got smaller, then it froze so thick he had to paddle continuously to keep the crackling ice from closing in on him. At last, too tired to move, he was frozen in the ice.

Early that morning a farmer came by, and when he saw the stuck duckling he went out on the pond, broke away the ice with his wooden shoe, and carried him home to his wife. There the duckling was revived, but when the children wished to play with him he thought they were trying to hurt him. Terrified, he fluttered into the milk bucket, splashing

Every night the hole in which he swam got smaller, then it froze so thick he had to paddle continuously to keep the crackling ice from closing in on him. At last, too tired to move, he was frozen in the ice.



milk all over the room. The woman shrieked and threw up her hands as he flew into the butter tub, and then in and out of the grain barrel. Imagine what he looked like now! The woman screamed and lashed out at him with the fire tongs. The children tumbled over each other and laughed and shouted as they tried to catch him. Luckily the door was open so the duckling could escape, into the bushes where he lied down in the newly fallen snow, as if in a daze.

It would be too sad to tell of all the hardships he had to endure during this cruel winter. But when the warm sun shone once more, the duckling was still alive among the reeds of the marsh. The larks began to sing again. It was beautiful springtime. Quite suddenly one day he lifted his wings and they swept through the air much more strongly than before. Their powerful strokes carried him far, and before he quite knew what was happening, he found himself in a great garden where apple trees bloomed. The lilacs filled the air with a sweet scent and hung in clusters from long, green branches that bent over a winding stream. How lovely it was here in the freshness of spring!

From the thicket before him came three magnificent white swans. They ruffled their feathers and swam lightly in the stream. The duckling recognized these noble creatures, and a strange feeling of sadness came over him.

“I will fly to these royal birds and they will peck me to bits because I, the ugliest of all, dared to go near them. But I don’t care. Better be killed by them than to be nipped by the

THE UGLY DUCKLING

ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the hen-yard girl, or suffer the misery of winter.”

He flew into the water and swam toward the splendid swans. They saw him and swept down upon him with their rustling feathers raised. “Kill me!” said the poor creature, bowing his head over the water to wait for death. But what did he see, mirrored in the clear stream? His own reflection, and it was no longer that of a clumsy and dirty gray bird, ugly and offensive to all eyes. He himself was a swan! Being born in a duck yard doesn’t matter if you are hatched from a swan’s egg.

He felt glad that he had gone through so much trouble and misfortune, for now he had a fuller understanding of his own good fortune, and of beauty when he met with it. The great swans swam around him and stroked him with their bills.

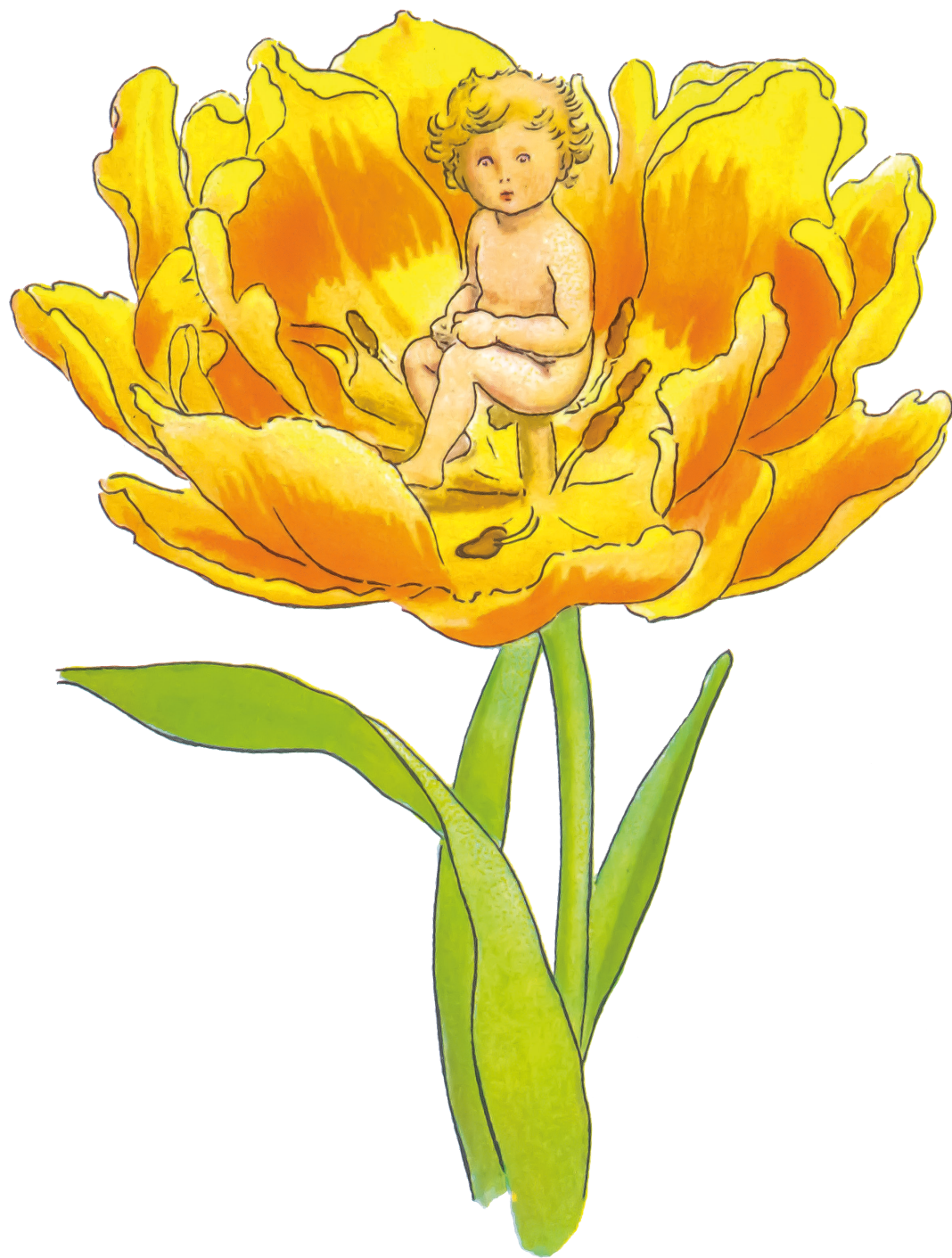
Several little children came to the garden to throw grain and bits of bread in the water. The smallest child cried, “Here’s a new one,” and the others rejoiced, “Yes, a new one has come.” They clapped their hands, danced around, and ran to bring their father and mother.

They threw bread and cake in the water, while agreeing that “The new one is the most handsome of all. He’s so young and good-looking.”

The old swans bowed in his honor. He felt bashful and tucked his head under his wing.

He did not know what this was all about, but he felt so happy, though he wasn’t at all proud, for a good heart never grows proud. He thought about how he had been abused and scorned, and how now they called him the most beautiful of all the birds. The lilacs dipped their clusters into the stream before him, and the sun shone so warm and so heartening. He rustled his feathers and held his slender neck high, as he cried out with his full heart—“I could never have dreamed of such happiness back when I was the ugly duckling.” 🌸





Thumbelina

Illustrations by Elsa Beskow, 1908



HERE WAS ONCE A WOMAN who longed for a tiny little child, but she did not know where to get one, so she visited an old witch and said. "I very much wish I had a little child. Can you tell me where I might get one?"

"Oh, that can easily be arranged," the witch said. "Take this barley seed. It's not the kind that grows in the field or is fed to chickens. Put it in a flower pot, and you will see what happens."

"Thank you," the woman said. She gave the witch some pennies, went home and planted the barleycorn, and immediately there grew from it a beautiful flower that looked like a tulip. But the petals were tightly folded as though it were still a bud.

"What a beautiful flower," the woman said, kissing its lovely yellow and red leaves. As soon as she kissed it, the flower opened with a loud crack. It was a real tulip, clearly, but in the middle of the flower, sitting on a bed of green, was a little girl. She was delicate and fair, but scarcely a thumb's length in height, so she was named Thumbelina.

A neatly polished walnut shell served as Thumbelina's cradle, and blue and violet leaves made up her mattress, with a rose petal for her blanket. She slept there at night, but played on the table during the day, where the woman placed a wreath of flowers around a plate. The stems stood in water, and on the water floated a tulip leaf, and on the tulip leaf sat the little maiden, who could row from one side of the plate to the other using two white horse hairs for oars. It was a pretty sight to behold. Thumbelina could also sing, and she had the sweetest and softest voice ever heard.

"This will make a perfect wife for my son," the toad said, who grabbed the walnut shell in which Thumbelina lay asleep, then hopped back out of the window. . . .

One night, as she lay asleep in her walnut shell bed, a fat, ugly, and slimy old toad hopped through a broken window pane and down to the table where Thumbelina was sleeping under the red rose leaf.

"This will make a perfect wife for my son," said the toad, who grabbed the walnut shell in which Thumbelina lay asleep, then hopped back out of the window with it and down into the garden.

A wide stream ran through below, with soft muddy banks where dwelt the toad and her son. *Ugh!* He was just as slimy and ugly as his mother. "*Croak, croak! Brek-kek-kek!*" was all he could say when he saw the little maiden in the shell.

"Don't speak so loud or you'll wake her," said the old toad. "She might run away, for she is as light as a swan's feather. We will put her out in the stream on one of the big water lilies. It will be like an island for her since she is so small, and she won't be able to get away while we get the main room under the mud ready for you two to live in."

Many water lilies with broad green leaves grew in the stream and looked as if they were floating on the water. The one that lay farthest out was also the largest, and that is where the old toad swam out to and laid the walnut shell on with Thumbelina still asleep inside. The poor little thing woke up early in the morning and began to cry when she saw where she was—on a lily pad surrounded by water on every side, with no way to make it back to land. The old toad sat in the mud, decorating her room with green shoots and yellow water



lilies—making it as pretty as she could for her new daughter-in-law. She swam out with her ugly son to take Thumbelina's walnut shell bed, which was to be placed in the bridal chamber before her.

The old toad bowed low in the water and said, "This is my son—he will be your husband, and the two of you will live happily together in the mud."

"*Croak, croak! Brek-kek-kek!*" was all the son could say.

They took her little bed and swam away with it, while Thumbelina sat alone on the water lily and wept, for she did not want to marry and live with a nasty toad. The fish swimming in the water below had seen the old toad swim up and heard what she said, so they poked their heads out of the water to get a look at the little girl. As soon as they saw her they felt sorry that such a pretty girl would have to live with that ugly toad. *No, we mustn't let it be!* They assembled in the water around the stalk that held the leaf on which the maiden stood to the bed of the stream, and gnawed away at it with their teeth until the water lily was cut loose and began drifting down the stream.

Away went Thumbelina—far away, to where the toads could not get to her. She sailed past many places, and when the birds in the trees and bushes saw her floating by they said, "What a lovely little girl!" The water lily drifted on, farther and farther until Thumbelina was out of the country.



A graceful white butterfly kept fluttering around her, admiring her, until it finally set down on the lily pad. The sunshine on the water glittered gold, the scenery floating by was beautiful, and she was just happy to be no longer engaged to a slimy toad. She took off her sash and tied one end around the butterfly and the other around her girdle. It glided ahead much faster now, with Thumbelina standing on top riding it.

But soon came a big maybug, who saw Thumbelina and buzzed up to her, clasping his claws around her slender waist and flying with her up to a tree, while the water lily continued to drift down the stream with the butterfly tied to it.

How frightened little Thumbelina was when the maybug flew with her up to the tree, but she felt especially sorry for the nice white butterfly whom she had tied to the leaf, for if he could not free himself, he would certainly starve to death. The maybug, however, did not care. He sat with her on the biggest leaf of the tree, gave her the sweet part of flowers to eat, and told her she was pretty, though she did not resemble a maybug whatsoever. Afterward all of the other maybugs who lived in the tree paid them a visit to take a look at Thumbelina.

The lady maybugs shrugged their feelers and said, “She isn’t pretty at all, but wretched—look, she only has two legs!”

“She doesn’t have any feelers, either!” another cried.

“Her waist is so slender—yuck! She looks like a human—and an ugly one at that!” all of the lady maybugs said.

Yet all knew golden-haired Thumbelina was pretty. The maybug who carried her off certainly thought so, but when the jealous lady maybugs declared her ugly, he called it off and let her go. They flew her down from the tree and set her on a daisy, where she wept because she was too ugly for the maybugs. But of course, she was the loveliest thing

*All summer long poor little Thumbelina
lived alone in the woods.*

imaginable, tender as a rose pedal.

All summer long poor little Thumbelina lived alone in the woods. She wove herself a bed out of blades of grass, and hung it under a large burdock leaf so she was protected from the rain. She ate the honey from flowers for food and drank the morning dew from leaves. Summer and autumn passed, but now the cold long winter was coming. The birds who had sung so sweetly to her flew away, the trees and flowers shed their leaves, and the burdock leaf under which she lived shriveled up, nothing left of it but a withered yellow stalk. She was dreadfully cold, for her clothes were torn and she was so frail—poor little Thumbelina!—that she nearly froze. It began to snow, and every snowflake that fell on her was like a shovelful thrown on one of us, since she was but an inch tall. She shivered with cold, and wrapped herself in a dry leaf, but that did not warm her.

Close to the woods was a big corn field, but the corn was gone and only the dry stubble stood from the frozen ground. Still, to her, it was like a great forest, and oh, how she trembled with cold. She arrived at the door of the field mouse, who had a little hole under the stubble. There the field mouse lived, warm and comfortable, with a big kitchen, a storeroom, and a whole room full of corn. Poor Thumbelina stood at the door like a poor beggar girl and begged for a little barleycorn, for she hadn't eaten in two days.

"You poor little girl," said the field mouse—she was a good old field mouse—"come into my warm room and dine with me."

As she liked Thumbelina, she said, "You may stay with me through the winter, but you must keep my room clean and tell me stories. I love stories."

Thumbelina did as the kind old field mouse asked and had a good time of it.



“We will have a visitor soon,” the field mouse said. “My neighbor always visits me once a week. He is even better off than I am, has large rooms and beautiful black velvety fur. If you take him as your husband you will be well provided for, but he cannot see at all, so you must tell him the best stories you know.”

Thumbelina did not care for this. She would not marry the neighbor, as he was a black mole. He paid visits to the field mouse in his black velvet coat, and the field mouse spoke of how rich and learned he was, how his house was over twenty times larger than hers, but that he did not like the sun and beautiful flowers and said nasty things about them since he couldn’t see them.

Thumbelina sang “Maybug, Fly Away,” and “When the Pastor goes Afield,” and the black mole fell in love with her beautiful voice, but said nothing about it, for he was a quiet man.

Some time before, he had dug a long passage through the earth from his house to theirs, and gave Thumbelina and the field mouse permission to walk through it as much as they wished, but warned them to not be afraid of the dead bird. He said it was an entire bird, with wings and a beak, and Thumbelina supposed it must have died only a short time before, when the winter began, and was now buried where the black mole had made his passage.

The black mole took a piece of decayed wood, for it glimmered like fire in the dark, and then went first and lit the way through the long dark passage. When they arrived at where the dead bird lay, the black mole thrust up his nose against the roof and pushed the earth, so that a hole was made through which the daylight could shine. In the middle of the floor was the swallow, whose elegant wings were pressed close against his sides, while his head and feet were drawn in under his feathers. The poor bird had likely died of cold. Thumbelina was very sorry for him, as she was fond of all the little birds who sung and tweeted so prettily for her through the summer. But the black mole kicked him with his short legs and said, “Now he can’t pipe no more. It must be miserable to be born a little bird. I’m thankful that none of my children can be that. Such a bird has nothing but his *tweety-tweet*, and has to starve in the winter!”



"You speak like a sensible man," noted the field mouse. "What good does *tweety-tweet* do you when the winter comes except make you starve and freeze. But they say that's considered an aristocratic way to go out."

Thumbelina said nothing, but when the two others turned their backs, she bent down, pushed his feathers aside, and kissed him on his closed eyes.

Perhaps it was he who sang so prettily to me in the summer, she thought. *How much pleasure he gave me, the dear sweet bird!*

The black mole closed up the hole and accompanied the ladies home. But that night Thumbelina couldn't sleep, so she got out of bed, wove a large blanket out of hay, and took it to the dead bird, spreading it over him and laying soft cotton she found in the field mouse's room at the bird's sides, so he could lie warm on the cold ground.

"Farewell, you pretty little bird!" she said. "Farewell, and thanks for your beautiful song in the summer, when the trees were green, and the sun shone down warmly on us." She laid her head on the bird's breast, but was startled, as it felt like something was beating inside. It was the bird's heart. The bird wasn't dead, he was lifeless with cold, and had to be warmed to come to life again.

In autumn the swallows flew away to warm countries, but if one was left behind, it became so cold that it fell down as if dead, lying where it falls for the snow to cover it.

Thumbelina trembled in surprise, as the bird was huge compared to her, being only an inch tall. But she found the courage to tuck the cotton closer around the bird, and brought the mint leaf she used as her own blanket and laid it over his head.

The next night she crept out to see him again—and he was alive, weak but alive. He could only open his eyes for a moment, and look at Thumbelina, who stood before him with a piece of decayed wood in her hand as her lantern.

"Thank you, pretty little child," the swallow said. "I have been wonderfully warmed. Soon I will regain my strength and fly again into the warm sunshine."

"Oh," she said, "It is far too cold out, it's snowing and freezing. Stay in your warm bed and I will nurse you back to health."

She brought the swallow water in the petal of a flower, and the swallow drank it and told her how he had torn one of his wings in a thorn bush, and thus been unable to fly as fast as the others, who sped far away to the warm countries. He fell to the ground, but could remember nothing more, and didn't know how he had arrived here.

The whole winter the swallow remained as Thumbelina nursed him and tended to his needs. Neither the field mouse nor the black mole knew about it, since they didn't like the

"Thank you, pretty little child," the swallow said. "I have been wonderfully warmed. Soon I will regain my strength and fly again into the warm sunshine."



swallow. As soon as the spring came, and the sun warmed the earth, the swallow bade Thumbelina farewell and opened the hole the black mole made in the ceiling. The sun shone in on them gloriously, then the swallow turned and asked if Thumbelina would go with him. She could sit on his back and they would fly deep into the woods. But Thumbelina knew that the old field mouse would be upset if she left her.

"I cannot go!" Thumbelina said.

"Farewell, pretty girl!" the swallow said, flying off into the sunshine. The tears filled her eyes as she watched him go, for she was so fond of him. "*Tweety-tweet! Tweet-tweet!*" sang the bird as he disappeared into the forest.

Thumbelina felt sad, and wasn't allowed out into the sunshine. The corn sown in the field above the house of the field mouse was so high it was a thick forest to the girl a mere inch in height.

"It's time to work on your outfit for the summer," the field mouse said to her, as her neighbor, the blind black mole with the velvet coat, had proposed to her. "You will have clothes of both wool and linen, and will lack nothing when you become the black mole's wife."

Thumbelina had to turn the spindle while four spiders hired by the black mole spun and weaved for her day and night. Every evening the black mole visited her, and always said that when the summer drew to a close and the sun wasn't so hot it burned the earth to stone, they would be wed. Thumbelina was not at all happy about this since she didn't like the blind black mole. Every morning when the sun rose, and every evening when it went down,

she snuck outside and waited for the wind to blow the corn stalks apart so she could see the blue sky and think about how bright and beautiful it was out there. She wished to see the dear swallow again, but he never came back. He flew far away into the fair green forest. When autumn came, Thumbelina's outfit was ready.

"In four weeks we will celebrate your wedding," the field mouse said to her.

But Thumbelina wept and refused to marry the blind black mole.

"Nonsense," said the field mouse, "don't be stubborn or I'll bite you with my white teeth. He is a fine man whom you will marry. The Queen herself doesn't even have a black velvet fur coat, and his kitchen and cellar are full. Be thankful for your good fortune."

Their wedding day had come, and the blind black mole had come to fetch Thumbelina. She was to live with him deep under the earth and never come out into the warm sunshine, for that he did not like. The poor little girl was deeply sad to say farewell to the marvelous sun, which she had at least been allowed to see from the door of the field mouse.

"Farewell, bright sun!" she said, stretching her arms and walking a little ways from the house of the field mouse. The corn had been reaped, so only the dry stubble stood in the field. "Farewell!" she repeated, and threw her arms around a red flower still in bloom. "Say 'Hello' to the dear swallow for me if you see him again."

"*Tweety-weet, tweety-tweet!*" a noise suddenly sounded over her head. She looked up and it was the swallow, who happened to be flying by. He was happy to see Thumbelina again, who couldn't refrain from weeping as she told him about how upset she was to have to marry the blind black mole and live deep under the earth and far from the sun.

"The cold winter is coming," said the swallow, "so I am headed to the warm countries. Will you come with me? You can sit on my back. Just tie yourself tight to me with your sash



"Yes, I will go with you!" Thumbelina said, hopping on the bird's back with her feet on his outstretched wings, and fastening her sash to his strongest feather. Then the swallow soared into the air. . . .

and we will fly far from the blind black mole and his dungeon—over the mountains and seas to where the sun shines more beautifully than here, where it is always summer, and where lovely flowers bloom year-round. Dear little Thumbelina, you saved my life when I lay frozen in the dark earth—so now I will save you."

"Yes, I will go with you!" Thumbelina said, hopping on the bird's back with her feet on his outstretched wings, and fastening her sash to his strongest feather. Then the swallow soared into the air, over forests and seas, over great mountains where snow lies eternal. The air was cold, but she wiggled under the bird's warm feathers and stuck only her head out to admire the beauty beneath her.

At last they reached the warm countries, where the sun shone far brighter than at home, and the sky seemed twice as high. In ditches and on hedges grew the most beautiful blue and green grapes, lemons and oranges hung in the woods, the air was fragrant with myrtle and evergreen, and on the roads children ran about chasing butterflies. But the swallow flew farther, and it became even more beautiful. Under the most spectacular green trees by the blue lake stood a palace of dazzling white marble, from the olden times. Vines clustered around lofty pillars, and at the top were many swallows' nests, one of which belonged to the swallow carrying Thumbelina.

"Here is my house," the swallow said. "But if you choose one of the pretty flowers growing below, I will put you in it, and you will have everything as nice as you wish."

"That sounds perfect," she cried, clapping her little hands.

A great marble pillar had fallen to the ground and broken into three pieces; but between these pieces grew the most beautiful white flowers. The swallow flew down with Thumbelina, and set her on one of the broad leaves. But to the little maiden's surprise, there sat a little man amid of the flower, as white and transparent as if he had been made of glass. He wore the finest gold crown on his head, and had bright wings on his shoulders. He was no bigger than Thumbelina, too an angel of the flower. In each of the flowers dwelt such a little man or woman, but this one was king above them all.

"Heavens! How handsome he is!" whispered Thumbelina to the swallow.

The little prince was frightened by the swallow, who was quite a gigantic bird to him. But when he saw Thumbelina, he thought he had set eyes on the prettiest maiden he had ever seen. He took off his golden crown and put it on her, then he asked her name and if she would be his wife and the queen of the flowers. This was truly a different kind of man than the son of the slimy toad and the blind black mole, so she said "Yes" to the charming prince, and then out of every flower came a lady or a lord. It was a delight to behold as each one brought Thumbelina a gift, but the best gift of all was a pair of wings that had belonged to a great white fly. They were fastened to Thumbelina's back, so she could now fly from flower to flower. Much rejoicing commenced, and the Swallow sat above it all in his nest, and sung for them as well as he could. In his heart he was sad, for he was fond of Thumbelina and didn't want to part from her.

"You shall *not* be called Thumbelina!" the Flower Angel said to her. "That is an ugly name, and you are too fair for it—so we will call you Maia."

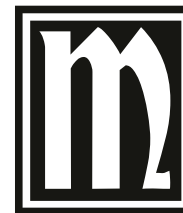
"Farewell, farewell!" the swallow said, and then he flew away again, out of the warm countries and back to Denmark, where he had a little nest over the window of a man who told fairy tales. To him he sang "*Tweety-tweet, tweety-tweet!*" and to him we owe this story. 🌸





The Emperor's New Clothes

Illustrations by Edmund Dulac, 1911



ANY YEARS AGO THERE LIVED an emperor who was so fond of new clothes that he spent all of his money on outfits. He was determined to always be well dressed. He cared little about his soldiers or the theater, as his mind was preoccupied with showing off his new outfits to the public. He had a coat for every hour of the day, and while it might be common elsewhere to say, "The Emperor is in his meeting room," in this case the common refrain was, "The Emperor is in his dressing room."

The great city where he resided was lively, and every day strangers from around the world arrived. One day two swindlers came to the city claiming to be weavers, and stated that they could make the finest clothes imaginable. Their colors and patterns, they said, were not only beautiful, but the material was invisible to anyone who was exceptionally stupid or unfit for office.

I need clothes like that, thought the Emperor. *If I wore a suit made of such material I would be able to find out who in my empire is inept and stupid. I must have these men make me a new suit immediately.* The Emperor gave the swindlers a large sum of money in advance, and told them to get to work as fast as possible. They set up two looms and pretended to be very hard at work, but didn't use them. They asked for the finest silk and the rarest gold cloth, received everything else they asked for, and worked the empty looms late into the night.

I wish to see their progress, thought the Emperor, but felt hesitant when he remembered

Two swindlers came to the city claiming to be weavers, and stated that [their] material was invisible to anyone who was unfit for office or exceptionally stupid.

that it was invisible to anyone unfit for office. He told himself he had nothing to fear, yet thought it would be best to send someone else first. *I will send my honest old minister to the weavers, he decided. He will be the best judge of how it looks, since he is intelligent and understands his office better than anyone.*

The good old minister entered the room where the swindlers sat before the empty looms. *God forbid!* he thought, opening his eyes wide, *I don't see anything*, but outwardly feigned otherwise. The swindlers asked that he come and admire the exquisite pattern and the beautiful colors, pointing at the empty looms. The poor old minister tried his best, but could see nothing, for there was nothing to see. *Oh dear*, he thought, *am I stupid? I've always believed myself to be quite smart! Am I perhaps unfit for office? Either way—no. No, no. I must not mention that I was unable to see the cloth.*

"What do you think?" asked one of the swindlers while pretending to weave.

"Elegant—indeed, fantastic!" the old minister replied while peering through his glasses.



"What an exquisite pattern and beautiful colors! I will tell the Emperor of the great work you've done."

"We are pleased to hear that," said the weavers, describing to him the many colors and explaining the unique pattern. The old minister listened attentively so he could relate to the Emperor what they said, and then did just that.

The swindlers asked for more money, silk, and gold cloth, keeping everything for themselves while not a thread touched the looms, but continued as before, pretending to work. Soon after, the Emperor sent another honest courtier to the weavers to assess their progress and ask how close the suit was to being finished. Again, he looked and looked but could see nothing, as there was nothing to see.

"How beautiful is this cloth?" asked the one of the swindlers, holding up and explaining the details of the magnificent pattern, which of course did not exist.

I'm definitely not stupid, thought the man, *so it must be my position for which I am unfit. However, no one else can know this*, praising the cloth he couldn't see and expressing amazement over the colors and the pattern. "It is excellent," he told the Emperor upon his return.

Everyone was talking about the new suit, and finally the Emperor wished to see it himself while still on the loom. With several courtiers, including the two from before, he went to see the swindlers, who were hard at work doing nothing.

"Isn't it magnificent?" said the two old statesmen who had been there before. "Your Majesty, admire the colors and the pattern." They pointed to the empty looms, believing the others could see the cloth.

What is this? the Emperor thought, seeing nothing at all. It was terrible! Was he stupid? Unfit to be Emperor? What a dreadful thought. . . .

"Really," he said, turning to the weavers, "you have our gracious approval," nodding and looking back at the empty loom, afraid to acknowledge that he couldn't see anything. His attendants looked and looked themselves, and though they couldn't see anything either, they praised the piece—"Truly splendid" . . . "Magnificent!" . . . "Beautiful work!" advising the Emperor to wear the new suit at a great procession that was taking place soon.

Everyone seemed happy, so the Emperor appointed the swindlers to be the "Imperial Court Weavers." The night before the procession, the swindlers pretended to work, burning over sixteen candles so others would think they were busy finishing the Emperor's new suit. They pretended to take cloth from the loom, work it about in the air with big scissors, and sew with threadless needles, until finally they declared—"The Emperor's new suit is

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

now ready!"

The Emperor and his barons came to the hall, where the swindlers held their arms up as if holding up clothes. "These are the trousers!" one said. "This is the coat!" said another. "And this is the cloak!" said the third. "They are light as a cobweb, so you will feel as if you have nothing on at all, but that is the beauty of it."

"Marvelous!" cried the courtiers, who couldn't see anything themselves.

"Does it please your Majesty to graciously undress," said the swindlers, "so that we may assist in helping you put on your new suit before the mirror?"

The Emperor undressed and the swindlers pretended to put the new suit on him, one piece at a time, while the Emperor looked at himself from every side.

"It looks great!" . . . "It fits so well!" . . . "What a beautiful pattern! What fine colors! What a magnificent suit!" they declared.

The master of the ceremonies announced that the bearers of the canopy, which was to be carried in the procession, were ready.

"I am ready," said the Emperor. "Doesn't my suit fit marvelously?" He turned once more to the mirror, believing all would admire his garments.

The chamberlains who were to carry his train stooped and pretended to lift it and hold it, not wanting others to know that they too couldn't see anything. The Emperor marched in the procession under the canopy, and those watching from the street and windows exclaimed, "The Emperor's new suit is superb!" . . . "What a long train!" . . . "What a perfect fit!" . . . also not wanting others to think they were unfit or stupid. And never were the Emperor's clothes more admired.

That is, until a little child finally said, "The Emperor has no clothes on."

"Good lord . . . the child is right—the Emperor is naked!" said someone else.

And one by one the attendees whispered what the child had said until the whole of the crowd cried, "The Emperor has no clothes on."

This made a deep impression on the Emperor, who had a feeling they were right. *Still I must bear it until the end*, he thought, walking more proudly than ever before as the chamberlains behind him carried a train that did not exist. 🌹





The Shepherdess and the Chimney Sweep

Illustrations by Kay Nielsen, 1924



HAVE YOU EVER SEEN an old cupboard, black with time and age and carved with outlandish ornaments and curling leaves? Well, in a certain parlor there was one such cupboard, handed down from some great-grandmother. Carved all up and down it were tulips and roses—odd-looking flourishes—and from the engraved thickets little stags stuck out their antlered heads. In the middle was a carving of a man who made you laugh just to look at him, grinning away, though never laughing. He had hind legs like a goat, horns on his forehead, and a long beard. All of his children called him “Major-General-Field-Sergeant-Commander-Billy-Goat-Legs.” It was a difficult name to pronounce, and not many had the privilege of being called by such a name, but he must have been very important or why else would anyone have taken the trouble to carve him at all?

But there he stood, forever eyeing a delightful little porcelain shepherdess on the tabletop. The shepherdess wore golden shoes, and looped up her gown with a pretty red rose. Her hat was gold, and even her staff was gold. She was simply lovely! Close by stood a little chimney sweep, black as coal, but made of porcelain, too. He was as clean and tidy as one could be, because he was only an ornamental chimney sweep. If the china-makers wanted, they could have made him into a prince, for he had a noble way of holding his ladder, and his cheeks were pink as a girl’s. That was a mistake, don’t you think? He should have been dabbed with a pinch or two of soot.

He and the shepherdess stood close. They had been arranged on the table where they

stood and, after being placed there, had become engaged, because they were perfect for each other. Both were young and made of the porcelain, and neither could stand a shock.

Near them stood another figure, three times as big as they were. It was an old Chinaman who could nod his head. He too was made of porcelain, and claimed to be the little shepherdess' grandfather. But he couldn't prove it. Nevertheless, he believed that this gave him authority over her, and when Major-Major-General-Field-Sergeant-Commander-Billy-Goat-Legs asked for her hand in marriage, the old Chinaman nodded in consent.

"This is your husband!" the Chinaman told the shepherdess. "A man of, I believe, pure mahogany. He will make you Mrs. Major-General-Field-Sergeant-Commander-Billy-Goat-Legs and has drawers full of silver. Who knows what else is hidden away in there?"

"But I don't want to live in the dark cupboard," the little shepherdess said. "People say he has eleven china wives in there already."

"Then you will make twelve," the Chinaman said. "Tonight, as soon as the old cupboard creaks, I'll marry you off to him, as sure as I am a Chinaman." Then he nodded off to sleep. The little shepherdess cried and looked at her true love, the porcelain chimney sweep.

"Let's run away into the big wide world," she begged him. "We can't stay here."

"I'll do exactly what you want me to," the little chimney sweep told her. "Let's run away right now. I feel certain I can support you by sweeping chimneys."

"I want to be off this table. I'll never be happy until we are out in the big wide world."

He told her not to worry, and showed her how to drop her feet over the edge and step from one gilded leaf to another down the carved leg of the table. He set up his ladder to help her, and down they came to the floor. But when they glanced at the old cupboard they saw a great commotion. All of the carved stags were craning their necks, tossing their

antlers, and turning their heads. Major-General-Field-Sergeant-Commander-Billy-Goat-Legs jumped high in the air and shouted to the old Chinaman, "They're running away! They're running away!"

This frightened them so much that they jumped into a drawer of the window seat. Here they found three or four decks of cards, not quite complete, and a little puppet theater, which was set up as well as it could be. A play was in progress, and all of the queens, diamonds, hearts,



"I wish we were safely down off this table," she said. "I'll never be happy until we are out in the big wide world."

clubs, and spades, sat in the front row and fanned themselves with the tulips. Behind them the rascals lined up, showing that they had heads both at the top and at the bottom, as face cards do. The play was about two people who were not allowed to marry, and it made the shepherdess cry because it was so similar to her own story.

"I can't bear it," she said. "I must get out of this drawer." When they got back to the floor and looked up at the table, they saw the old Chinaman wide awake. Not only his head, but his whole body, was rocking. The lower part of his body was one solid piece, you see.

"The Chinaman's coming!" cried the Shepherdess, so upset she fell to her knees.

"I have an idea," the chimney sweep said. "We'll hide in the vase in the corner. We'll rest on rose petals and lavender, and when he finds us, we'll throw salt in his eyes."

"It's no use," she said. "Besides, the vase was once the old Chinaman's sweetheart, and where there was once love, some affection is sure to remain. No, there's no choice but for us to run away into the big wide world."

"Are you really so brave that you'd go into the world with me?" asked the chimney sweep. "Have you thought about how big it is, and that we can never come back here?"

"I have," she said.

The chimney sweep looked her in the eyes, "My way out lies up through the chimney. Are you truly so brave to come with me into the stove and crawl through the stovepipe? It will take us to the chimney. Once we get there, I'll know what to do. We shall climb so high that they'll never catch us, and at the very top there's an opening into the big wide world."

He led her to the stove door.

"It looks very black in there," she said. But she let him lead her through the stove and through the stovepipe, where it was as black as night.

"We've reached the chimney," he said. "And look! How the bright stars shine over us!"

A real star, high up in the heavens, shone down as if it wished to show them the way. They scraped and scrambled, for it was a hard climb and terribly steep—way up high! But he lifted her up, kept her safe, and found the best spots for her little porcelain feet. At last they reached the top of the chimney, where they sat. They were so tired, and no wonder!

Above was the starry sky, and spread before it the housetops in town, looking out on the big wide world. The poor shepherdess never thought it would look like this. She placed her

THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

little head on the chimney sweep and wept so many tears that the paint washed off her sash.

"It's too much," she said. "I can't bear it. The world is too big. Oh! If only I were back on the table under the mirror. I'll never be happy until I'm back there again as before. I followed you faithfully into the world, and if you love me at all you'll take me home now."

The chimney sweep tried to persuade her that it wasn't sensible. He talked to her about the old Chinaman and Major-General-Field-Sergeant-Commander-Billy-Goat-Legs, but she sobbed and kissed him so much that he had to do as she said, however wrong he thought it to be. So back down the chimney they climbed with much difficulty, crawling through the dirty stovepipe and into the dark stove, where they listened from behind the door to find out what was happening in the room. Everything was quiet, so they opened the door and—oh, what a pity! There on the floor lay the Chinaman, in three pieces. When he came running after them, he fell off the table and broke. His whole back had come off, and his head had rolled into the corner. Major-General-Field-Sergeant-Commander-Billy-Goat-Legs was standing where he always stood, looking thoughtful.

"Oh, dear," the shepherdess said, "poor old grandfather is all broken up, and it's entirely our fault. I shall never forgive myself," wringing her delicate hands.

"He can be fixed," the chimney sweep said. "Don't be so upset. A little glue for his back and a rivet in his neck, and he'll be as good as new, and just as disagreeable as before."

"Will he, really?" she asked as they climbed back to their places on the table.

"Here we are," the chimney sweep said. "Back where we started. We could have saved ourselves a lot of trouble."

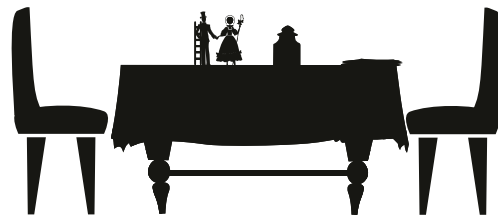
"If only grandfather were mended," the little shepherdess said. "Is mending expensive?"

He was mended well enough. The family had his back glued together and a strong rivet put through his neck, making him as good as new, but he could nod his head no longer.

"You seem stubborn since your fall, though I don't see why," Major-General-Field-Sergeant-Commander-Billy-Goat-Legs said. "Am I to have her or not?"

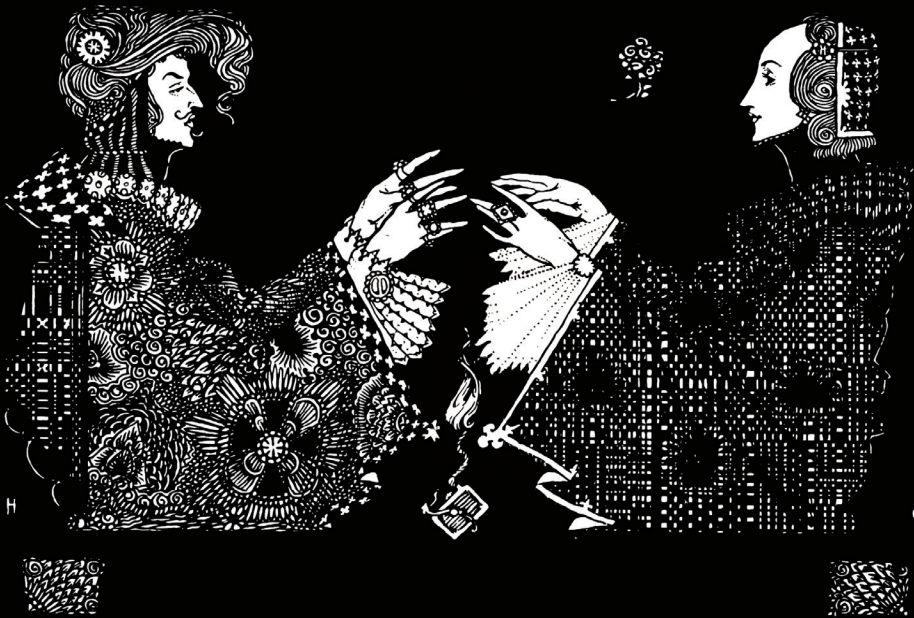
The chimney sweep and the little shepherdess looked pleadingly at the old Chinaman, for they were deathly afraid he would nod. But he didn't. He couldn't. And neither did he care to tell anyone that, as for forever and a day, he'd have to wear a rivet in his neck.

So the little porcelain couple remained together. They thanked God for the rivet in the Chinaman's neck, and they continued to love each other until the day they broke. 🍷



The Tinderbox

Illustrations by Harry Clarke (1916) and Hans Tegner (1900)



SOLDIER CAME MARCHING ALONG the high road: “Left, right—left, right.” He had his knapsack on his back and a sword at his side, and had been to the wars but was now returning home. As he walked on, he met a monstrous-looking old witch on the road, whose lower lip hung down to her chest.

She stopped him and said, “Good evening, soldier. You have a very fine sword and a large knapsack, so you must be a real soldier, in which case you shall have as much money as you could ever need.”

“Thank you, old witch.”

“Do you see that large tree,” the witch said, pointing to a tree that stood beside them. “It is hollow inside, and you must climb to the top until you see a hole. You must lower yourself down into the tree, but I will tie a rope round your body so that I can pull you up when you call out.”

“And what am I to do down in the tree?” asked the soldier.

“Get your money,” she replied. “When you reach the bottom, you will find yourself in a large hall, lit by three-hundred lamps. You will then see three doors, which you will be able to open, for the keys are in the locks. Upon entering the first chamber, you will see a large chest in the middle of the floor, and upon it a dog seated, with a pair of eyes as large as teacups. But you need not be afraid of him. I will give you my blue-checked apron, which you must spread on the floor and then boldly seize the dog and place him upon it. You can then open the chest, and take from it as much money as you please, they are only copper pieces, but if you would rather have silver, you must go into the second chamber.

"On entering the first of the chambers, to which these doors lead, you will see a large chest, standing in the middle of the floor, and upon it a dog seated, with a pair of eyes as large as teacups. . . ."

There you will find another dog, with eyes as big as mill wheels, but do not let him trouble you. Place him on my apron and then take however much money you please. If, however, you prefer gold, enter the third chamber, where there is chest full of it. The dog in the third room is dreadful, and has eyes as big as towers, but do not mind him. If he also is placed on my apron, he will not hurt you, and you may take from the chest as much gold you wish."

"This sounds like a good deal for," said the soldier, "but what do you get out of it, old witch? You don't mean to tell me this is all for my benefit, do you?"

"No," said the witch, "but I do not want a single penny. Your only obligation is to bring me an old tinderbox, which my grandmother left the last time she went down there."

"Very well, then, I promise. Now tie the rope round my body."

"Here it is," the witch replied, "and here is my blue-checked apron."

As soon as the rope was tied, the soldier climbed up the tree and let himself down through the hollow to the floor, where he found, as the witch had told him, a large hall, in which several hundred lamps were burning. He opened the first door, and—"Ah!" there sat the dog with the eyes as large as teacups, staring at him.

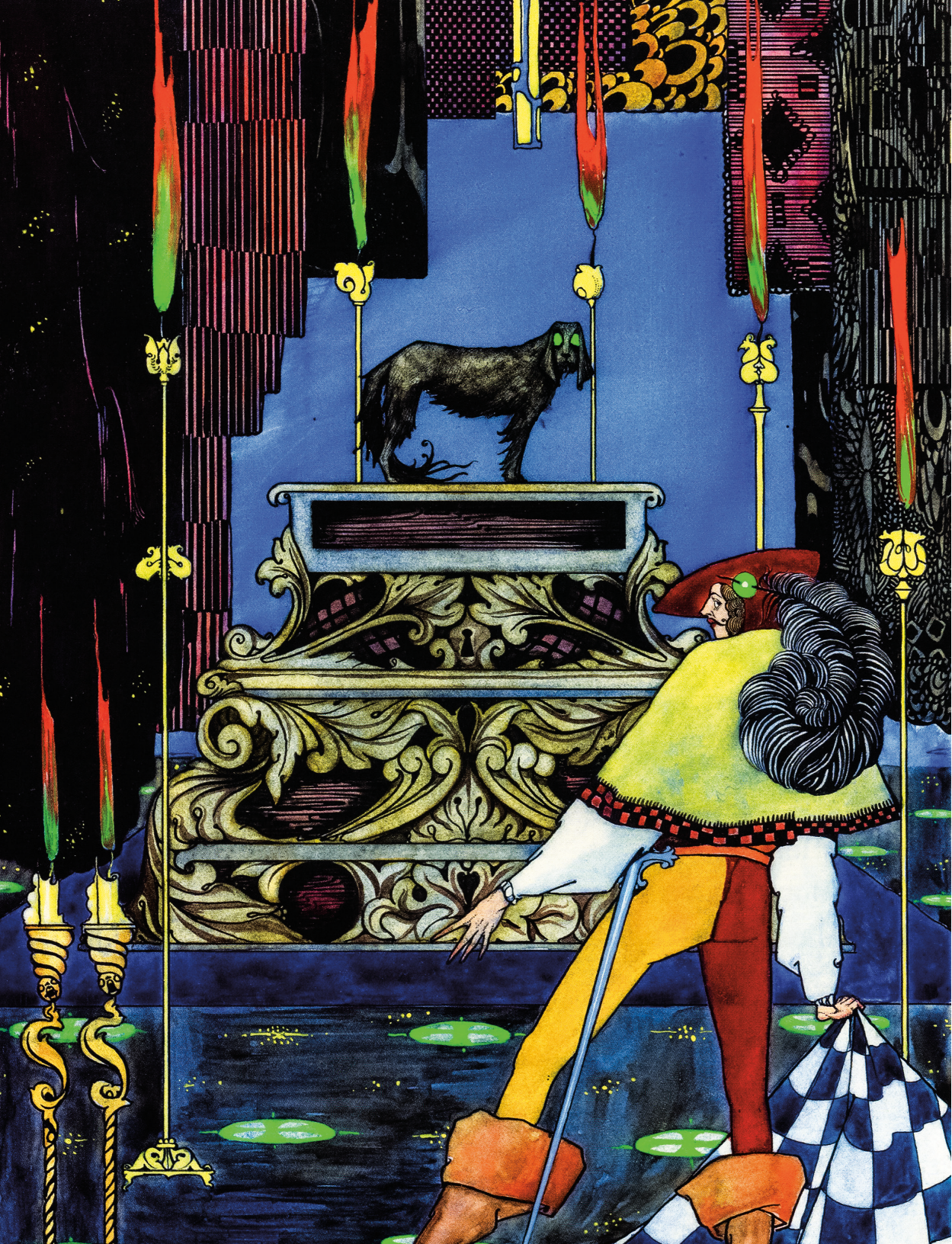
"You're a handsome fellow," the soldier said, seizing him, and placing him on the witch's apron while he filled his pockets from the chest with as much money as they would hold. He then closed the lid, placed the dog back upon it, and walked into the second chamber. Sure enough, there sat the dog with eyes as big as mill wheels.

"Don't look at me like that," the soldier said. "You'll make your eyes water." He laid down the apron and placed the dog on it then opened the chest. When he saw how much silver it contained, he quickly dumped the copper he was carrying and filled his pockets and knapsack only silver.

Then he went into the third room, and there found the hideous-looking dog whose eyes were, truly, as big as towers, and they turned around and around in his head like wheels.

"Good morning," said the soldier, touching his cap, for he had never seen such a dog in his life. But after giving him a closer look, he seemed civil enough, so the soldier placed him on the floor, and opened the chest. Good lord what an enormous quantity of gold there was—enough to buy all the sugar sticks and sweet gifts women like, all the tin soldiers,





whips, and rocking horses in the world, or even the whole town itself—there was that much inside. The soldier now dumped the silver he had taken and filled his pockets and knapsack with gold instead. And not just his pockets and his knapsack, but his cap and boots as well, so that he could barely walk.

He was now rich beyond belief, so he placed the dog back on the chest, closed the lid, and called up through the tree, “Now pull me out, you old witch.”

“Did you get the tinderbox?” she asked.

“No, I’m afraid I forgot.”

He went back and fetched the tinderbox, and then the witch pulled him up out of the tree. There he stood again on the high road, with his pockets, his knapsack, his cap, and his boots full of gold.

“What are you going to do with the tinderbox?” the soldier asked.

“That is not your concern,” replied the witch. “You have the money, now give me the tinderbox.”

“I’ll tell you what,” said the soldier, “if you don’t tell me what you are going to do with it, I will draw my sword and cut off your head.”

“No!” cried the witch.

But the soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off her head. There she lay on the ground, lifeless and headless. He proceeded to tie up his money in her apron, then slung it on over back, put the tinderbox in his pocket, and walked off to the nearest town. It was a nice town, and he set up at the best inn and ordered a lavish dinner with all of his favorite dishes, for he was now rich.

The servant who cleaned his boots thought them a rather shabby pair to be worn by such a wealthy gentleman, but he had simply not had time to purchase new ones. The next day, however, he took care of that, and procured some fine clothes and a proper pair of boots, transforming himself from a soldier into an upscale gentleman. Others noticed and visited him to curry favor, telling him about the many wonders of the town, and also about the



*Now he was rich, had fine clothes and many friends,
who all declared him to be a fine fellow and a true
gentleman, which satisfied him immensely.*

King's beautiful daughter, the princess.

"Where can I find her?" asked the soldier.

"She is not to be seen at all," they said. "She lives in a large copper castle surrounded by walls and towers. No one but the King himself can pass in or out, for there has been a prophecy that she will marry a common soldier, and the King cannot bear the thought of her marrying such a man."

I would very much like to meet her, thought the soldier, but at present it didn't seem like an option. Nevertheless, he passed the time with great enjoyment, going to the theatre, riding through the King's garden, and giving a great deal of money to the poor, which made him feel good, since he remembered how it felt to not have a shilling to one's name. Now he was rich, had fine clothes and many friends, who all declared him to be a fine fellow and a true gentleman, which satisfied him immensely.

However, his money would not last forever, and as he spent and gave away large amounts of it daily



while receiving none, he eventually found himself with only two shillings left, so he was forced to leave his elegant room at the inn and move into a small studio in an attic, where he had to clean his own boots and even mend them with a large needle. None of his friends came to see him anymore since there were too many stairs to climb. One dark evening, he didn't even a penny left to buy a candle, then he suddenly remembered that there was a piece of a candle in the dead witch's tinderbox he'd taken from the tree.

He dug the tinderbox out of his knapsack, but no sooner had sparks been struck from the flint and steel than the door flew open and the dog with eyes as big as teacups, from inside the tree, stood before him, and said, "What orders, master?"

"Hello," the soldier said. "Well, this tinderbox is quite useful if it grants me all I wish for. . . . How about you bring me some money," he said to the dog.

The dog turned and left, then returned shortly after with a large bag of coppers in his month. The soldier then realized the value of the tinderbox. If he struck the flint once, the dog who sat on the chest of copper appeared; if he struck it twice, the dog came who sat on the chest of silver did; and if he struck it three times, the dog with eyes like towers, who watched over the gold, came to his assistance. The soldier now plenty of money again, so he returned to his elegant living quarters and luxurious lifestyle, and renewed his previous friendships.

As time went on, he began to think how strange it was that no one could get a look at the princess. Everyone said she was beautiful, but what good was that if she was shut up in a copper castle surrounded by towers. How could he find a way see her. . . . Wait-*where is my tinderbox?* He struck a light, and in an instant he dog with eyes as big as teacups stood before him.

"It is midnight," said the soldier, "yet I would very much like to see the princess, if only for a moment."

The dog disappeared, and before the soldier could even give himself a look in the mirror, had returned with the princess. She was lying on the dog's back asleep, and looked so lovely that there could be no doubt that she was the real princess. The soldier could not stop himself from kissing her, being the soldier at heart he was, but then the dog took the princess back.

The next morning, while eating breakfast with the King and Queen, the princess told them about the strange dream she had during the night, involving a dog and a soldier, and how she had ridden on the dog's back and been kissed by the soldier.

"That is a strange story, indeed," the Queen said.

That night one of the old ladies of the Court was ordered to watch the princess's bed

The next morning, while eating breakfast with the King and Queen, the princess told them about the strange dream she had during the night, involving a dog and a soldier, and how she had ridden on the dog's back and been kissed by the soldier.

to see whether what she experienced was really was a dream, or perhaps something else.

The soldier longed very much to see the princess once more, so he again sent for the dog that night to fetch her, and to run with her as fast as he could. The dog got the princess, but the old lady put on water boots and ran after them as quickly as she could, and watched as the dog carried her into a large house. She made a large cross on the door, thinking it would help her remember the place, then she went home to bed. The dog left to return the princess shortly after, but when he saw the cross on the door of the house where the soldier lived, he took another piece of chalk and made crosses on every door in the town so the lady-in-waiting wouldn't be able to find it.

Early the next morning the King and Queen accompanied the lady and all of the officers of the household out to see where the princess had been.

"Here it is," said the King when they came to the first door with a cross on it.

"No, my dear," said the Queen, "it must be that one," pointing to a second door with a cross on it.

"There's also one over there" . . . "And there's another one beside it, too!" they exclaimed upon seeing that there were crosses on doors in every direction.

It seemed useless to continue the search, but the Queen was a clever woman who could



do a lot more than merely ride in a carriage. When she returned home, she took her large gold scissors, cut a piece of silk into squares, and made a small bag. She filled the bag with flour and tied it around the princess' neck that night, then cut a small hole in the bag so the flour would leave a trail as the princess was dragged along.

During the night, the dog came again and carried the princess on his back to the soldier, who now loved her deeply and wished he was a prince so he could take her for a wife. The dog did not notice the flour filtering out of the bag the whole way from the castle to the soldier's house and even up to the window, where he had climbed with the princess. Thus, the next morning, the King and Queen were able to follow the trail and find out where their daughter had been.

The soldier was put in prison. How dark and unsettling it was to sit there and have people say to him, "Tomorrow you will be hanged." Far from pleasant news, and he had left the tinderbox at the inn. In the morning he could see through the iron grating of the little window how the people of the town were gathering to see him hanged. He heard the drums beating and saw the soldiers marching. Many wandered up to look at him, and a shoemaker's boy, with a leather apron and boots on, ran by so fast that one of his boots flew off and struck against the wall at which the soldier stood, looking through the iron grating. "Shoemaker's boy, you needn't be in such a hurry," yelled the soldier, grabbing his attention. "There will be nothing to see until I come out. But if you run to the house where I have been living and bring me my tinderbox, I'll give you four shillings—though only if you run faster than the wind."

The shoemaker's boy wanted the four shillings, so he took off fast, fetched the tinderbox, and gave it to the soldier. Outside of town, a large gibbet cage had been erected, around which stood soldiers and several thousands of people. The King and the Queen sat on splendid thrones opposite the judges and council. The soldier had been brought to the ladder, but as they were about to place the rope around his neck, he said that an innocent request was often granted to a poor criminal before death. He wished very much to smoke a pipe, as it would be the last pipe he should ever smoke. The King could not refuse this request, so the soldier took the tinderbox out and struck fire, once, twice, thrice—and suddenly out of nowhere stood the dogs—the one with eyes as big as teacups, the one with eyes as large as mill wheels, and the third whose eyes were like towers. "Help me now, so that I may not be hanged," the soldier called to them.

The dogs turned and sprinted toward the judges and the councilors, seizing one by the legs and another by the face and tossing them many feet high in the air, so that when they fell they were rendered crippled or dead.



“Do not even think of touching me,” said the King right before the largest dog locked both he and the Queen in its jaws, knarled them to pieces, and threw them into the pile with the others. The soldiers and attendees were so afraid, they cried, “Good soldier-there will be no hanging-you shall be our king, and you shall marry the beautiful princess.”

Thereafter the soldier was escorted to the King’s carriage, and the three dogs ran ahead in front and cried “*Woof!*” while the young boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms. The princess came out of the copper castle, and was anointed Queen, which excited her greatly. The wedding festivities lasted a week, and the dogs sat at the table the entire time, staring. 🐕





The Swineherd

Illustrations by Einar Nerman, 1912



HERE ONCE LIVED a poor prince. His kingdom was quite small, but it was large enough that he could take a princess for a wife, and that is what he wanted to do. It was rather bold of him to ask the Emperor's daughter to marry him, but he did so anyway, for his name was known far and wide, and there were hundreds of princesses who would have gladly accepted such a proposal. But would *she*? We shall see.

On the grave of the prince's father grew a rose tree, and a beautiful one at that. It bloomed only once every five years, and bloomed only a single rose, but what a rose it was! Its scent was so sweet that it all who smelt it forget their sorrows and troubles. The prince also had a nightingale, which could sing as if it knew every melody known to man. The princess was to receive both the rose and the nightingale as gifts, so they were put into two large silver cases and sent to her.

The Emperor ordered them to be taken to the great hall, where the princess was playing "Visitors" with her ladies-in-waiting.. When she saw the large silver cases with the gifts, she clapped with joy.

"I hope there's a little pussy cat inside!" she said, opening one and finding the beautiful rose.

"Oh, how pretty!" the court ladies said.

"It is more than pretty," the Emperor said, "it is absolutely superb!"

The princess felt it, and nearly began to cry.

"Superbe!" . . . "Charmant!" exclaimed the ladies-in-waiting, prattling in French, each worse than the next.

"Oh, father," she said, "it is not artificial, but a real rose!"

"My goodness—it's real!" repeated the court ladies.

"Let's see what's in the other case before getting uppity," the Emperor said.

The other case was opened and the nightingale was taken out. It sang so sweetly that they did not at once know what to say against it.

"*Superbe!*" . . . "*Charmant!*" exclaimed the ladies-in-waiting, prattling in French, each worse than the next.

"How that bird reminds me of the late Empress music box," said an old courtier. "It has the same tone and expression."

"Yes, you are right," the Emperor agreed, before weeping like a child.

"I really hope it's not a real bird," the princess said.

"It is indeed a real bird," said those who had brought the gifts.

"Then let it fly away," the princess said, returning to her quarters and refusing to hear a word about the prince, much less see him.

But the prince was not discouraged. That evening he painted his face black and brown, put on commoners' clothes, pulled his cap down over his brow, and knocked on the door of the Emperor's palace.

"Sorry to disturb you, Emperor," he said, "but I was wondering if there was any work to be found here at the palace."

"There are many applicants and no vacancies," the Emperor replied. "But I will keep you in mind. Well, wait—I do need someone to look after my pigs, since I now seem to have many."

So the prince was appointed to be the "Imperial Swineherd," and moved into a horribly small room near the pigsty. There he sat and worked all day long, and by evening had made a pretty little kettle with bells around the brim. When water was boiled in it, the bells would ring and play an old tune:

*"A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
Three little piggies had she."*

But the cleverest thing about it was how, when one held their finger over the steam



rising from the pot, they could suddenly smell the various meals that were being prepared throughout town. That was much more impressive than a rose.

When the princess and her ladies-in-waiting happened to pass by and hear the tune from the kettle, they stopped and could hardly believe it, for the princess could also play that tune; in fact, it was the only tune she could play, and she played it with one finger.

"That is my tune," she exclaimed. "He must be a well-educated swineherd. Go and ask him how much the instrument costs."

One of the ladies went over to ask after putting on her overshoes.

"What do you want for your little kettle?" inquired the lady.

"I want ten kisses from the princess," replied the swineherd.

"God forbid," exclaimed the lady.

"Well, I cannot sell it for less," the swineherd said.

"What did he say?" asked the princess upon her lady's return.

"I really cannot repeat it—it's too shocking," the lady said.

"You can whisper it to me then."

The lady whispered it to the princess, who said, "What a rude man. And how naughty!" turning and walking off. But a few steps in, the bells rang again, and rang so sweetly they did:

*"A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
Three little piggies had she."*

"Ask him if he will be satisfied with ten kisses from one of my ladies-in-waiting," the princess said.

"No, thank you," said the swineherd to the offer. "Ten kisses from the princess, or I will keep my kettle."

"How uncouth!" cried the princess. "You must all stand around me so no one will be able to see."



The ladies-in-waiting placed themselves around her and spread their dresses, and then the princess gave the swineherd ten kisses and received the kettle.

Day and night the kettle was kept boiling, and from breakfast to dinner they could smell all of the meals being prepared across town, from the chamberlain's house to that of the shoemaker. The ladies danced and clapped with joy.

"We know who's having soup and pancakes, who's having porridge, and who's having cutlets—how fascinating this kettle is!"

"Fascinating, indeed," the princess said. "But I am the Emperor's daughter, so you must not betray me and tell anyone how I got it."

"Of course not," they all said.

The swineherd—that is to say, the prince, though no one had reason to believe he was such—did not waste any time. He made a rattle that, when shaken, could play every waltz, polka, and dance tune known to man.

"How wonderfully *superbe!*" the princess said while passing by. "I have never heard a more beautiful composition. Go and ask what he wants for the instrument, but be sure to tell him no kissing this time."

One of the ladies went to ask, and returned to say, "He wants one-hundred kisses from the princess."

"He must be mad!" said the princess, storming off but stopping after a few steps. "I am the Emperor's daughter, and have a duty to encourage art," she said. "Tell him I will give him ten kisses, and he will receive the rest from my ladies."

"We don't want to kiss him!" the ladies-in-waiting said.

"Nonsense," said the princess. "If I can kiss him, so can you. Remember, I am who gives you food and shelter."

She went over once more but returned and said, "One-hundred kisses from the princess, he demands, or each keeps their own."



"You must stand around me again," the princess said to her ladies-in-waiting, who stood in a circle around her while the swineherd collected his kisses.

"What's with the crowd down by the pigsty!" the Emperor said as he stepped out onto his balcony. He rubbed his eyes and put on his spectacles. "It appears the ladies-in-waiting are up to some mischief, but I will go down and see for myself," pulling up his slippers that were bunched down at the heels and quickly heading down. As he entered the courtyard, he walked quietly up to the crowd, where the ladies were too busy

counting the kisses, so that all should be fair, to realize the Emperor was coming. He stood up on his tiptoes. "What on earth is going on here?" he said upon seeing his daughter kissing the swineherd, hitting both of them with his shoe just as the swineherd was receiving his sixty-eighth kiss. "Out of my sight, the both of you!" the Emperor yelled angrily. He immediately banned both the princess and the swineherd from the empire.

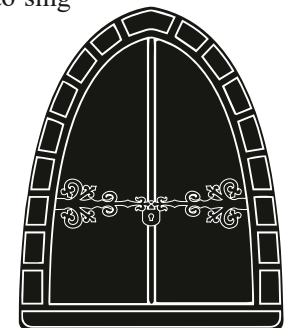
She stood crying as the rain came down in torrents. "Oh, how terrible I am!" the princess said. "I should have married the prince when I had the chance. Now look at me—what a wretch I am!"

The swineherd stepped behind a tree, wiped the dirt off his face, threw off his poorman's attire, and stepped forth in his princely garments. He looked so handsome that the princess could not help but bow to him.

"I have only contempt for you," he said. "You refused an honest prince and had no appreciation for the rose and the nightingale, yet had no problem kissing a swineherd for his toys. How shameful. You have no one to blame but yourself!"

The prince then returned into his kingdom, leaving her to sing alone:

*"A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
Three little piggies had she. . . ."* 🐷





The Red Shoes

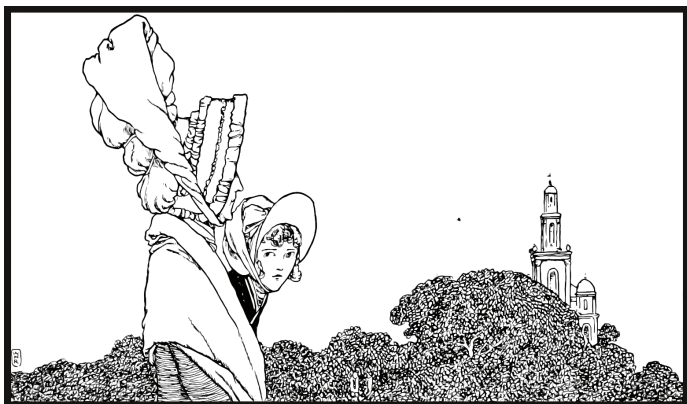
Illustrations by Jeannie Harbour (1922) and Heath Robinson (1913)



HERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE girl, sweet and pretty, but so poor that she had to go barefoot in the summer, while in the winter she had to wear thick wooden shoes that chafed her ankles until they were as red as red could be. In the middle of town lived an old shoemaker's wife, who took notice of the little girl. She found some old scraps of red cloth and did her best to make them into a pair of shoes. They were flimsy, but were made with good intention for the little girl—Karen was her name. The first time Karen wore her new red shoes was on the day her mother was buried. Of course, they were inappropriate for mourning, but they were the only shoes she had. In them she walked quietly and barelegged behind the plain wicker coffin. As they were walking through the graveyard a large carriage passed by with an old lady inside of it. She saw the poor little girl and felt sorry for her, so she went to the pastor and said, "Let the little girl come and live with me and I will take good care of her."

Karen believed the old woman noticed her on account of her red shoes, but the old woman said the shoes were hideous and ordered them to be burned. Karen was given new, proper clothes, and was taught to read and sew. People said she was pretty, but Karen's mirror told her, "You are more than pretty—you are beautiful."

One day it happened that the Queen passed through the countryside with her daughter, the princess. Karen went with the others and flocked to see them at the castle. The young princess, dressed in white, came to the window to let them admire her. She wasn't wearing



a long gown or a gold crown, but she had on a beautiful pair of red-moroccan shoes. They were so much nicer than the pair the shoemaker's wife had made for Karen, and to Karen there was nothing in the world like a pair of red shoes. When Karen was old enough to be confirmed, new

clothes were made for her, and she was to receive a new pair of shoes. They went to the house of a well-to-do shoemaker so he could measure her small feet and get her fitted for them. In his shop were big glass cases with the prettiest and shiniest shoes and boots. They all looked lovely, and among them were a pair of red leather shoes just like the ones the princess was wearing. They were perfect! The old woman could not see well, so they did not attract her attention, when Karen asked to try them on. The shoemaker said he had made them for the daughter of a count, but hadn't fit her well.

"The way they shine, they must be patent leather," the old woman said.

"Yes, they really do shine," Karen said.

Since the shoes fit her, the old lady bought them for her, but had no idea they were red. If she did, she would never have let Karen wear them to confirmation, which is exactly what Karen did. The eyes of everyone were on her feet. When she walked up the aisle to the altar, it seemed as though even the statues in the cathedral, in their stiff collars and long black robes, had their eyes fixated on her red shoes. Karen could think of nothing else herself, even when the pastor laid his hands on her head and spoke of her holy baptism, her covenant with God, and her duty as a Christian. The solemn sound of the organ rang out, the children sang sweetly with the old choir leader, but Karen thought of nothing except her pretty red shoes.

By the afternoon, the old lady had heard from others in the parish about the red shoes. She scolded Karen and told her that it was improper to wear red shoes to church. From then on, she was to wear only black shoes to church, even though they were her old ones.

The following Sunday was holy communion. Karen looked at her black shoes, then

"Oh, what beautiful shoes for dancing. Never come off when you dance," he told the shoes, tapping each with his cane.



at her red ones, back and forth as she was getting ready. Finally, she grabbed the red pair and put them on. It was a sunny day. Karen and the old lady took the dusty path through the cornfield. At the church door they were met by an old soldier with a crutch and a long beard, more red than white—quite red, in fact. He bowed and asked the old lady if he might dust her shoes off. Karen put out her little foot, too.

"Oh, what beautiful shoes for dancing. Never come off when you dance," he said to the shoes, tapping each with his cane.

The old lady gave the soldier a penny and they entered the church. Everyone stared at Karen's red shoes, even the portraits and murals on the walls, it seemed. When Karen knelt at the altar and the chalice met her lips, the only thought that crossed her mind was how pretty her red

shoes were. She could almost see them dancing around in the chalice. Karen forgot to sing the psalm and say the Lord's Prayer.

Then church was over and the old lady got in her carriage. Karen was lifting her foot to step in after her when she noticed the old soldier across the road. He called out, "Oh, what beautiful shoes for dancing!"

Karen couldn't resist taking a few dance steps, but once she began her feet couldn't

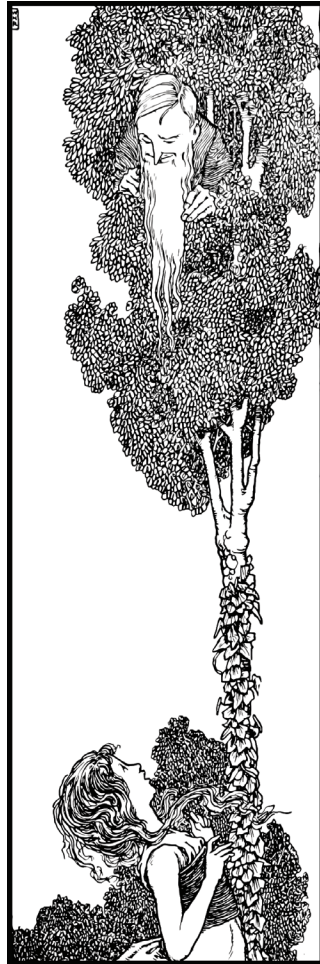
*Dance she did, and dance she must,
straight into the deep dark woods.*

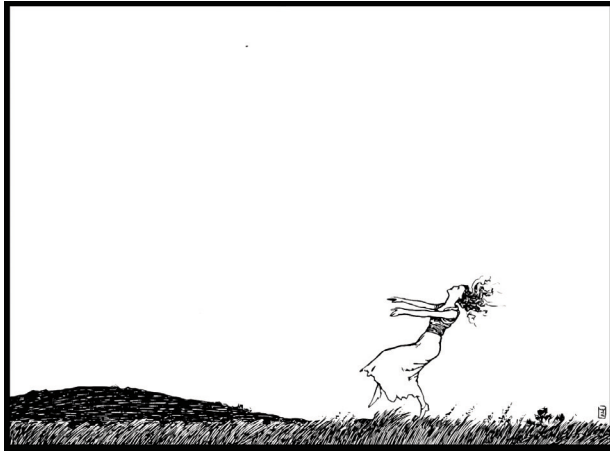
stop. It was as if the shoes were controlling her. She danced around the corner of the church and forced the coachman to run after her, catch her, and carry her back to the carriage, then lift her into it. But even inside her feet kept on dancing, kicking the old woman in process. Only when she took her shoes off did her legs stop moving. When they got home the shoes were put in a cupboard, but Karen couldn't help herself from sneaking in and looking at them.

Shortly after, the old woman became ill, and the doctor said she would not recover. She required constant care, and for this she depended on Karen. One evening Karen heard about a great ball that was being held in town that night, and Karen was invited. She looked at the old woman, who would not live much longer. She looked at the red shoes, for there was no harm in looking. She went over and put them on, since to Princess Karen there was no harm in that either, and then she ran off to the ball and began dancing. But as soon as she did, she couldn't stop. When she tried to turn to the right, the shoes turned to the left. When she wanted to dance up the ballroom, her shoes danced down. They danced down the stairs, into the street, and through the gates of town. Dance she did, and dance she must, straight into the deep dark woods.

Suddenly a light shined through the trees. Karen thought it was the moon, but it turned out to be the red-bearded soldier. He nodded and said, "Oh, what beautiful shoes for dancing."

She was terrified, and tried to take the shoes off. She tore off her stockings, but the shoes were stuck to her feet. Dance she did, and dance she must, over fields and valleys,





in the rain and in the sun, on and on, by day and by night. It was the most dreadful at night. One evening Karen danced through an unfenced graveyard, but the dead did not join her in dance, since they had better things to do. She tried to sit down on a man's gravestone for a moment of rest, but off the shoes went with her again. There was no rest, no peace for her there. She then danced toward the open

doors of the church. There she saw that it was being guarded by an angel with a long white robe and wings that stretched from his shoulders to the ground. His face was grave and stern, and in his hand he held a long, shiny sword.

"Dance you shall!" he told Karen. "Dance in your red shoes until you are pale and cold, and your flesh shrivels down to your bones. Dance you shall from door to door, and wherever there are children proud and vain like yourself, you must knock on their door until they hear you and are afraid of you. Dance you shall. Dance forever, you will."

"Have mercy on me!" Karen screamed. But the angel did not answer. Her shoes swept her out through the gates and across the fields, along highways and byways, forever and always dancing.

One morning she danced by a door she knew well. It was the door of her church. There was the sound of a hymn, and at that moment a coffin was being carried out, covered with flowers. She then realized that inside was the old woman. She was dead because of Karen's neglect, and now Karen was all alone in the world, cursed by the angel of God to dance until her own death.

Dance on she did, dance on she must, through another dark night. Her shoes took her through thorn and briar bushes that scratched her until she bled. She danced across the wastelands until she came to a lonely little house. She recognized it. It was where the executioner lived. Karen tapped on the window pane.

"Come out!" she cried. "Come out! I can't come in, for I can't stop dancing."

The executioner came out and said, "You don't seem to know who I am. I cut off the



heads of bad people, but I feel my ax beginning to quiver."

"Don't strike off my head, for then I could not repent of my sins," Karen said. "But you must cut off my feet and the red shoes stuck to them."

She confessed her sin, and the executioner cut off her feet with the red shoes on them. The shoes danced away with her little feet inside, over the fields into the deep forest. The executioner made two wooden feet for the little girl and a pair of crutches. He taught her a hymn that the prisoners sang when they were sorry for what they had done. She kissed his hand, the one that held the ax, and walked back across the wasteland.

"I have suffered enough for those red shoes," she said. "But I will return to the church and be seen as I am." She hobbled to church as fast as she could, but when she got there, there were the red shoes, dancing in front of her with her feet in them. She was frightened and turned back.

All week long she felt miserable and cried bitter tears to no end. But when Sunday came again she said, "I have suffered and cried enough. I must be as good as any other who sits in church and holds their head high." She started out unafraid, but the moment she came to the church gate she saw her red shoes again dancing before her. More frightened than ever, she turned away, and with all her heart she repented.

She went to the pastor's house, and begged him to give her work as a servant. She promised to work hard, and do whatever he needed. Wages did not matter, if only she could have a roof over her head and be with good people. The pastor's wife took pity on her, and gave her work at the parsonage. Karen was faithful and serious. She sat quietly in the evening and listened to every word when the pastor read the Bible aloud. The children were devoted to her, but when they spoke of shoes and dresses and of being as beautiful as a queen, she would shake her head.

When they went to church next Sunday they asked her to go, too, but with tears in her

eyes she looked at her crutches, and shook her head. The others went to hear the word of God, but Karen went to her lonely little room, which was only big enough to fit her bed and one chair. She sat with the Bible in her hands, and as she read it with a contrite heart she heard the organ roll. The wind carried the sound from the church to her window. Her face was wet with tears as she lifted it up and said, "Help me, O Lord!"

Then the sun shone bright, and the white-robed angel stood suddenly before her. He was the same angel she had seen that night, at the door of the church. But he no longer held a sharp sword. In his hand was a green branch, covered with roses. He touched the ceiling with it. There a golden star appeared where it touched, and the ceiling rose. He touched the walls and they opened wide. She heard the deep tone of the organ. She saw the portraits of the ministers and their wives. She saw the congregation sitting in flower-decked pews, singing from their hymnals. Either the church had come to the poor girl in her narrow little room, or it was she who had been transported to the church. But there she sat in the pew with the pastor's family. When they had finished the hymn, they looked up and nodded to her.

"It was right for you to come, little Karen," they said.

"It was God's own mercy," she told them.

The organ sounded, and the children in the choir sang softly and beautifully. Clear sunlight streamed warmly through the window, right down to the pew where Karen sat. She was so filled with the light of it, and with joy and with peace, that her heart broke. Her soul traveled up with the shaft of sunlight to heaven, where no one questioned her about the red shoes. ❀



Henri C. Appletton, 1920



The Little Match Girl

Illustrations by Frank Adams (c. 1920) and Arthur Rackham (1932)



IT WAS SO TERRIBLY COLD. Snow was falling, and it was almost dark. Evening came, the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a poor little girl was walking barefoot through the streets. When she left her house she had slippers on, but what good were they? They were big slippers, too big for her, belonging to her mother. The little girl had lost them while running across the road as two carriages had rattled by fast. One slipper wasn't able to find again, and a boy had run off with the other, saying he could use it as a cradle for his children one day.

So the little girl walked on her bare feet, now red and blue from the cold. In an old apron she carried several packages of matches, and held a box of them in her hand. No one had bought any from her all day, and no one had given her a cent. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along—a picture of misery, this poor little girl! The snowflakes fell on her long blonde hair, which hung in pretty curls over her neck and back. In every window lights were shining, and there was a wonderful smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's eve.

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected farther out into the street, she sat down and drew her little feet up under her. She was getting colder and colder, but did not dare return home, for she had sold no matches, nor earned a single cent, and her father would surely beat her. Besides, it was cold at home, too, since they had nothing to warm them but a roof the wind penetrated though cracks stuffed with straw and rags.

Her hands were almost dead with cold. Oh, how much one little match might warm her if she took it from the box and struck it against the wall and put it under her hands. She drew

Both of them rose in bright night above the earth, so high that she could no longer feel the cold, the hunger, or the fear. . . .

one out. *R-r-ratch!* It sputtered and burned beautifully, making a bright flame, like a small candle, as she held her hands over it. It gave a strange light, but to the little girl it really seemed as if she were sitting before a great iron stove with shining brass knobs and a brass cover. How wonderfully the fire burned! How comfortable it was! The girl stretched out her feet to warm them, too, but the flame went out, the stove vanished, and only the remains of the burnt match were left in her hand.

She struck another against the wall. It burned brightly, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent, like a thin veil. She could see into a room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread, and on it stood a shiny roast goose, steamed and stuffed with apples and prunes. The goose jumped down from the dish and waddled along the floor with a knife and fork in its breast, right over to the little girl, but then the match went out and the only thing



in front of her was the thick, cold wall.

She lit another match, and was suddenly sitting under the most beautiful Christmas tree. It was much larger and more beautiful than the one she had last Christmas. Thousands of candles burned on the green branches, and colored pictures like those in print shops looked down at her. The little girl reached toward them, but then the match went out. Still the Christmas lights rose higher, becoming as bright stars in the sky, before one fell off and descended with a long stream of fire.

Someone must be dying, thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, but who was now dead, had once told her that when a star fell from the sky a soul went up to Heaven.

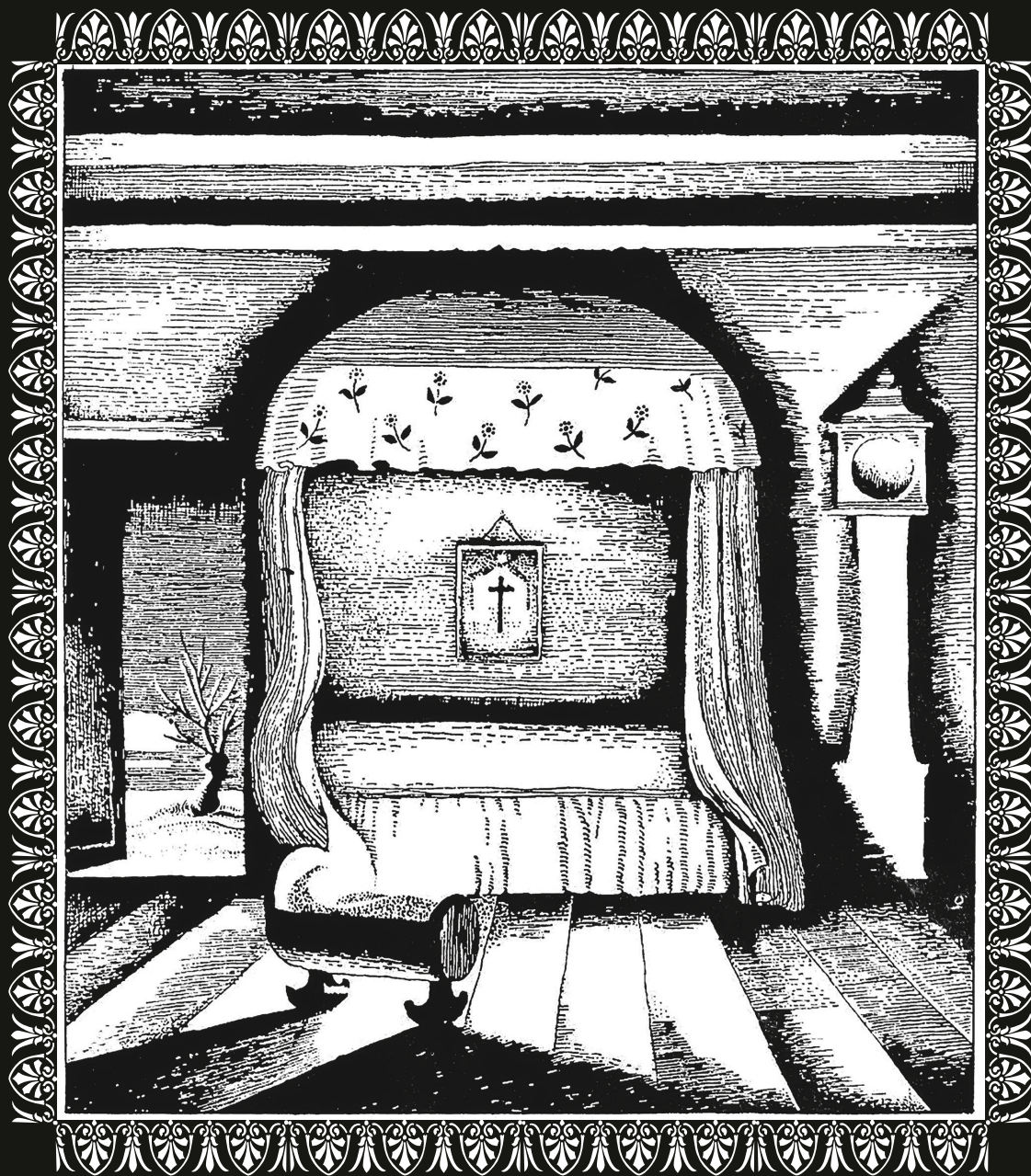
She rubbed another match against the wall. It became bright again, and in the glow her old grandmother stood before her clear and shining, kind and gracious.

“Grandmother!” the child cried. “Oh, take me with you! I know you will disappear when the match burns out and vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the beautiful big Christmas tree!”

She quickly struck the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her. The matches burned with a glow brighter than daylight, and her Grandmother had never looked so grand and beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and both of them rose in bright night above the earth, flying high and so far up that she could no longer feel the cold, the hunger, or the fear—because now they were with God. But in the corner still, leaning against the wall, was the little girl, with red cheeks and a smile across her face, frozen to death on the last evening of the old year.

The New Year’s day sun later rose and illuminated a small figure at rest in the corner—the little girl, stiff and cold, holding a pack of matches, one bundle burned out.

“She was trying to warm herself,” the people said. None could imagine what beautiful things she had seen, and how happily she had left this earth with her old grandmother in the night before the bright New Year. ❄️



The Story of a Mother

Illustrations by Kay Nielsen, 1924



AMOTHER SAT BY HER little child. She was grieving, for she feared her child would soon die. It was pale, its little eyes were closed, and sometimes it drew a deep breath, almost like a sigh. The mother was gazing more sadly than ever before at the poor child when someone knocked on the door. An old man walked in, wrapped in what looked like a horse hide to keep him warm. It was the middle of a cold winter, when the country lay covered with snow and ice, and the wind blew so briskly that it felt like it was cutting you. The little child had fallen asleep, so the mother, seeing the old man shivering, rose and placed a small mug of beer on the stove to help warm him. The old man sat and rocked in a chair, while the mother took a seat near her sick child, still breathing heavily, and took hold of its little hand.

“Do you think we will be able to keep him?” she asked. “Our all-merciful God will surely not take him from me.”

The old man, who was in fact Death himself, nodded his head in a peculiar manner, one that could have signified either Yes or No. The mother cast down her eyes and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Her head became heavy, for she had not closed her eyes in three days, sleeping if at all but for a moment. Too shivering with cold, she stood and looked around the room. The old man was gone, and her child—it was gone too! The old man had taken it. In the corner of the room, the old clock began to chime on the hour—“whirr” went the chains, the clock weight sank to the floor, and then it stopped. The mother rushed

THE STORY OF A MOTHER

The mother pressed the thorn bush against her bosom so it could thaw. The thorns pierced her flesh and blood dripped down her body, but the thorn bush sprouted fresh green leaves that then turned into flowers on this cold winter's night—how warm the heart of a grieving mother.

out of the house calling for her child. A woman wearing a long black robe stood in the snow. She said to the mother, "Death has been with you. I saw him take your child. He strode faster than the wind and never returns what he has taken away."

"Tell me which way he went," said the mother. "Tell me so I can find him."

"I know the way," said the woman, "but before I tell you, you must sing to me every song you have sung to your child. I love those songs, and have heard you sing them before, for I am Night. I have seen your tears flow as you sang."

"I will sing them all for you," said the mother, "but do not impede me now. I must find him, and I must find my child."

Night sat silent and still. The mother wept and sang and wrung her hands. There were many songs and many tears, but she sang until Night said at last, "Go right, into the forest of fir trees. Death went that way with your little child."

After entering the forest, the mother came to a crossroad and didn't know which path to take. Nearby grew a thorn bush with neither leaf nor flower, for it was the depths of winter, when icicles hung from its branches instead of leaves.

"Have you seen Death go by with my little child?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the thorn bush. "But I will not tell you which path he has taken until you have warmed me in your bosom. I am freezing and turning to ice."

The mother pressed the thorn bush against her bosom so it could thaw. The thorns pierced her flesh and blood dripped down her body, but the thorn bush sprouted fresh green leaves that then turned into flowers on this cold winter's night—how warm the heart of a grieving mother. The thorn bush told her which path she must take, so she hurried off until she arrived at a great lake on which there was no boat in view. The lake was not frozen enough for her to cross the ice, nor was it liquid enough for her to swim across, but she had to find a way. She laid down to drink the lake dry, which no human being could possibly



do, yet the bereaved mother believed she could do it with the help of a miracle.

"You will never succeed at this," said the lake, "so let us make a compromise. I collect pearls, and your eyes are the purest I've ever seen. If you weep those pure eyes out into pearls for my waters, I will take you to the greenhouse where Death resides and rears flowers and trees, every one of which is a human life."

"I would give anything for my child," said the weeping mother.

She wept and wept until she wept her own eyes out. They fell into the lake, sunk to the bottom, and became two lovely pearls. The lake then froze so she could step onto it, and whisked her forward and slid her to the other side. On the other side was a building miles in length. No one could ever tell if it was a mountain covered in trees and full of caves, or if someone had built it. But the poor mother could not see either way, for she had wept herself blind.

"Where is Death, the one who took my little child?" she asked.

"He has yet to return," said an old, gray-haired woman watering plants around Death's greenhouse. "How did you find your way here, and who helped you?"

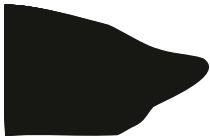
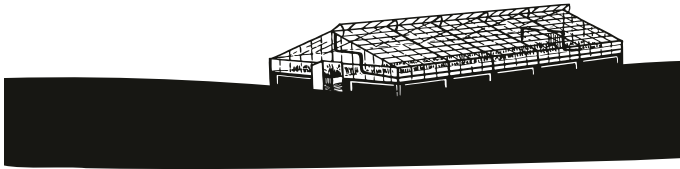
"God has helped me," she replied. "He is merciful. Will you not be merciful, too? Tell me where I can find my little child."

"I did not know the child," said the old woman, "and you are blind. Many flowers and trees have faded from life tonight, and Death will soon come to replant them. As you know, everyone has a life-tree or a life-flower, as he decrees there be. They may look like other plants, but they have hearts that beat, just like children's do. Perhaps from that beat you

will be able to recognize your child. But what will I receive in return if I tell you what you must do?"

"I have nothing to give, but I will go to the ends of the earth for you."

"There is nothing for me there," the old woman said. "Give me your long blonde hair. It's beautiful. You can take my white hair in exchange."



"How did you get here?" Death asked.

"How did you arrive quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," she answered.

"Is that all you want?" the mother asked. "Then you may have it with pleasure."

She gave up her blonde hair and received in return the white locks of the old woman, who then led her into Death's greenhouse, where grew flowers and trees in wonderful abundance. Perennials bloomed under glass bells and peonies stood as strong as trees. There were water plants, both fresh and sickly, water snakes that slithered around them, and black crabs that clung to the stems. There stood palm trees, oaks, and plantains, and beneath them bloomed thyme and parsley. Each tree and flower had a name, as each represented a human life and belonged to the living—be they in China or Greenland, or anywhere else in the world. Some large trees had been planted in small pots and had little room, seeming as though they were about to break the pot, while many weak little flowers grew in rich soil with moss around them, carefully tended and cared for. The grieving mother bent over the plants and listened to the heart beating in each until she recognized the heartbeat of her child among the millions of others.

"That is it," she cried, stretching her arms toward an iris that drooped sickly.

"Do not touch the flower," exclaimed the old woman. "Stay where you are. And when Death comes—which should be any minute—do not let him pull out that plant. Threaten him, and tell him that if he pulls it out you will do the same to the other flowers. This will scare him, for he is accountable to God for each. None can be uprooted unless he receives permission to do so."

An ice-cold chill burst through the greenhouse. The blind mother knew that Death had arrived.

"How did you get here?" Death asked. "How did you arrive quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," she answered.

Death reached for the delicate little flower, but she held it tightly with anxious care so as not to touch a single leaf. Death then breathed on her hands, a breath colder than the icy wind, and her hands sunk down, powerless.

"You will not prevail against me," Death said.

"But a God of mercy can," she said.

"I only do His will," replied Death. "I am his gardener. I take all of His flowers and trees, and replant them in the gardens of Paradise. How they flourish there, and what that garden looks like, I cannot disclose to you."

"Give me my child," said the mother, weeping as she grabbed two flowers and cried out to Death, "I will destroy your flowers unless you heal my despair."

"Do not touch them," Death said. "Out of your despair, would you truly wish to make another mother despair like yourself?"

"Another mother?" the poor woman uttered as she set the flowers down.

"Here are your eyes," Death said. "I took them out of the lake for you. They were shining brightly, and I knew they were yours. Take them—for they are clearer than before—and then look deep into the well outside. I will tell you the names of the two flowers you were about to destroy, you will see the futures of the human beings they represent, and you will realize what you were about to destroy in your despair."

They went outside and she looked into the well. It was a glorious sight to behold, seeing how one became a blessing to the world and spread so much joy. Then she saw that the life of the other—full of poverty, misery, and pain.

"Both are the will of God," Death said.

"Which is the unhappy flower, and which is the blessed one?" she asked.

"That I cannot tell you," said Death. "But one of those two flowers represents your child. It was the fate of your child you saw—its future."

"Which of them belongs to my child?" the mother screamed with terror. "Tell me, and release that child from misery. Take it away—take it to the kingdom of God. Forget my tears and my pleas, forget all that I have said or done."

"I do not understand," Death said. "Do you want your child back, or shall I take him away to the unknown?"

The mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to God, begging, "Grant not my prayers when they are contrary to Thy will, which at all times must be true. Oh, hear them not," she said as her chin sank into her chest.

Death then departed, taking with him her child, into the unknown. 🌹





The Shadow

Illustrations by Hans Tegner, 1870



IN THE HOT COUNTRIES, WHERE the sun's power is greatest, the people are burned brown as mahogany. In the hottest countries, they are seared into negroes. A scholar once traveled to one of these countries from the cold north, and thought he would roam about as if he were at home, but soon realized he was mistaken. Due to the heat, he had to stay inside all day, with the windows and doors closed, so it looked as if no one was there. The houses on his narrow street were elevated and faced in such a direction that the sun hit them head-on from morning until evening. It became unbearable. The scholar from the north was young and intelligent, but no match for the heat. Stewing in that oven made him exhausted and weak, and he grew so thin that his shadow shriveled up and became much smaller than it had once been. The sun took what was left of it, and before long he had no shadow at all until evening, after sunset.

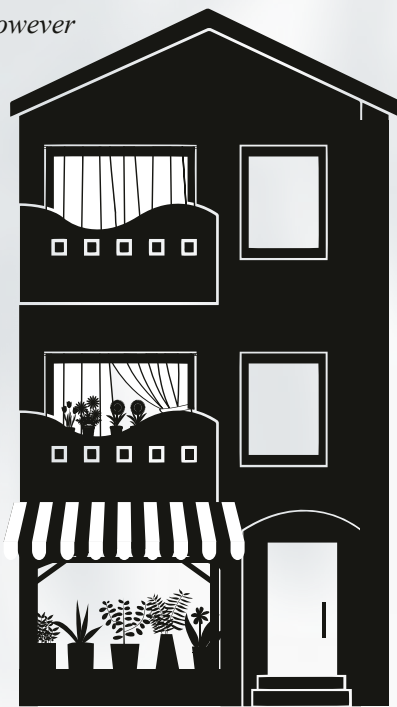
It was a pleasure to see his shadow stretch out against the wall as soon as the light took over the room, so grand it reached to the ceiling, needing a good stretch to recover its strength. The scholar would go out to the balcony to stretch out himself, and as soon as the stars rose into the clear, beautiful sky, he felt revived. At this hour people began to appear on the balconies overlooking the street, and in warm climates every house out of necessity has a balcony so people can sit out and breathe in the fresh evening air, even the houses of those who are used to the heat that made them as brown as mahogany.

The streets became lively at this hour, with shoemakers and tailors and all sorts of

people sitting along it, bringing out tables and chairs, lighting candles by the hundreds, talking and singing and being festive. There were people walking, carriages rumbling, and mules trotting along through, their harness bells *tingling tingling tingling* as they went. Then the day's dead were carried to their graves with solemn music and the tolling of church bells. It was indeed quite a scene on the street. But one house, just opposite that in which the scholar lived, was a contrast to this, for it was eternally still. Someone dwelt there since flowers bloomed on the balcony, radiant in the hot sun, which would not have been possible unless they were watered regularly. The doors leading to the balcony stood half open during evenings, and though the front room was dark, someone playing music could be heard from inside. The foreign scholar found the music delightful, but everything in this warm country pleased him, except for the heat. The landlord said he didn't know who lived in the house opposite his own, and no occupant was ever seen, so the music was unusual.

It sounds like he is practicing a piece he can't fully recall, the scholar thought—always the same piece, too. He thinks, I suppose, that he will be able to remember it eventually, but I don't think he ever will, however long he may try.

Once the scholar awoke in the night. He slept with the balcony door open, and the wind had knocked down the curtain, so the brightness of the balcony spread throughout the house. The house across the street's lights were on, making the flowers on the balcony appear like flames of gorgeous color, and suddenly among them stood a beautiful, slender maiden. Light seemed to be streaming from her, dazzling his eye, but he had only just opened them upon waking. Still, in one leap he was out of bed, creeping softly to the window, but then she was gone. The brightness had disappeared, and the flowers no longer appeared like flames, though they remained as beautiful as ever. The door stood ajar, and from an inner room the music began, so sweet and lovely that it produced the most enchanting thoughts and had an almost magical power over his



"I think my shadow is the only living thing over there," the scholar said to himself. "How pleasantly it sits among the flowers. . . ."



senses. Who lived there? Where was the entrance? Along the street and the lane at the side, the whole ground floor was a continuation of shops.

One evening the scholar was sitting on the balcony with a light burning in his own room just behind him. Naturally his shadow was projecting onto the wall of the opposite house, so that when he moved his shadow did as well.

"I think my shadow is the only living thing over there," the scholar said to himself. "How pleasantly it sits among the flowers. The door is open, so my shadow ought to be clever enough to step in and look around and then to come back and tell me what he has seen. Make yourself useful!" he joked. "Be a good shadow and go inside, will you?" nodding to the shadow, which nodded back. "Now go, but be sure to come back."

Then the scholar stood up, as did his shadow on the opposite side. He turned, and the shadow turned, but if anyone was looking they might have seen the shadow enter the half-opened door on the opposite balcony as the scholar entered his own room and let the curtain fall. The next morning he went out for a coffee and to read the newspapers.

"What is this?" he exclaimed as he stood in the sunshine looking for his reflection on the ground. "I have lost my shadow. Maybe it really did go inside last evening and never come back. How odd."

It bothered him—not so much that the shadow was gone, but knowing he was a man without a shadow. When he returned to his home country for a brief trip and related his adventures and the story of how he lost his shadow, they would say it was only his imagination, and he had no desire to speak further of the matter, so he decided not to speak of it at all.

He returned to the house in the warm country, and went out on his balcony as usual in the evening, but was sure to place the light behind him, for he knew that a shadow needed his master for a screen. But no matter what he did, he could not entice him out. He made

himself small and he made himself tall, but it was all useless, since still there was no shadow to be seen. But in warm countries, everything grows quickly, and, after a week had passed, he saw, with great joy, that a new shadow was growing from his feet when he walked in the sunshine. The root must have remained. In three weeks, he had quite a respectable shadow, which, during another return journey to northern lands, continued to grow, and eventually became so large that it was twice the size of what it should have been. Once home for good, the scholar wrote books about the true, the good, and the beautiful found in this world, and so days and years passed—many years, in fact.

ONE EVENING, AS HE sat in his study, a gentle tap was heard at the door. “Come in,” he said. But no one came in. He got up and opened the door, and there stood before him a man so remarkably thin that he felt seriously troubled by his appearance. However, he was well dressed and looked like a gentleman. “To whom do I have the honor of speaking?” he asked.

“Ah, I hoped you would recognize me,” said the stranger. “I have gained so much that I have flesh and clothes to wear. You never expected to see me in such a condition, but do you not even recognize your old shadow? You never expected me to return, I see, but all has been well with me since I was with you last. I have become rich in every way, and, were I inclined to purchase my freedom, I could easily do so,” speaking as a number of costly trinkets hanging from a thick gold watch chain around his neck rattled. Diamond rings sparkled on his fingers, and it was all real.

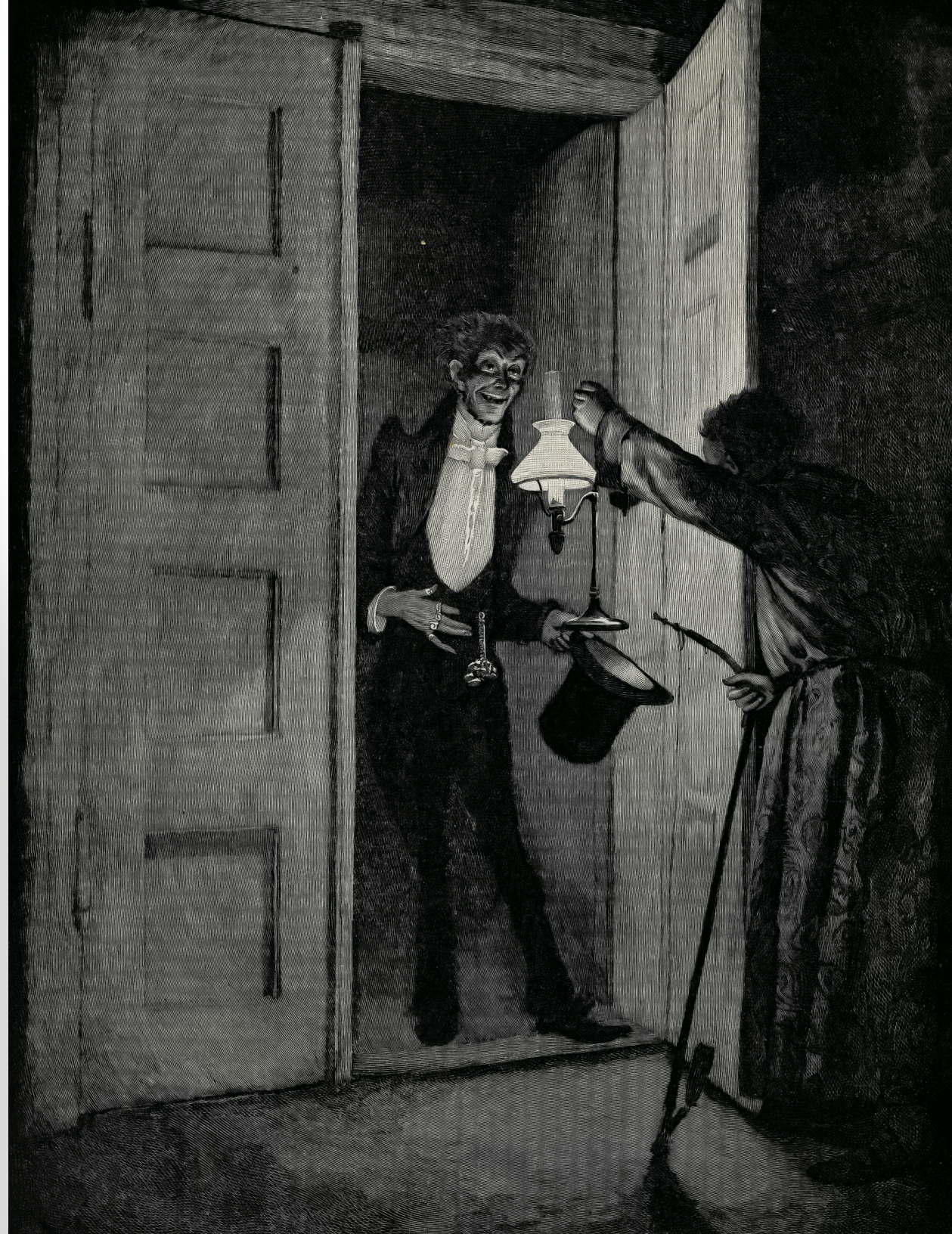
“I don’t know what to say,” the scholar uttered. “What does all of this mean?”

“It’s rather unusual,” said the shadow, “but you are yourself an uncommon man, and you know very well that I have followed in your footsteps ever since you were a child. As soon as you found that I had traveled enough to be trusted alone, I went my own way, and I am now doing well by myself. But I felt a longing to see you once more before you die, and I wanted to see this place again, for one always has an attachment to the land of their birth. I know you now have another shadow, but do I owe you anything? If so, please say what it is.”

“No! Is it really you?” the scholar gasped. “If so, this is most remarkable. I never supposed it possible that a man’s shadow could become a human being.”

“Tell me what I owe you,” the shadow said, “as I do not like to be in debt to any man.”

“How can you speak in such a manner?” the scholar said. “What matter of debt could there be between us? You are as free as anyone. And I am happy to hear of your good



*"I have followed in your footsteps ever since you were a child . . .
But I felt a longing to see you once more before you die. . . ."*

fortune, so sit down, old friend, and tell me a little of how it happened, and what you saw in the house opposite to me while we were in those hot climates."

"Yes, I will tell you all about it," said the shadow, sitting down. "But you must promise me never to talk about how I was your shadow in this city, wherever you may see me, since I am thinking of marrying, for I have more than enough to provide for a family."

"Make yourself easy," said the scholar. "I will tell no one who you really are. Here is my hand—I promise, and word is sufficient between men."

"Between man and shadow," said the shadow, he had to retort.

It was extraordinary how much of a man he had become in appearance. He was dressed in a suit of the very finest black cloth, wore polished boots and an opera hat, which could be folded together so that nothing could be seen but the crown and the rim, along with the trinkets, the gold chain, and the diamond rings.

"Now I will relate to you what you wish to know," said the shadow, placing his foot with the polished leather boot as firmly as possible on the arm of the new shadow of the scholar, which lay at his feet like a little dog. This was done perhaps out of pride, or so that the new shadow might cling to him, but the new shadow remained quiet in order to listen and learn how a shadow could be sent away by its master, and become its own man. "Do you know," said the shadow, "that in the house opposite to you lived the most glorious creature in the world? It was poetry. I remained there three weeks, which felt like three-thousand years, for I read all of the poetry and prose ever written, and must say, in truth, that I saw and learned everything there is to know."

"Poetry!" exclaimed the scholar. "Yes, she lives like a hermit. Poetry! I saw her once for a brief moment, while sleep weighed down my eyelids. She flashed upon me from the balcony like the radiant aurora borealis, surrounded by flowers that glow like fire. Tell me, you were on the balcony that evening, you went through the door, and what did you see?"

"I found myself in the ante-room," said the shadow. "You sat opposite to me, looking into the room. There was no light, or so it seemed in partial darkness, but the doors to a suite of rooms stood open and were brilliantly lit. The blaze of light would have killed me had I approached too near the maiden myself, but I was cautious and took my time, which

is what everyone ought to do."

"And what didst thou see?" asked the scholar.

"I saw everything, as you shall hear. But—it really is not pride on my part, as a free man who possesses the knowledge and position I do, not to speak of my wealth—I would rather you refer to me with 'you' instead of 'thou.'"

"I beg your pardon," said the scholar. "It is an old habit and difficult to break. I will try to be conscious of it, but now tell me what you saw."

"Everything," said the shadow, "for I saw and know everything."

"What did the inner rooms look like?" asked the scholar. "Was it like a cool grove or a holy temple? Were the chambers like a starry sky seen from the top of a high mountain?"

"It was all that you describe," said the shadow, "but I did not go all the way in—I remained in the twilight of the ante-room. I was in a good position, and could see and hear all that was going on in the court of poetry."

"But what did you see? Did the gods of ancient times pass through the rooms? Did old heroes fight their battles over again? Were there children at play who told you of their dreams?"

"I told you I was there, so you can be sure that I saw everything there was to see. If you had gone in, you would not have remained a human being, whereas when I went in, I became one. There I became aware of my inner being, and my inborn affinity for poetry. It is true I did not think much about it while I was with you, but you will remember that I was always much larger at sunrise and sunset, and in the moonlight even more visible than you yourself, but I did not then understand my inner existence. In the ante-room it was revealed to me. I became a man, and came out fully mature. You then left the warm country, and as a man I felt ashamed to go anywhere without boots or clothes and the rest by which a man is known, so I went my own way. I can tell you, since you will dare not put it in a book, that I hid under the cloak of a woman who didn't realize whom she was concealing. It was not until evening that I ventured out and ran about the streets in the moonlight, drawing myself up to my full height upon the walls, scurrying here and there, looking through the highest windows of the rooms and over the roofs. I looked in, and saw what



nobody else could see, or ever should see. I saw a bad world, and witnessed the most miserable things going on between husbands and wives, parents and children—sweet, innocent children. I have seen what no human being has the power to, though they wish they did—the evil conduct of their neighbors. It made me not care to be a man, but there is some use in it. Had I written a story about it, how eagerly it would have been read! But instead I wrote directly to the persons themselves, and stirred alarm in every the town I visited. They were so fearful of me, and yet how dearly they loved me. The professor made me a professor, the tailor gave me new clothes, the overseer of the mint struck coins for me, and the women declared me handsome, so I became well provided for, and the man you see before you. But I must now say *adieu*. Here is my card. I live on the sunny side of the street, and always stay home in rainy weather.”

And with that the shadow departed.

“This is all so very strange,” the scholar said to himself.

YEARS WENT BY BEFORE the shadow returned. “How are you doing these days?” he asked. “Ah!” the scholar said. “I am writing about the true, the beautiful, and the good, but no one cares to read about such things. I am in despair, for I take it to heart very much.”

“That is what I never do,” said the shadow. “I am growing fat and stout, as one should. You do not understand the world, so you will make yourself ill over it. You should get out and travel. I am going on a journey in the summer—would you like to go with me? I need a companion, but you must travel with me as my shadow. It would give me great pleasure, and I will pay all expenses.”

“Are you going far?” asked the scholar.

“That matters not,” replied the shadow. “A journey of any distance will do you good, and if you will be my shadow, then your expenses shall be paid for.”

“This is all very absurd,” the scholar said.

“But it is the way of the world,” replied the shadow, “and always will be.”

Then he promptly left.

Little went right for the scholar. Troubles and sorrow pursued him, and what he wrote about the good, the beautiful, and the true, was of as much value to most people as boots would be to a cow. He soon fell ill. “You look like a shadow of a man,” people would say to him, and a cold shudder would pass through him.

“You need a vacation,” the shadow said on his next visit. “There is no chance for you otherwise. I will take you with me, for the sake of old acquaintance. I will pay your

“You look like a shadow of a man,” people would say to him, and a cold shudder would pass through him.

expenses and you shall write a story about it to amuse us. I need a vacation, as well. My beard does not grow as it should, which is from weakness, and a man needs a beard. Now be sensible and accept my proposal.”

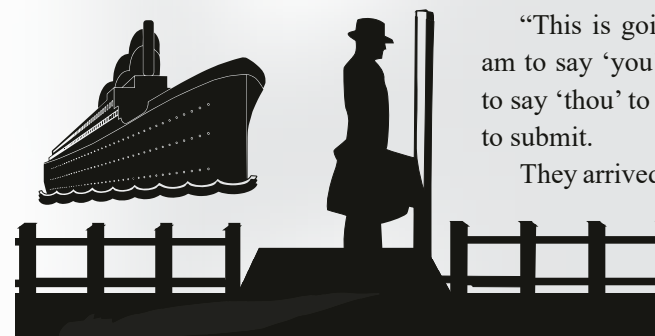
Finally they took off together, but the shadow was the master now, and the master became the shadow. They drove, rode, and walked in each other’s company, side by side, one in front and the other behind, according to the position of the sun. The shadow always knew when to take up an honorable position, but the scholar took no notice of it, for he had a good heart and was exceedingly mild and friendly.

One day the master said to the shadow, “We have been together since childhood, and now that we have become traveling companions, shall we not drink to our fellowship and say ‘thee’ and ‘thou’ to each other?”

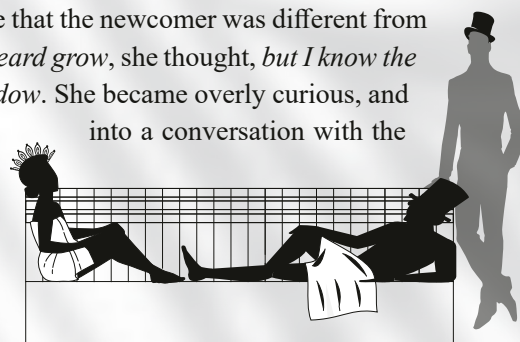
“What you say is very straightforward and kind,” said the shadow, who was now the master. “I will be equally straightforward and kind. You are a scholar, and know how wonderful human nature is. There are some men who cannot endure the smell of paper. It makes them ill, while others are pained to their very marrow if a nail is scratched on a pane of glass. I myself have a similar feeling when I hear anyone say thou to me. I feel crushed by it, as I used to feel in my former position with you. You will believe this to be a matter of feeling and not pride, but I cannot allow you to say ‘thou’ to me. I will gladly say it to you, however, so your wish will be half fulfilled.” The shadow then addressed his former master as “thou.”

“This is going too far,” said the latter, “if I am to say ‘you’ when I speak to him, and he is to say ‘thou’ to me.” Regardless, he was obliged to submit.

They arrived at the baths, where many strangers were present, and among them a beautiful princess, whose real disease consisted of being too sharp-sighted,



which made everyone very. She saw at once that the newcomer was different from the others. *They say he is here to make his beard grow*, she thought, *but I know the real cause is that he is unable to cast a shadow*. She became overly curious, and one day, while on the promenade, entered into a conversation with the



“Your highness must be on the high road to recovery,” he said. “I know your complaint arose from being too sharp-sighted, but in this case it has failed. I happen to have a *most unusual* shadow. Have you not seen the person who is always at my side? Most give their servants finer clothes than they themselves wear, so I have dressed out my shadow like a man—nay, I should rather say that I have given him a shadow of his own. It is expensive, but I am peculiar in certain ways.”

How is this? thought the princess. *Am I really cured? This must be the best bath in existence. Water indeed has wonderful power, but I will not leave just yet, since this is amusing. A foreign prince—for he must be a prince—pleases me above all things. I only hope his beard doesn’t start growing.*

In the evening, the princess and the shadow danced together in the large assembly rooms. She was light, but he was lighter. She had never seen such a good dancer before, either. She told him from what country she had come, and found he knew of it and had even been there, though not while she was. He had in fact looked into the windows of her father’s palace and had seen many things that allowed him to make allusions that astonished her. She thought he must be the cleverest man in the world, and felt the great respect for his knowledge. And as they danced on she fell in love with him, which the shadow quickly picked up on, for she had looked through him. On they danced, and she wanted to tell him, but had some discretion, She thought of her country, her kingdom, and the number of people whom she would one day rule. *He is a clever man*, she thought to herself, *which is useful, and he dances admirably, which is also good. But has he well-grounded knowledge? That is a different question, so I must try him.* She then asked him a difficult question, one she herself could not have answered, and the shadow made a most unaccountable grimace.

“You cannot answer that,” said the princess.

“I will disclose everything, and say that I am the man, and that you are only a shadow dressed up in a man’s clothes.”

“I learned something about it in my childhood,” he replied, “and believe that even my very shadow, standing over there by the door, could answer it.”

“Your shadow,” said the princess. “Indeed, that would be very remarkable.”

“I do not say so positively,” noted the shadow, “but I am inclined to believe that he can do so. He has followed me for so many years, and has heard so much from me, that I think he likely knows. But your royal highness must accept that he is very proud of being considered a man, so to put him in good humor and ensure he answers correctly, he must be treated as a man.”

“I shall be pleased to do so,” said the princess, walking up to the scholar, who stood in the doorway, and speaking to him of the sun and the moon, the green forests and the people near and far, and matters about which the scholar was able to converse pleasantly and sensibly.

What a wonderful man he must be to have such a clever shadow! thought the princess.

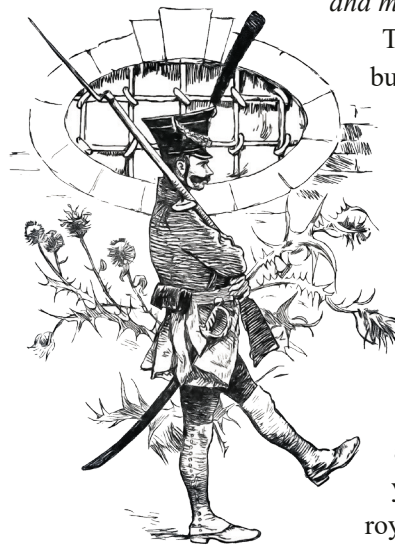
If I were to choose him it would be a blessing to my country and my subjects.

Thus, the princess and the shadow were soon engaged, but no one was to be told a word about it until she returned to her kingdom.

“No one shall know,” said the shadow, “not even my own shadow,” having particular reasons for keeping such a thing from him.

In time, the princess returned to the land over which she reigned, and the shadow accompanied her.

“Listen, my friend,” said the shadow to the scholar, “now that I am as fortunate and as powerful as any man can be, I will do something unusually good for you. You shall live in my palace, drive with me in the royal carriage, and receive one hundred thousand dollars a



year, but you must allow everyone to call you a shadow and never mention that you were once a man. And each year, when I sit on my balcony in the sunshine, you must lie at my feet as a shadow does, for I am going to marry the princess. Our wedding is even scheduled for this evening.”

“This is too ridiculous,” said the scholar. “I cannot, and will not, submit to such folly. It would be cheating the whole country, and the princess also. I will disclose everything, and say that I am the man, and that you are only a shadow dressed up in a man’s clothes.”

“No one will believe you,” the shadow said. “Be reasonable, or I’ll call the guards.”

“I will go straight to the princess,” said the scholar.

“But I shall be there first,” replied the shadow, “and you will be sent to prison.”

And so it turned out, for the guards readily obeyed him, as they knew he was going to marry the King’s daughter.

“You tremble,” said the princess, when the shadow appeared before her. “What happened? You cannot be ill today, as our wedding is this evening.”

“I have gone through the most terrible affair that could possibly happen,” said the shadow, “only imagine—my shadow has gone mad. I suppose such a poor, shallow thing could not bear much, but he fancies that he has become a real man, and that I am *his* shadow.”

“How very terrible,” cried the princess. “Is he locked up?”

“Oh yes, of course. I fear he will never recover.”

“Poor shadow!” said the princess. “It is unfortunate for him, but it would be a good deed to free him from his frail existence. I think of how often people pit the lower classes against the higher. It would be right to put him out quietly.”

“It will be rather hard on him, for he was a faithful servant,” said the shadow, pretending to sigh.

“You are of noble character,” the princess said, bowing before him.

That evening, the entire town was illuminated, cannons fired *boom*, and soldiers presented arms, for there was to be a grand wedding. The princess and the shadow stepped out on the balcony to show themselves and receive one more cheer. But the scholar heard nothing of these festivities, for he had already been executed. 🍷





The Tales of Asbjørnsen and Moe
Norwegian Folktales

Illustrations by Kay Nielsen, 1914



Moving from nation to nation, we find variations of the same tales pop up time and again. We also find a common theme linking those who collected these tales during the nineteenth century: inspiration from the Grimm Brothers and a nationalist drive to define the character of their homeland. The Norwegians Peter Asbjørnsen (1812–1885) and Jørgen Moe (1813–1882) were two more individuals who embodied this spirit. Childhood friends who later took to the countryside of Norway, they collected the volume *Norwegian Folktales* (*Norske Folkeeventyr*), published between 1841 and 1852, which received high praise from their German forerunners. From this collection comes a smaller one known under the title *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*. Illustrated by Danish artist Kay Nielsen in 1914, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* is a visual masterpiece that is worth a look in full due to Nielsen’s memorable imagery; but it is still a small part of the larger collection. It is a poor reflection on us that an 1859 translation by Sir George Webbe Dasent was the only full English translation prior to 2019, but Dasent’s version remains considerably better if not only for its extensive introduction. Jørgen Moe’s own introduction to the definitive 1852 edition is similarly insightful, but you will only find a snippet of that in the 2019 translation. We can only provide a small piece of *Norwegian Folktales* here, but the stories included are entertaining and unique from others. The three to follow are “The Girl and Her Godmother,” “The Three Princesses of Whiteland,” and “The Giant Who Had No Heart in His Body,” all accompanied by the art of Kay Nielsen.



The Girl and Her Godmother



ONCE UPON A TIME a poor husband and wife lived deep within a large forest. There, the wife gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, but they were so poor that they couldn't afford to pay the pastor's fees to get the baby christened. One day the father went out to see if he could find someone who was willing to serve as a witness and pay the fees, but he walked from house to house all day, and while everyone was willing to serve as a witness, none were able to pay the fees. On his way home, he met a lovely lady who was kind and well-dressed. She offered to pay for the baby's christening, but only if she could keep it in return. He said he had to ask his wife first, so he went home and told her the story.

"No!" the wife screamed.

The man went out the next day, but again could find no one who could pay the fees. He begged and prayed, but nothing changed. Again on his way home that evening he met the same lovely lady, who looked so good and kind. She made him the same offer, so he went home and asked his wife again. This time she said that if he couldn't find anyone the next day, they would give the lady the child, since she seemed so good and kind.

The third day, the man went out, but couldn't find anyone, and on his way home that evening he once more met the lovely lady. He gave his word that she could have the baby if she would pay for the christening, so next morning she came to their home with two men to stand as godfathers, took the baby and carried it to the church, and there it was christened. Afterward she took the baby home, and there the little girl lived with her for

several years. Her foster mother was always kind to her, but when she was big enough to tell right from wrong, her foster mother packed up to go on a trip.

"You have my permission," she said on her way out, "to go anywhere in the house except for those three rooms I showed you."

The girl, however, could not keep herself from opening the door to the first room just a little bit, when—*pop!*—out flew a star.

When her foster mother returned, she was angry to find that the star had been let out and threatened to send the girl away, but she cried and begged until she was allowed to stay.

Some time later the foster mother had to go on another trip, but before she left she warned the girl not to go into the two rooms. The girl promised to obey, but when she was left all alone, she began to wonder what could be behind the door of the second room. She could not help but open the door just a little and peep in, when—*pop!*—out flew the moon.

When her Foster-mother came home and found that the moon had been let out, she was very upset and told the girl she could not stay with her any longer. But the girl wept and prayed for forgiveness until this time, too, she was allowed to stay.

After some time passed, the foster mother had to go away again, and she warned the girl, who by now half grown up, to not go into, or peep into, the third room. But when her foster mother had been gone a while, and the girl was tired of wandering around the house alone, at once she thought, *Hey, what harm could come of just a little peep into that third room.* She reconsidered for her godmother's sake . . . but when the bad thought entered her mind again, she could hold out no longer—come what may—she must see what's in that room. So she opened the door just a tiny bit, when—*POP!*—out flew the sun.

When her godmother returned and saw that the sun had gotten away, she was cut to



She could not help but open the door just a little and peep in, when—pop!—out flew the moon.



the heart and said, "Now, there's no choice, you must go. I cannot allow you to stay any longer." The girl cried her eyes out, and begged and prayed, but it was no good. "You must be punished!" her godmother said. "But I will give you a choice. You can be either the prettiest woman in the world and not be able to speak, or you can keep your speech, and be the ugliest woman in the world. But regardless of your choice, you must go."

"I would rather be the most beautiful," the girl said.

Suddenly she was made beautiful, but from that day forth she could speak no more. Cast from

her godmother's home, she wandered through the woods, but the farther she went, the more lost she became. When the evening came, she climbed up a tall tree that was growing over a spring, and there she made her bed for the night.

Nearby was a castle, and from the castle early each morning came a maid who drew water from the spring for the prince's tea. The next morning the maid looked down into the spring and saw a beautiful face in the water and thought it was her own, so she threw the pitcher and ran back, shaking her head and saying, "If I'm that pretty, I'm far too good to be fetching water."

So another maid had to be sent to get the water, but the same thing happened—she came

THE GIRL AND HER GODMOTHER

right back and said she was too pretty to fetch water for the prince. The prince went to get it himself, wanting to see what was going on, and when he reached the spring, he too saw the reflection in the water, but he looked up at once and beautiful girl up in the tree. He persuaded her to come down and took her back to the castle, where he decided to keep her as his queen since she was so pretty. But his mother, who was still alive, wouldn't hear it.

"She can't even speak," she said. "How do you know she isn't a wicked witch?"

But the prince would not be content until she was his. They lived together in a separate area of the castle, and before long she was set to have a baby girl. When the child was born, the prince ordered a close watch be kept, but one night the guards fell into a deep sleep. The girl's godmother then came, cut the baby's little finger, and smeared the blood on the young queen's mouth.

"Now you will suffer as much as I when you let out the star," carrying the baby off with her.

When those on watch awoke, they thought the queen had eaten her own child and the old queen, who was ready to burn her alive, but the prince was so fond of her that he pleaded with her. But he didn't know how hard it would be to set her free.

The next time the young queen was to have a child, twice as many men stood watch, but the same thing happened again, only this time her godmother said:

"Now you will suffer as much as I did when you let the moon out."

The young queen begged and prayed and wept, as she could speak again when her godmother was there, but it was no use.

The old queen once again demanded she be burnt, but the prince



As the young queen was being led to the stake, her godmother appeared before them all with three little children—two she led by the hand and the third she held in her arm.

pleaded her down. Then, when the third child was to be born, three times as many men stood watch, but as before, her godmother put them to sleep, took the baby, cut its little finger, and smeared the young queen's mouth with the blood.

"Now you will suffer as much as I did when you let out the sun," she said.

The prince could no longer save her. She had to be burnt. But as the young queen was being led to the stake, her godmother appeared before them all with three little children—two she led by the hand and the third she held in her arm.

She approached the young queen and said, "Here are your children, you may have them again. I am the Virgin Mary, and as you have suffered, so did I when you let out the sun, the moon, and the star. You have served your punishment for what you did, and from here on you will have your speech."

How happy the young queen and prince were—happy were they always from that day forth. And, in time, even the prince's mother was grown fond of the young queen. 🌹





The Three Princesses of Whiteland



NCE UPON ON A TIME there was a fisherman who lived close to a castle and fished for the King's court. One day, when he was out on the sea, he couldn't seem to catch a thing. Do what he would—whatever he tried with bait and angle—there was never anything on the end of his line. When the day was spent, a head bobbed up out of the water and said, "If I may have what your wife bears under her dress, you will never be short of fish on the end of your line."

The man answered boldly, "Deal!" for he did not know that his wife would soon have a child. After that, he caught more fish than the entire castle could eat, all kinds, and one night after another successful day at sea, he told his wife the story and of his recent fortune. His wife fell to the ground and wept, beside herself over the promise her husband had made, for as she knew, what lay under her dress was the child she was soon to bear.

The story soon spread and made its way to the castle. When the King heard of the woman's grief and its cause, he sent to the family to say that he would take care of the child and ensure its safety. The months passed and then the time came for the fisherman's wife to give birth. The boy was taken to the King took at once and raised as if it were his own until the boy had grown up. One day the boy begged to go fishing with his father. He had to go, he said. At first the King wouldn't hear of it, but at last the boy got his way. He and his father were out on the sea the whole day, and everything went well until they landed on shore that evening. The boy realized he left his handkerchief and went to look for it, but as

soon as he got back on the boat, it began to move, quickly reaching such speed that the water roared under the bow and all the boy could do was try to row against it, but it was of no use. He floated all night until the boat finally came to rest on a white strip of beach.

He went ashore, and after walking a while he met an old man with a long white beard. "What's the name of this land?" asked the boy.

"Whiteland," said the man, who went on to ask the boy from whence he came and how he got here. The boy told him the story. "Aye!" the man said. "If you walk farther along the strand, you'll come to three princesses, whom you will see standing in the earth up to their necks, with only their heads sticking out. The first is the eldest, and will beg you sweetly to come and help her. The second will do the same. Neither of them shall you oblige. Hurry past them as if you didn't see or hear anything and go to the third, then do what she asks. If you do, you will meet with good luck—that's all."

When the boy came to the first princess, she called out to him and begged him to help her, but he ignored her, as he did the second, before approaching the third.

"If you will do what I bid of you," she said, "you may have whichever of us you please." She told him about how they had lived in the castle among the trees before three Trolls buried them here in the earth. "Now," she said, "you must go to that castle and let the Troll whip you, once for each of us. If you can bear that, you will set us free." The boy said he'd give it a shot. "You will see two lions at the gate," the princess continued, "but if you walk between them they will do you no harm. Go straight until you reach a small, dark room and lay down. The Troll will come to whip you, but if you apply the ointment from the flask on the wall, you will feel no pain wherever his lash falls. After this, use the sword on the wall by the flask to kill the troll."

The boy did as the princess said, passing between the lions, going straight to the little room, applying the ointment from the flask, and laying down. Later that night a Troll with



three heads and three whips entered and lashed the boy hard. He withstood it and when the Troll was finished, he grabbed the sword and slayed the Troll. When he left the castle the next morning, the princesses were buried only up to their waists. The next night went the same, only this time the Troll had six heads and six rods, and he whipped him far worse than the first. But, the boy slayed him after, and when he left the castle the next morning, the princesses were buried only up to their knees. The third night there came a Troll with nine heads and nine rods, who whipped the boy so hard he fainted. The Troll then threw him against the wall, but the impact knocked the flask off the wall, which fell right into the boy's hands, burst open, and spilled the ointment all over him, making him strong and fearless. There was no hesitation: he swiftly grabbed the sword and slayed the Troll. The next morning he found the princesses standing before him fully free from the earth. He took the youngest for his Queen, and lived happily with her for some time. Before long the boy began to wish he could go home, at least for a visit, to see his parents. His Queen did not like this idea, but his heart became so set on it that nothing would hold him back.

"There is one thing you must promise me," his wife said. "This alone—only to do what your father says, and not your mother," and to this he swore.

She gave him a ring that granted its wearer two wishes. He used his first wish to go home, and upon arrival his parents could not believe what a grand man their son had become. When he had been home for a few days, his mother asked him to go to the palace and show the King what a fine man he had become. But his father said, "No, don't make him do that. If he does, we won't see any more of him."



But his mother begged and pleaded until he gave in and went. When he reached the palace he appeared far more majestic, both in attire and attitude, than the other King, who didn't quite like this, saying at last, "This is all fine and well, but here is my Queen, so where is yours? I don't see her here, and I scarce think she's as pretty as mine."

"Word to Heaven," said the young King, "if she were standing here, then you would see otherwise," and in an instant there she

THE THREE PRINCESSES OF WHITELAND

"I will lend you a pair of snow-shoes that will carry you to my brother. . . . He is the lord of all of the fish in the sea."

was, standing before them.

But she was upset, immediately turning to him and saying, "Why did you not listen to me, and why did you not listen to your father? Now I'm away from home, and you have used both of your wishes."

She knitted a ring from his hair and wished herself home, gone as fast as she'd come. The young King was cut to the heart, day in and day out unable to stop thinking about how to get back to his Queen. *I must find a way*, he thought. *But first I have to figure out where Whiteland lies*. He went into the world to ask. After traveling a good distance, he came to a hill, and there met the lord of the beasts, who came to him when he blew his horn. The King asked if he knew where Whiteland was.

"No, I do not," he said, "but I will ask my beasts." He blew his horn to call them, and asked if any knew where Whiteland lay. But none knew, so the best the man could offer were a pair of snow-shoes.

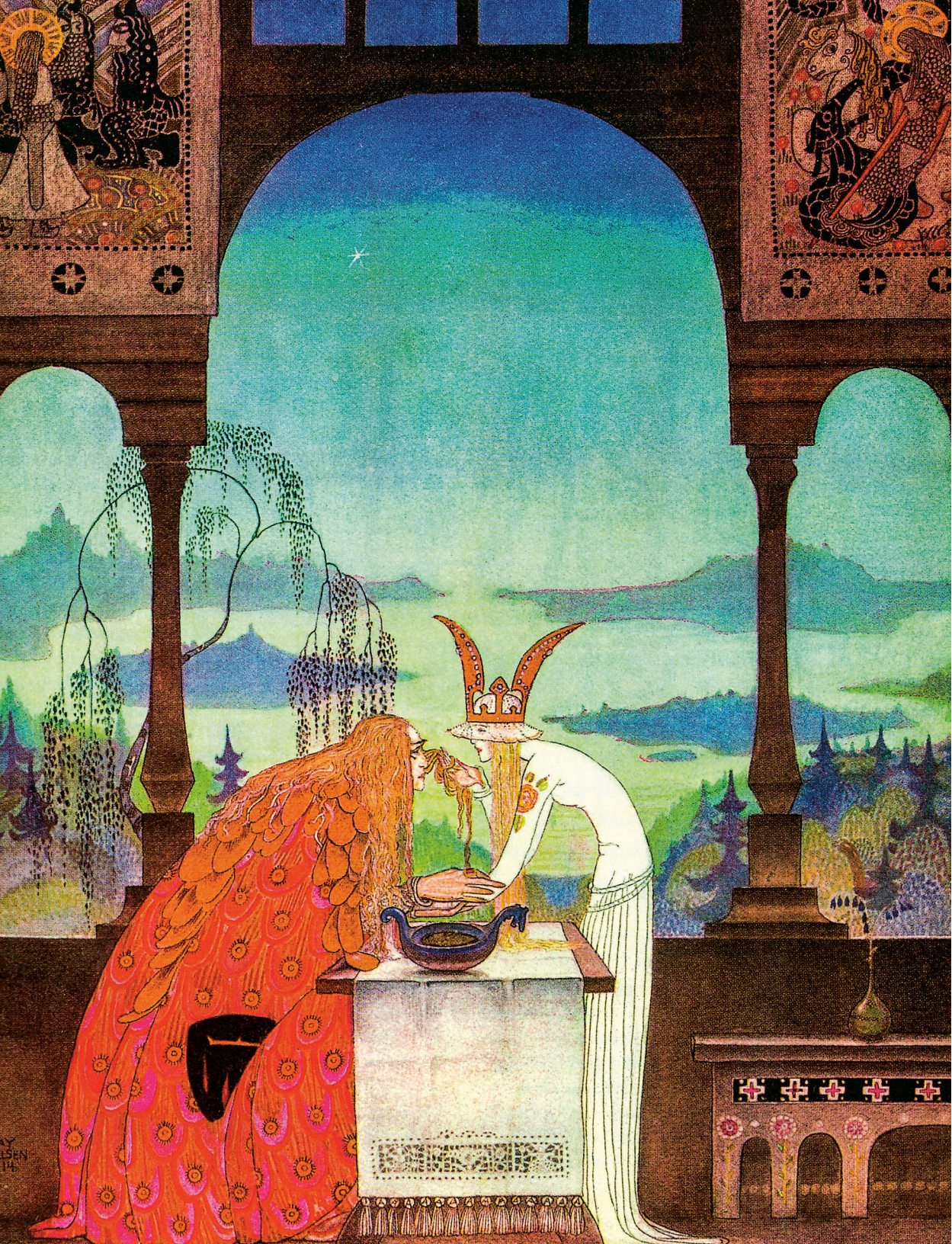
"When you put these on," he said, "you will be taken to my brother, who lives hundreds of miles away. He is the lord of the birds. When you reach his house, turn the snow-shoes so the toes point this way and they will come back on their own, then ask him about Whiteland."

When the King reached the house, he turned the snow-shoes back the other way as the lord of the beasts said, and off they went on their own. He asked the man about Whiteland, who called the birds with a blast of his horn and asked if they knew where Whiteland lay. None did. After the other birds had arrived an old eagle flew in, who had been away for ten round years, but he didn't know either.

"I will lend you a pair of snow-shoes that will carry you to my brother who lives hundreds of miles away," the man said. "He is the lord of the fish. Ask him, but don't forget to turn the toes of the snow-shoes this way when you arrive."

The King thanked him and strapped on the snow-shoes then departed, eventually reaching the lord of the fish and turning the toes of the snow-shoes around and sending them back like the other pair. He asked the man if he had any information on the location of Whiteland. The man called the fish with a blast of his horn, but none knew where it lay.





After the others had arrived, swimming up slowly was an old pike, who had traveled a great distance. They asked him if he knew of Whiteland.

"I should think so!" the pike said. "I've been the cook there for ten years, and tomorrow I'm going back again since the Queen of Whiteland, whose king is away, is to wed another husband."

"Well," the man said, "if this is so, I'll give you some advice. Here on a moor stand three brothers, and here they have stood for a hundred years, fighting over a hat, a cloak, and a pair of boots. Whoever possesses these three items can make himself invisible and wish himself wherever he pleases. Approach them and ask to try them on, telling them that afterward you will make a judgment on who they each belong to. Once you have them on, use them to return to your kingdom."

Yes! The King thanked the man, and did as he advised.

"What's all this?" he said to the brothers. "Why do you stand here fighting forever and a day? Allow me to try on these things you bicker over, and then I will be the judge of their owner."

They were very willing to do this, but, as soon as he had put on the hat, the cloak, and the boots, he said, "When we meet again, I will let you know my decision," and with these words he wished himself away. As he soared through the air, he met the North wind.

"To where do you go?" roared the North Wind.

"To Whiteland," the King said, before explaining all that had happened.

"Ah," said the North Wind, "you move faster than I, for you can go straight, while I have to puff and blow around every turn. But when you get there, be sure to place yourself on the stairs by the side of the door, and then I will come storming in as though I am going to blow down the castle. When the prince, who is to marry your Queen, comes out to see what the matter is, you will take him by the collar and throw him out, and then I will look after him and carry him off."

The King did as the North Wind said. He took a position on the stairs, and when the North Wind came storming through and shook the castle walls to its foundation, the prince came out to see what the matter was. But as soon as he stepped out, the King grabbed him by the collar and threw him out, and then the North Wind carried him off. With that matter taken care of, the King entered the castle. At first his Queen didn't recognize him, as he was so pale and thin from his journey. But when he showed her the ring, she was as glad as any queen could be, and so the rightful wedding was held, and the story of their reunion spread far and wide across the land. 🍷



The Giant Who Had No Heart in His Body



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS a king who had seven sons. He loved them so much he couldn't bear to be without them. But when they were grown, six set out and find brides. The youngest was to stay at home, while the others were to return with a princess for him. The King gave the six young men the finest clothes ever seen, so fine the light beamed from them in the distance, fast and strong horses. After visiting a number of palaces and meeting many princesses, they came upon a King who had six daughters, prettier than any they had seen, so each found the right one for them, and with permission from the King, they started back home, forgetting to bring one back for Boots, their brother, as they were over head over heels in love with their own.

After riding a ways, they passed a hill as steep as a wall, where the Giant lived. The Giant came out and looked at them, then turned all of them into stone. The King waited and waited for his six sons to return, but the longer he waited, the longer they were away. He fell into a deep sadness.

"If I didn't have you left," he said to Boots, "I could no longer live."

"I've been thinking about asking if I can go and find them," Boots said.

"No!" his father replied. "You won't get it, as I know you won't return, either."

But Boots had his heart set on it, and pleaded until he gave in. The King had no horses left, just an old mule, but Boots didn't mind, and so he sprang atop the old steed.

"Farewell, father," he said. "Don't worry, I will be back soon with my brothers."

The King had no horses left, just an old mule, but Boots didn't mind, and so he sprang up atop the old steed.

After riding a bit, he came upon a Raven lying in the road and flapping its wings.

"Dear friend," the Raven said, "give me some food and I'll help with your utmost need."

"I don't have much food," the young prince said, "and I don't see how you'll ever be able to help me. Still, I can spare a little since I can tell you need it."

He gave the raven some food he'd brought with him, then rode on a bit farther until he came to a stream, where lied a big Salmon that had jumped on a dry rock and was flopping around, unable to get back in the water.

"Dear friend," said

the Salmon to the young prince, "push me into the water and I'll help you with your utmost need."

"Well," the prince said, "the help you can give me won't be great, but it's a pity for you to have to lie there and drown," giving the fish a push into the stream.

He rode on a long ways, until he met a Wolf named Graylegs that was so famished it was lying in the road and crawling on its belly.

"Dear friend," the Wolf said, "let me have your mule, as I'm so hungry the wind whistles through my ribs and haven't eaten in two years."

"No," Boots said, "First it was the Raven asking for food, then the Salmon stuck on the



rock, and now you want to eat my mule. I can't, as it's my ride."

"Dear friend, please," the Wolf said. "You can ride on my back and I'll take you wherever you need to go."

"Well, I'm not sure how that will work," the young prince said, "but you may eat my mule since you are in such need."

When the Wolf had eaten the mule, Boots put the reins in his mouth, laid the saddle on his back, and hopped on. The Wolf sprang forth, going faster than he'd ever ridden.

"We'll reach the Giant's house soon," Graylegs said. Then shortly after, "See, there it is, and there are your six brothers, whom the Giant has turned to stone. There are their six brides, as well, and there is the door you must enter."

"I dare not go in," the prince said "he'll take my life."

"No!" the Wolf replied. "When you get in you'll find a princess, and she'll tell you what to do to put an end to the Giant. Just do as she tells you."

Boots took a deep breath and went in, quite afraid. But the Giant was away, and in a room sat the princess the Wolf mentioned. She was lovely, too.

"Oh, bless you!" she said. "From where do you come? Wherever it is you will never return as the Giant with no heart in his body will kill you."

"Well," Boots sighed, "as I'm already here, I may as well do what I can to free my brothers, who have been turned to stone outside. I will try to save you, too."

"If you must, you must," the princess said. "Hide under the bed over there and listen to what he and I talk about. But stay as still as a mouse."

He went to the bed, and barely underneath it when the Giant came home.

"Ha!" the Giant roared, "What a smell of Christian blood there is in here!"

"Yes," the princess said. "A crow flew by with a man's bone and dropped it down the chimney. I tried to get it out, but the smell doesn't go away."

The Giant said no more about it, and when night came, they went to bed. After they had laid a while, the princess said,

"There's one thing I'd like to ask you about, if I can."

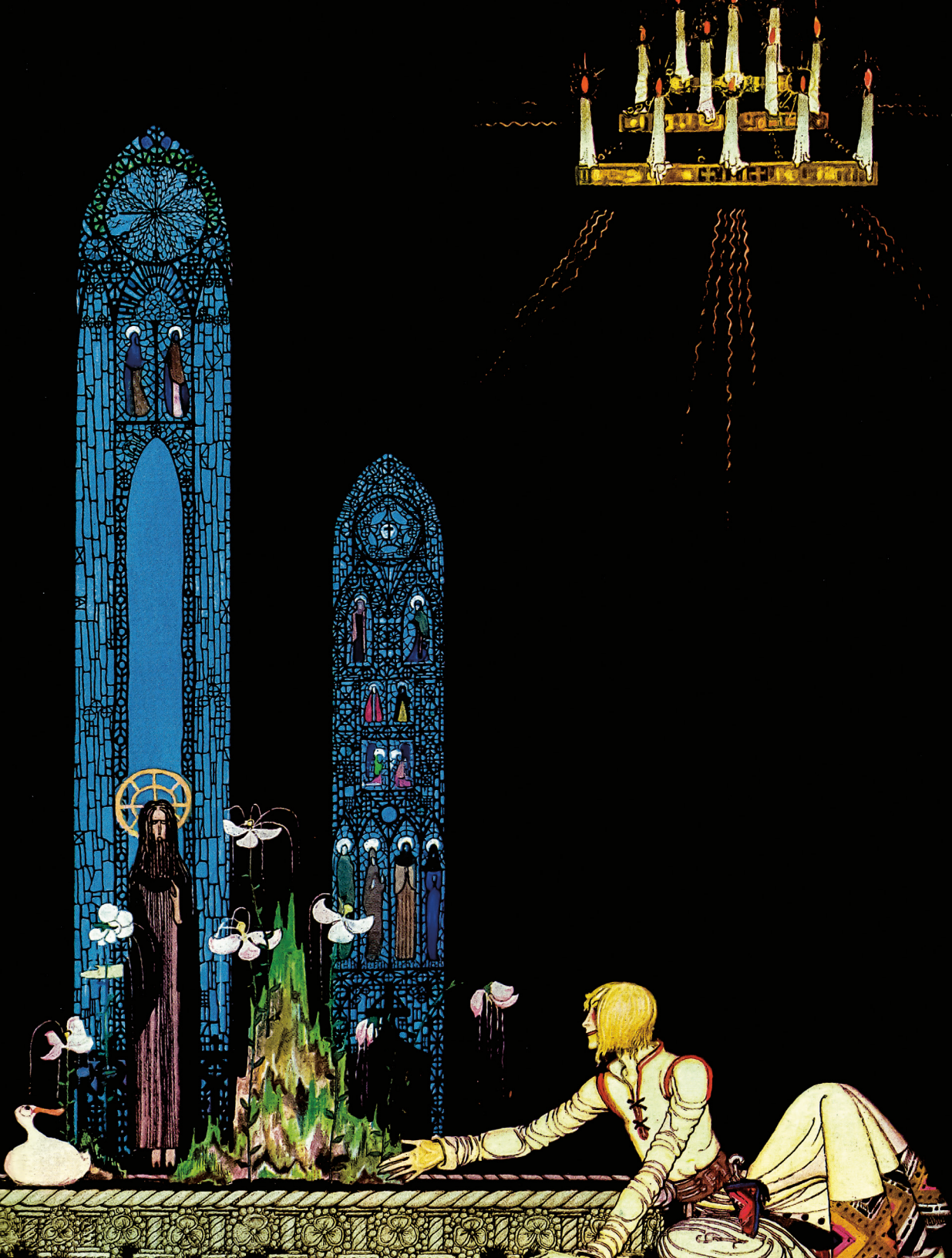
"What is that?" asked the Giant.

"Where it is you keep your heart, since you don't carry it on you."

"Ah! That you have no business asking about. But if you must know, it's under the doorsteps."

Ho! thought Boots from under the bed, *Then we'll see if we can find it.*

The next morning the Giant got up early and went off to the forest. Boots and



the princess dug and dug under the doorsteps for his heart, but couldn't find it.

"He has fooled us this time," the princess said, "but we'll try once more."

She picked some flowers and strewed them over the hole under the doorsteps. When the Giant returned home, Boots slipped under the bed just in time.

Sniff, sniff—went the Giant's nose. "I smell Christian blood in here," he said.

"Yes," the princess said. "A crow flew by with a man's bone and dropped it down the chimney. I tried to get it out, but the smell doesn't go away."

The Giant let it be. Later he asked about the flowers under the doorsteps.

"I'm so fond of you," the princess said, "that I couldn't help it knowing your heart lay under there."

"You don't say," the Giant said. "But that isn't where it lies at all."

Before they went to bed the princess asked the Giant where he kept his heart.

"If you must know, it lies over there in the cupboard against the wall."

Ah ha! Boots and the princess thought, *Then we will soon find it.*

The next morning the Giant left early and went off to the forest, then Boots and the princess dug through the cupboard for his heart, but it wasn't there.

"Well," the princess said, "we'll have to try once more."

She decorated the cupboard with flowers, and when the Giant returned, Boots crept under the bed again.

Sniff, sniff!—"My, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here!"

"Yes," the princess said. "A crow flew by with a man's bone and dropped it down the chimney. I tried to get it out, but the smell doesn't go away."

The Giant said no more. Later, he asked about the flowers on the cupboard.

"I'm so fond of you," the princess said, "I had to knowing your heart is there."

"You goose," the Giant said, "where my heart is, you will never find."

"It would be a pleasure to know."

The Giant could hold out no longer, saying, "Far away on a lake lies an island, and on that island is a church, and in that church is a well, and in that well swims a duck, and in that duck is an egg, and in that egg lies my heart—you darling!"

In the morning, while still gray dawn, the Giant strode off to the woods.

"Yes! I must set off too," Boots said. "If only I knew the way."

He bid farewell to the princess, and upon exiting the Giant's door, there was the Wolf waiting. Boots told him what happened, and said he had to find the church but didn't know the way. The Wolf said to jump on his back, so he did and off they went with

*"Now, squeeze it in two," the Wolf said.
Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the Giant burst.*

the whistling wind, over hedge and field, hill and dale, traveling for days until they came to the lake. The Wolf told him to hold on and not be afraid, then jumped in the lake with the prince on his back and swam to the island. They found the church, but the keys were up on top of the tower.

"You must call the Raven," the Wolf said. The prince called the Raven, and quickly he came, flew up and got the keys, then dropped them down so the prince could enter. He came to the well where the duck was swimming back and forth as the Giant said. The prince grabbed it, but just as he lifted it from the water the duck dropped the egg into the well. "You must call the Salmon," the Wolf said, so the prince did so and he came and got the egg from the bottom of the well. The Wolf and the young prince traveled back to the house, where the Wolf told him to squeeze the egg. As soon as he did the Giant screamed out. "Squeeze it again." He did, and the Giant screamed more, begging to be spared. "Tell him if he restores your brothers and their brides, you will spare his life." That he did, and the Giant brought his brothers and their brides back to life. "Now, squeeze it in two," the Wolf said.

Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the Giant burst apart. Boots went in to get his bride, then all set off for their father's house. You can imagine how glad the old King was to see his seven sons, each with their bride—"But the loveliest of all is that of Boots," he said, "and so they shall sit at the uppermost table."

Boots announced a great wedding feast, and the merriment was both loud and long, and if they have not finished feasting yet, why, they are still at it. 🍷





Artist Biographies



One of the most rewarding aspects of putting together this book was being able to learn so much about the incredible artists who have illustrated these stories over the past two centuries. Many have been sadly forgotten and remain obscure, but it is impossible to not be proud to come from a culture capable of producing so many creative and gifted artists. No other people could have created it, and the fusion of folktales, artistry, and color book printing all came together perfectly during the “golden age of illustration” during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

To follow are short biographical blurbs about the artists featured in this book.



Elsa Beskow (1874–1953)

OPPOSITE: from *The Little Elves* (1910)

Elsa Beskow was a Swedish artist and writer. She illustrated several children's books, the most noteworthy of which is H.C. Andersen's famous long short story "Thumbelina" (260–275).



Leonard Leslie Brooke (1862–1940)

OPPOSITE: from *Johnny Crow's Garden* (1903)

Leonard Leslie Brooke was an English artist and writer who illustrated the works of Andrew Lang, popular English fairy tales like "The Three Little Pigs" (196–201), and tales by the Grimm Brothers, including "The Golden Goose" (150–157).



Harry Clarke (1889–1931)

OPPOSITE: from "The Little Mermaid" (1916)

Harry Clarke was an Irish artist who illustrated the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Perrault, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Edgar Allan Poe, and H.C. Andersen, including memorable tales like "The Tinderbox" (288–299).



Herbert Cole (1867–1930)

OPPOSITE: from "The Green Knight" (1913)

Herbert Cole was an English artist who studied at the Manchester School of Art. Influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites and Walter Crane, Cole illustrated Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and various English fairy tales like "The Laidly Worm" (230–237).



Walter Crane (1845–1915)

OPPOSITE: from a map of the British Empire (1886)

Walter Crane was a highly regarded English artist who illustrated Aesop's Fables, the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the tales of the Grimm Brothers, including "Sleeping Beauty" (70–79) and "The Frog Prince" (140–149). His wife, Lucy, also provided an early English translation of *Grimms' Fairy Tales*.



Gustave Doré (1832–1883)

OPPOSITE: *The Monkey and The Dolphin* (1885)

Gustave Doré was a French illustrator and engraver. A prolific and celebrated artist, his engravings of the works of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, and Coleridge are among his most well-known, along with those for "Buttadeu" ("The Wandering Jew") (64–65).

Edmond Dulac (1882–1953)

OPPOSITE: *The Stealers of Light* (1916)

Edmond Dulac was a French artist. His most notable illustrations are of the works of William Shakespeare, Edgar Allan Poe, and others, as well as those he did for the stories of H.C. Andersen, including “The Emperor’s New Clothes” (276–281).



George R. Halkett (1855–1918)

OPPOSITE: *Herbert Kitchener, 1st Earl Kitchener*

George Halkett was an English artist who studied art in Paris, became a regular contributor to various newspapers and magazines, and illustrated editions of stories by the Grimm Brothers, such as *Rumpelstiltskin* (80–87).



Jeannie Harbcur (1893–1959)

OPPOSITE: from “The Little Mermaid” (1932)

Jeannie Harbour was an English artist who illustrated Andrew Lang’s *Yellow Fairy Book* in 1894, and would go on to illustrate tales by H.C. Andersen like “The Red Shoes” (306–315).



William Hogarth (1697–1764)

OPPOSITE: *The Humours of an Election* (1755)

William Hogarth was an eminent English painter, engraver, and cartoonist. He remains one of the nation’s best known, and had a significant influence on book illustration generally. His illustration for “The Egg of Columbus” appears here (62–63).



Philipp Grot Johann (1841–1892)

OPPOSITE: from F. Schiller’s *Die Räuber* (c. 1865)

Philipp Grot Johann was an important German artist whose illustrations of works by Goethe and Friedrich Schiller have been largely overshadowed by those he did for the Grimm Brothers, among which are those from “The Good Bargain” (134–139).



Franz Albert Jüttner (1865–1926)

OPPOSITE: from *Lustige Blätter* (1919)

Franz Albert Jüttner was a German artist who worked for the Jewish-run satirical political magazine *Kladderadatsch*, and illustrated popular tales collected by the Grimm Brothers, such as “Snow White” (96–107).



Otto Kubel (1868–1951)

OPPOSITE: silhouette, n.d.

Otto Kubel was a German artist and a member of the Munich School of painters. He is best remembered for his realistic illustrations, especially for stories collected by the Grimm Brothers like “Little Red Riding Hood” (88–95) and “Hansel and Gretel” (158–167).

Fritz Kunz (1868–1947)

OPPOSITE: *St. Cecilia* (1916)

Fritz Kunz was a Swiss artist and an influential church painter whose large murals can be seen in many Swiss churches today. His illustrations for the Grimm Brothers’ “Mother Holle” (126–133) appear in this collection.



Félix Lericoux (1872–1964)

OPPOSITE: from “The Wolf and the Lamb” (1929)

Lorioux was a French artist notable for his illustrations of the works of Charles Perrault and Jean de La Fontaine, the latter of whose *Fables* were adapted largely from the classical fabulist Aesop. Two of these can be found here (42–43).



Adolf Münzer (1870–1953)

OPPOSITE: from “The Christmas Angel” (1906)

Adolf Münzer was a German artist active in the Great German Art Exhibitions held by NSDAP in Munich. He also illustrated works by the Grimm Brothers, such as “Cinderella” (108–117).

Einar Nerman (1888–1983)

OPPOSITE: *London Life* (1925)

Einar Nerman was a Swedish artist whose work appeared widely from magazines to matchboxes and playing cards. Additionally, Nerman illustrated the tales of the Grimm Brothers, Peter Christen Asbjørnsen, and H.C. Andersen, including the “The Swineherd” (300–305).



Kay Nielsen (1886–1957)

OPPOSITE: from *The Snow Queen* (1924)

Kay Nielsen was a Danish artist. Although popular in the early twentieth century, and having worked for Disney, Nielsen died poor and relatively obscure. His work has been posthumously revived. See 379 for his many contributions to this book.



Arthur Rackham (1867–1939)

OPPOSITE: from *A Wonder-Book* (1922)

Arthur Rackham was an English illustrator whose artwork for “Rip Van Winkle” marked a seminal point for color books. One of the most influential artists of his time, Rackham illustrated works by the Grimm Brothers, Aesop, Jonathan Swift, Richard Wagner, and many others. See 379 for a list of pieces included here.



Hermann Scherenberg (1826–1897)

OPPOSITE: *Die Eisbahn im Berliner Tiergarten* (1868)

Hermann Scherenberg was a German artist and long-time employee of *Illustrierte Zeitung*, Germany’s first illustrated magazine. His illustrations for “Der Jude im Dorn” have been included here (180–187).



William Heath Robinson (1872–1944)

OPPOSITE: *The Air-Ship* (1922)

William Heath Robinson was an English artist and the brother of artists Thomas Heath Robinson and Charles Robinson. Influential for his illustrations of inventions, Robinson also illustrated *Don Quixote*, the works of Edgar Allan Poe, and the stories of H.C. Andersen, among them “The Red Shoes” (306–315).



Otto Speckter (1807–1871)

OPPOSITE: from *The Beggar and his Dog* (1831)

Otto Speckter was a German artist and the son of a lithographer. Included in this collection are his illustrations for the Grimm Brothers’ classic Germanic version of “Rapunzel” (118–125).

Harry Rountree (1878–1950)

OPPOSITE: from *Billy Bunce: or, the Wanderings of a White Rabbit* (1907)

Harry Rountree was an artist born to an Irish father and a New Zealander mother. He illustrated editions of *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and Aesop’s Fables (40–41).



Margaret Tarrant (1888–1959)

OPPOSITE: *The Gates of Fairyland* (1922)

Margaret Tarrant was an English author and illustrator. Among her best known works are illustrations for Lewis Carroll’s *Alice in Wonderland*, the tales of Charles Perrault and H.C. Andersen, and English fairy tales like “Tom Thumb” (208–217).



*Hans Tegner (1853–1932)*

OPPOSITE: from *Samtlige Comoedier* (1896)

Hans Tegner was a Danish artist whose major achievements include comprehensive illustrations of the full works of fellow Danes Ludvig Holberg and H.C. Andersen. From the latter's works, those from "The Tinderbox" (288–299) and "The Shadow" (328–341) can be found here.

Otto Ubbelohde (1870–1941)

OPPOSITE: from "Fitcher's Bird" (1909)

Otto Ubbelohde was a German artist who, between 1906 and 1908, created nearly 500 illustrations for the Grimm Brothers' tales. Included here are those from "The Good Bargain" (134–139) and "Iron Hans" (168–179).

*Theo van Hoytema (1863–1917)*

OPPOSITE: *The Return of the Stork* (1893)

Theo van Hoytema was a Dutch illustrator remembered for his many works involving birds, including color lithographs made for H.C. Andersen's highly acclaimed story "The Ugly Duckling" (246–259).



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Unlisted 48–53: *Puss in Boots*, McLoughlin Bros. (1902); 192–195: *Chicken Little*, M.A. Donohue & Company (1919); 218–228: *Jack and the Beanstalk*, F. Warne & Co. (c. 1880).

Theo van Hoytema 246–259

Hermann Vogel 135

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E.H. Wehnert 139

Notes

1. Anderson, G. *Fairytales in the Ancient World*. Routledge (2000): 138-142, 133-135, 121-122, 39-41.
2. For introductions see Pokorný (1959); Shipley (1984); Rix (2001); Miller (2006); and McPherson (2018).
3. Hull, R.F.C. (tr.) Jung, C.G. *The Archetypes and The Collective Unconscious* 2.9. Routledge (1981): 239.
4. von Franz, M.L. *The Interpretation of Fairy Tales*. Shambhala Publications (1980): 1.
5. Homer, *Odyssey* 11.538, for additional uses see Hacken (2013): 215.
6. von Franz, 158–159.
7. da Silva, S.G., and Tehrani, J.J. “Comparative phylogenetic analyses uncover the ancient roots of Indo-European folk-tales.” *Royal Society* (2016).
8. *Xan-* (“John”) derives from the West Semitic storm god “Yahweh,” and *Iad-* is an Akkadian root word. For these and other reasons we can deduce that Aesop’s slave masters were likely West Semitic.
9. Herodotus, *Histories* 2.134; Strabo, *Geography* 17.33; *Odyssey* 15.420–484.
10. For more on Straparola and early Italian influencers, see Bottigheimer (2009) and Beecher (2012).
11. Anderson, G.K. “The Beginnings of the Legend.” *The Legend of the Wandering Jew*. Brown University Press (1965): 11–37.
12. See entries in Haase (2007).
13. Antonsen, E.H. *The Grimm Brothers and the Germanic Past*. John Benjamins (1990): 1.
14. Grimm, W. Preface to *Children’s and Household Tales* 3rd ed. (1857): 179–180.
15. von Gronicka, A. “Rainier Maria Rilke’s Translation of the SLOVO.” *Russian Epic Studies*. American Folklore Society (1949): 179–180.
16. Peer, S.L. “French Uses of Folklore.” Department of Folklore and Ethnomusicology, Indiana University (1989): 63.
17. Nunnally, T. *The Age and Grandfather Tellus of Ashurbanipal and Moa*. University of Minnesota Press (2019): xiii–xxi.
18. *Ibid.*, 290.
19. Moe, J. Indledning af *Norske Folkeeventyr* 2en forøgede. Johan Fjeldstedt Dahl (1852): xi–xii. Referenced in part from Anderson (2000): 96, 169.
20. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*. 11:266–345.
21. Anderson (2000): 60.
22. *Ibid.*, 48.
23. *Ibid.*, 29–40.
24. *Ibid.*, 33–37.
25. Gen. 47.
26. Anderson (2000): 33–37.
27. Aelians was from Praeneste, a Phoenician settlement in Rome. Additionally, his work contains cryptic references to the West Semitic bull-god Baal, and he is the only known Greco-Roman author to mention the epic *Gilgamesh*.
28. Anderson (2000): 29–33.
29. Bulfinch, T. *The Age of Fable* 3rd ed. Sanborn, Carter, Bazin and Company (1855): 115–28.
30. Oedipus inherits the throne as the King of Thebes through the paternal line of his great-great-grandfather Kadmos (“Kadmos” derives from the West Semitic *qdm*, 279). The traditional narrative of Oedipus describes his incestuous relationship with his mother as an unwitting accident caused by evil prophecy, but this appears many centuries after Oedipus’ time and is known almost exclusively through Sophocles, whose “Greekness” is suspect. Other versions of the Oedipus story, such as that by Euripides, contain key details that are very different, so fictional accounts by Sophocles are not inherently reliable. Moreover, Sophocles devoted much of his life to dramatizing and glorifying the West Semitic literary library of Mycenaean Greece, and any author or work with such an objective should be automatically questionable. Incest was prominent among the Theban aristocracy, and maintaining power by “keeping it in the family” was clearly a central motivation given how effectively it was pursued over several generations. The prophecy, the claving out of the eyes, the mother’s suicide, the killing of the father, and the very notion that Oedipus and Jocasta’s sexual relationship was unintentional should represent, if anything, revisions tailored to a Greek audience that would not have taken well to a story about a non-Greek king impregnating his mother in order to provide heirs that will perpetuate familial rule over Thebes. Dramatizations aside, the Oedipus tale is best understood as a story about an infbred family desperately clinging to power in a chaotic time, but we should consider the perspective of the internal audience of Jews to whom it is of such lasting interest. We do see around this time morals and edicts directed at limiting incest within the Jewish community, and this may reflect that, since Oedipus’ two male heirs, Eteocles and Polynices, kill each other in the end. Stories involving incest, and father-daughter or mother-son incest especially, are alien and repulsive to White people, but clearly retain fascination among Jews. It in turn seems evident that its historical prevalence among Jews has resulted
31. in the persistence of incestuous feelings, thus making Freud’s Oedipal Complex a representation of the Jewish psyche that is immaterial to the Aryan psyche. The second part of the Oedipal Complex, about the desire to kill one’s father, may be a logical and biological byproduct of these incestuous inclinations in Jews, but we will leave that for another time. Anderson (2000): 41. Whether Anderson doubts the attribution to Marie de France isn’t known or assumed, but many who study medieval texts tend to be skeptical about attributions of authorship, and with good cause.
32. Petinos, S.G. “Seeking Holiness.” City University of New York (2016): 25.
33. Blugs, R.D. “An Archaic Sumerian Version of the Kesh Temple Hymn Teil Abu Šalāḫih.” *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie und Vorderasiatische Archäologie* 61.2. de Gruyter (1971): 196.
34. West, M.L. “The Ascription of Fables to Aesop.” *La Fable*. Fondation Hardt (1984): 109.
35. Semitic languages are poorly categorized based on the temporal and relative geographical whereabouts of largely nomadic peoples, and I have proposed a new classification system (Marlais, forthcoming), but for clarity will not replicate it here. “West Semitic” peoples/speakers (specifically of Elblite and non-Amorite origin) are herein referred to as such, but are the most commonly used linguistic and archaeological identifier. “West,” it should be said, does not imply “Western,” meaning of *or from the West*. Mainstream scholarship classifies Akkadian and “Elblite” as “East Semitic” languages, and Canaanite languages (Hebrew, Phoenician, Aramaic, etc.) as “West Semitic” languages (e.g., Scott, J.C. “The Phoenicians and the Formation of the Western World.” *Comparative Civilizations Review* 78.78. BYU (2018): 34. The quote provided is paraphrasing Michael Hudson, a leading authority on ancient monetary practices. Herodotus, 2:50–52.
36. For Kadmos, see Palaima, T.G. “Euboea, Athens, Thebes and Kadmos.” *Euboea and Athens*. The Canadian Institute in Greece (2011): 56; for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* see West (1997): 335–339, 432–436, and West (1999): 364–382. The general subject is the central focus in Astour (1967); Burkert (1992); and West (1997). The theory that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were not written by the same individual seems probable, with the latter perhaps more likely to have been written or modified by a Greek due to certain content.
37. See Hudson, M. (2002): Introduction; Warburton (1997): 81–82; Nakassis (2010): 138–139; and Marlais (forthcoming).
38. The Macedonian and Seleucid empires were arguably “Greek empires,” but come long after the Mycenaean era. By the second half of the second millennium n.c.e., Egypt was in decline, Mycenaean palatial centers were running on all cylinders, and Greeks were providing imperial transport protection for West Semitic merchants (e.g., the Uluburun). Sipping the “hand off was funhible” is to suggest an attempt to transfer authority from Egypt to Greece backward. The Greeks expelled the West Semite Mycenaean elite and destroyed their palatial centers, they and other European peoples migrated to the East independently as the “Sea Peoples” and Philistines who destabilized Canaan, Egypt was forced to defend itself against them and devote greater resources to the home front, and insufficient protection encouraged emboldened Amorites to raid rich Phoenician city-states, with the end result being the purported “Bronze Age Collapse.” Here, large-scale Phoenician migrations to the West began, and the noted back-up empires are activated. For the “Neo-Assyrian Empire (c. 900–600 n.c.e.) see Perdue and Carter (2015): 45–48; Tyson and Herrmann (2018): 23–26; and Olmsted (1948): 14; from Ruzicka (2012): 6. “[After being] integrated into the Assyrian Empire [Canaan] experienced... economic growth and political development. Tyre and Sidon were transformed into major international centers of commerce and distinguishable HJ leaders (e.g., Biridiya). These were the city-states subjected to repression by Egypt. South Canaanite cities controlled by West Semite speakers, such as Lachish, Ashdod, Gezer, Beth-Shean, and Hazor flourished or remained autonomous under Egyptian ‘occupation,’ ‘no drastic changes in the economic or land in Canaan’ has been found to exist, Egypt came to the direct aid of north Canaanite cities on multiple occasions, and no occupation of Canaan by Egypt is mentioned in the Old Testament. See Redford (1992): 137, 162; Grabbe (2016): 161; Althut (1978): 93; Bryce (2012): 175. An enduring historical myth labels Canaan a “vassal” of Egypt, but Egypt was more accurately a vassal of Canaan. Regarding the “urbanness” of Egypt, some list Old Kingdom Memphis as having a large urban population, but this is false and misleading. Memphis was spread out to such a degree that historians do not consider it, or any “city” in Egypt, to have been “urban” in the standard, modern sense. It was only an “urban center” insofar as community leaders would periodically meet there to discuss bureaucratic matters like grain distribution, taxation, and general governance. It may seem like a radical viewpoint, but there is no proof that urbanity as we know it existed anywhere prior to direct Semitic contact, presence,

- or influence. Dense urban centers are dependent on market economies, money supply, and unproductive classes that are reliant on others for vital resources like food, and these did not exist anywhere prior to Semitic contact. Old Kingdom Egypt is a perfect example: as a high-output, civilizational powerhouse with a large population that undertook monumental building projects, one may assume that there were “cities,” but large urban centers never formed. Pyramid construction was a seasonal community-building venture, where people would gather to feast, drink, and build pyramids together, then return to their farming estates.
39. See Reeves (2005): 194; and Grabbe (2016): 67–73.
40. Mycenaean Greece peaks between c. 1400–1100 n.c.e. during the “palatial period,” but Thebes was an established center as early as 2800 n.c.e. according to Aravantinos (2010), Katsanopoulou and Katsarou (2017) further show that it is fair to assume that West Semite colonies on the Peloponnese were in place over 1,000 years prior. “[I]mports of gold and silver to [Aegina]... suggest a link with distant areas [and] the metalworking activities and the jewellery board consisting of gold, silver, carnelian and crystal objects imply significant trade contacts [with] the Near East. ... [T]he emerging picture of the social context [c. 2650–2000 n.c.e.] Helike, in the second half of the 3rd millennium n.c., is one of rising elites who developed institutional means to exercise their power based on an ostentatious display of their cosmopolitanism.”
41. See Ventris and Chadwick (1973): 110; Astour (1967): 336–344; and Woudhuizen (2016): 22, 169, 255.
42. Sampson, G. *Writing Systems: A Linguistic Introduction*. Stanford University Press (1985): 7.
43. Scott, J.C. “The Phoenicians and the Formation of the Western World.” *Comparative Civilizations Review* 78.78. BYU (2018): 34. The quote provided is paraphrasing Michael Hudson, a leading authority on ancient monetary practices. Herodotus, 2:50–52.
44. For Kadmos, see Palaima, T.G. “Euboea, Athens, Thebes and Kadmos.” *Euboea and Athens*. The Canadian Institute in Greece (2011): 56; for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* see West (1997): 335–339, 432–436, and West (1999): 364–382. The general subject is the central focus in Astour (1967); Burkert (1992); and West (1997). The theory that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were not written by the same individual seems probable, with the latter perhaps more likely to have been written or modified by a Greek due to certain content.
45. See Hudson, M. (2002): Introduction; Warburton (1997): 81–82; Nakassis (2010): 138–139; and Marlais (forthcoming).
46. The Macedonian and Seleucid empires were arguably “Greek empires,” but come long after the Mycenaean era. By the second half of the second millennium n.c.e., Egypt was in decline, Mycenaean palatial centers were running on all cylinders, and Greeks were providing imperial transport protection for West Semite merchants (e.g., the Uluburun). Sipping the “hand off was funhible” is to suggest an attempt to transfer authority from Egypt to Greece backward. The Greeks expelled the West Semite Mycenaean elite and destroyed their palatial centers, they and other European peoples migrated to the East independently as the “Sea Peoples” and Philistines who destabilized Canaan, Egypt was forced to defend itself against them and devote greater resources to the home front, and insufficient protection encouraged emboldened Amorites to raid rich Phoenician city-states, with the end result being the purported “Bronze Age Collapse.” Here, large-scale Phoenician migrations to the West began, and the noted back-up empires are activated. For the “Neo-Assyrian Empire (c. 900–600 n.c.e.) see Perdue and Carter (2015): 45–48; Tyson and Herrmann (2018): 23–26; and Olmsted (1948): 14; from Ruzicka (2012): 6. “[After being] integrated into the Assyrian Empire [Canaan] experienced... economic growth and political development. Tyre and Sidon were transformed into major international centers of commerce and distinguishable HJ leaders (e.g., Biridiya). These were the city-states subjected to repression by Egypt. South Canaanite cities controlled by West Semite speakers, such as Lachish, Ashdod, Gezer, Beth-Shean, and Hazor flourished or remained autonomous under Egyptian ‘occupation,’ ‘no drastic changes in the economic or land in Canaan’ has been found to exist, Egypt came to the direct aid of north Canaanite cities on multiple occasions, and no occupation of Canaan by Egypt is mentioned in the Old Testament. See Redford (1992): 137, 162; Grabbe (2016): 161; Althut (1978): 93; Bryce (2012): 175. An enduring historical myth labels Canaan a “vassal” of Egypt, but Egypt was more accurately a vassal of Canaan. Regarding the “urbanness” of Egypt, some list Old Kingdom Memphis as having a large urban population, but this is false and misleading. Memphis was spread out to such a degree that historians do not consider it, or any “city” in Egypt, to have been “urban” in the standard, modern sense. It was only an “urban center” insofar as community leaders would periodically meet there to discuss bureaucratic matters like grain distribution, taxation, and general governance. It may seem like a radical viewpoint, but there is no proof that urbanity as we know it existed anywhere prior to direct Semitic contact, presence,

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